MAJOR PIPER;

OR THE

ADVENTURES

OF A

MUSICAL DRONE.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By the Rev. J. THOMSON.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

MAN is a ſtrange compoſition of fortitude and fear, of ſound judgment and deceptive fancy. This latter faculty has too often the aſcendant in the minds of the multitude. This is a natural event from a conſtantly operative cauſe: to judge preciſely, and to determine with accuracy, even on the common occurrences of life, require a greater portion of diſcernment, than falls to the lot of any individual. To be fallible in thoſe deciſions, which come every day beneath human cognizance, is not only poſſible, but a certain fact. It is therefore the leſs ſurpriſing, if the ſame fallibility is exerciſed on thoſe events, which are rare, and leſs ſubject to the deciſive teſt of inveſtigation. To examine and judge on the probability of any novel incident, requires more ſerious application, than the majority of mankind are capable of be-

ſtowing on it. Hence, an appearance which ſtrikes their eye, being ſtrange, and not familiar to their ſight, is deemed inſtantaneouſly to be ſupernatural. This ſenſeleſs concluſion is the genuine reſult of early prejudices. They are inculcated in infancy, too often cheriſhed as the mind expands, and firmly adhered to in thoſe years of maturity, when they ought to be aſhamed of ſuch childiſh folly, and apparent ignorance.

The plaſtic mind of infancy is obnoxious to any impreſſion. The child imbibes notions at a very early period, and whatever is acquired in thoſe years of ſimplicity, is generally retained as infallible truths, at that time, when the ſeeds of infant folly ſhould be laid aſide. This fanciful credulity, the offspring of ignorance, is reſtleſs and deluſive. It conceives a multiplicity of frightful ideas, and by the aſſiſtance of a terrified imagination, improves them into real beings. They are firmly believed to exiſt, and only ſeen to excite horror. How would they explode this opinion, were they ſeriouſly to conſider for a moment, how repugnant it is to the œconomy of Providence, to permit this airy race of beings to ſport with the paſſions of thoſe, who, he has frequently declared, are under his immediate direction! True religion would teach them another doctrine, and ſhew them the abſurdity of thoſe notions, who for years have tormented themſelves, and propagated terror through an extenſive circle.

His Lordſhip's wound, the ſole effect of his unmanly fear, was healed in a ſhort time. One morning, as he ſat amuſing himſelf with playing ſome of his harmonious airs on his favourite inſtrument, Patrick entered his apartment with a ſmiling countenance. He ſtood upon the midſt of the floor, with his hat under his left arm, ſcraping and bowing moſt reſpectfully, in order to attract the attention of his maſter. His Lordſhip heeded him not, but let him continue the performance of his civilities, while he finiſhed his delightful tune. Patrick perceiving his maſter's preſent humour, ſtood ſtill, and liſtened to his

his muſic with the profoundeſt ſilence. Preſently his countenance began to brighten, the ſmile of pleaſure ſparkled on his face—he briſkly ſnapped his fingers—he firſt moved one foot and then the other. The nod of approbation from his Lordſhip, who was obſervant of all his motions, looſed him from his reſtraint, and he nimbly beat time with his heels, to the cadence of his maſter's muſic. His Lordſhip was extremely delighted with the effect of his tune on the ſenſes of his faithful domeſtic. He continued his performance, and Patrick doubled his activity. He ſkipped ſo violently, and capered ſo high, that he preſently began to tire; ſo taking his original ſituation, he made a low bow, and humbly thanked his Lordſhip for his preſent entertainment.

When the muſical tone of the bagpipes ceaſed, his Lordſhip ſaid, "Now Patrick, what is your meſ-'ſage?'—'Great news, and happy tidings, your ho-'nor, Sir Archibald, and family, arrived at the Caſ-'tle laſt night; and at the ſame time, Mr and Miſs 'Welman came to Roſehill. The Tulips came a few 'days ago, and have again brought with them that 'cut-throat dog Captain Corner.'—'I am glad, Pa-'trick, at the arrival of all my old friends; you muſt 'now learn to be a little more reſpectful to me, than 'formerly. You muſt know, Patrick, the company 'I keep here, though the one is a Baronet, and the 'reſt Eſquires, are in no-wiſe comparable to me, for 'I am an Earl's ſon.'—'Comparable to you, your ho-'nor! No more than a bunch of onions is to a da-'maſk roſe.'—'That is a juſt obſervation, Patrick; 'I think your wit is conſiderably brighter than it uſed 'to be, at leaſt, I admire it more of late.'—'Ah, 'your honor, for wit and courage, Patrick Harle was 'always noted. I would think no more of poſing 'Mr. Bruce in a ſcriptural argument, than of eating 'a boiled cabbage after a winter day's march. He 'knows my talent, and is always ſhy of trying its 'weight.'—'Well, well, Patrick, keep your wit till 'another opportunity, but how came your courage, 'the other night, to pop into Mary's meal tub?' Pa-

trick ſhook his head, ſaying, 'Ah, your honor 'knows, that was no trial of mortal courage. Shew 'me a man, ſhew me a lion, and if I don't pull him 'by the beard, I will give you leave to flog me with 'a bunch of carrots. If I had not been valiant, if I 'had not been brave, if I had not been courageous, 'what would have become of the houſe of Owen, 'when we were in the army, for the honor of which 'I fought no fewer than twenty-ſeven battles? Ah, 'my Lord, that fiſt was never afraid of a man.'— 'Come, come, Patrick, no more praiſes of your 'courage; put my pleaſant inſtrument into the caſe, 'and remember you do not forget it. I mean to pay 'Mr. Taylor a viſit to-day, and give a poor Curate 'the honor of my company for a few hours. Go, 'and prepare yourſelf.'

When they ſet forward, Patrick walked behind, at a reſpectful diſtance. His Lordſhip was accoutred in his yellow coat, and wore a Scotch bonnet upon his head. As they paſſed along they eſpied a pretty cottage, and curioſity induced them to quit the path, in order to examine it the more minutely. The jeſſamine was clinging round the windows, and the fragrant woodbine decorated the whole front. It was ſhrouded with an infinite profuſſion of ſhrubs, where the gay laburnum waved its yellow branches. The lilac with its purple hues, gave a beautiful tinge to that wild variety of colours which ſtruck the raviſhed eye. The roſe, with its crimſon dye, ſweetly intermingled with the whiteneſs of the lily, and threw a modeſt bluſh among thoſe variegated flowers, which with their brighteſt ſhades ornamented the borders. All was delightful, all was pleaſing; the birds ſang among the boughs of the bending ſhrubs, and ſweetly poured their artleſs melody, to cheer the peaceful inhabitants of this neat but humble manſion.

His Lordſhip admired the rural ſimplicity which reigned around this modeſt fabric. In the midſt of his reverie, the notes of ſome harmonious muſic attracted his attention. He liſtened eagerly to the different modulations of the tune, and expreſſed himſelf

ſelf tranſported with the dexterity of the performance. 'O Patrick,' ſays he, 'it is delightful, it is excel-'lent, it is abſolutely heavenly! It is a piece of the 'divine Rizzio, that inimitable maſter of our native 'melody. It is infinitely ſuperior to any thing that 'Purcell ever compoſed. He was a dull heavy-pated 'fellow, and took more pleaſure in the compoſition 'of pſalmody, than in the ſprightly airs of the fineſt 'love ditty. Give me my pipes, Patrick, I will en-'deavour to accompany this accompliſhed performer, 'though I perceive it to be the elegant touch of a la-'dy's finger. Next to the bagpipes, Patrick, the pi-'ano forte is the ſweeteſt inſtrument That ſtroke 'was incomparable—that fall beyond conception! I 'have not heard ſuch a maſterly performance, ſince 'the laſt time I had the pleaſure of hearing an Italian 'opera.'

His Lordſhip having carefully buckled his delightful inſtrument about him, he walked in at the outer gate, and perceiving the front door open, ſtepped into the hall. The door, which led to the room where the lady was playing, was likewiſe open. She began another piece of muſic, and accompanied it with a charming voice. His Lordſhip was enraptured with the tone, when beginning to blow, the pipes ſtruck up, and he bounced into the room, bawling, 'well 'done, excellently done, upon my word, Madam.' The ladies ſcreamed out, and fled with precipitation to the fartheſt corner of the room. They crowded together in a cluſter, frighted at the romantic appearance of this intruding muſician, while his Lordſhip continued his tune to the no ſmall terror of the trembling auditors. ''Tis heavenly, ladies, 'tis abſolute-'ly heavenly, let me have your accompaniment on the 'piano forte, and we ſhall poſitively produce the moſt 'enchanting harmony, that ever delighted mortal 'ears' He turned around, and began to touch the keys of the piano forte. The ladies ſeized this favourable opportunity, and hurried out of the room with the utmoſt precipitation.

They found Patrick in the kitchen, haranguing with

with violence, and repeatedly asserting to their Mama, that every word he spoke was an absolute truth. The gentlewoman replied, it possibly might be so. Since she came to the Vale farm, she had often heard of his Lordship's residence in this part of the country, but she had never had the least intimation of his return. 'Have you not, Madam,' returns Patrick, 'walk 'forth and see him; he is the propereſt gentleman 'your eyes ever beheld. He is tall, handsome, and 'enchanting, the very flower of the Scotch nobility. 'He is as tall as an oak tree, and sweeter in his dis-'position than a suckled calf. Hark, how divinely 'he plays!'

The young ladies could not refrain from laughing, when they heard these hyperbolical praises of his Lordship. They smiled, and requested their Mama to walk into the drawing-room, and see this accomplished wonder. 'He is, to be sure,' says one of them, 'something extraordinary; but whether he is 'Scot or Indian, human or inhuman, requires the 'skill of a very acute naturaliſt to determine.'—'Ma-'dam, Madam,' replies Patrick, with eyes sparkling, and a countenance reddening, 'will you be so pro-'fane, as to revile the honor of the house of Owen? 'Look at him, his size bespeaks his birth. His face 'is the very emblem of dignity, and his humanity is 'softer than a boiled turnip. You may laugh, ladies, 'as you please; you are young and cannot spy out 'nobility by the look, but the Irish ladies had more 'penetration. When his honor was in the army, and 'we were quartered at Limerick, there were no few-'er than seventeen ladies of the first rank and fortune, 'who would have parted with their right ears, for 'one kiss of his rosy lips.'—'I am really sorry,' ob-serves the old gentlewoman, 'for the poor ladies of 'Limerick. I wish my daughters may have better 'fate.'—'O Mama,' says one of them laughing, be 'not afraid; the Irish ladies have loved by the lump, 'and fixed their affections, as a drover fixes his choice 'on a bullock, from his bone, strength and size.'—'Madam, I tell you,' exclaims Patrick, foaming with rage,

rage, 'this is downright blaſphemy againſt the honor, 'of the houſe of Owen. You may as well prophane 'your Maker, as prophane the beauty of a Lord, for 'Lords are the expreſs images of all that is good'— 'Pray Sir,' obſerves the old Lady, 'let not your 'zeal for your maſter induce you to become irreligi-'ous. I perceive by your language, you have dab-'bled in the ſcriptures, but be not over anxious, to 'apply any paſſage you may ſelect from theſe ſacred 'records to an improper object. Your indiſcriminate 'eulogium on lords, is neither juſt, nor true. Few 'of them are more perfect, than their fellow-creatures; 'and I would not have you ſo far dazzled with the 'pomp of title, or the pageantry of rank, as to con-'clude, that every Lord is the expreſs image of all 'that is good. Such a concluſion will infallibly pro-'duce many errors. It is the conduct of the man, 'and not the number, or ſplendor of his titles, which 'conſtitutes true dignity.'—'Thank you, Madam, 'thank you. You have exactly deſcribed his honor, 'my maſter, as if he had been your own ſon. His 'conduct, as a man, is as upright as a mountain fir. 'His conduct as a gentleman, is as clear as a cabbage-'leaf, and his gentleneſs, as a Lord, is as ſoft as 'boiled pottage.'—The young ladies burſt out into an immoderate fit of laughter. Patrick was nettled at their ſuppoſed rudeneſs, and turning to the old lady, ſaw a ſmothered ſmile upon her countenance. 'It is 'too bad Madam,' ſays he, 'to be inſulted for ſpeak-'ing the truth. Had any gentleman laughed at his 'honor, either before his face, or behind his back, 'were he as big as Goliah, I would preſently ſhew 'him the courage of little David. Madam, there is 'a fiſt can give a blow like an aſs's heel. There is 'not a jaw-bone in the kingdom can bear a couple of 'ſtrokes from it, without being ſhivered into pieces. 'While we lay in Ireland, I fought twenty-ſeven he-'roic battles in defence of his honor, and have left 'more broken ribs, and cracked jaw-bones in that 'kingdom, than will be healed againſt doomſday.'

At this deſcription of Patrick's valor, the old lady could

could no longer reſtrain her propenſity to laughter, but heartily joined in the general mirth. This incenſed Patrick, and he became ſo obſtreperous in the defence of his aſſertions, that his Lordſhip deſiſted from his performance, and came to enquire the cauſe of his ſervant's vociferation.

His Lordſhip no ſooner appeared, than Patrick became ſilent, and making his accuſtomed bow, retired behind his back. The ladies, from reſpect to their intruſive gueſt, politely requeſted him to walk into the drawing-room, obſerving at the ſame time, that his ſervant's admirable attachment had created them a fund of merriment. 'Yes, ladies, yes,' ſays Patrick, 'the honor of the houſe of Owen, I will ſtrenuouſly 'defend againſt the teeth of all gainſayers."—— 'Right, Patrick, right,' replies his Lordſhip, as he walked acroſs the floor with an air of importance, 'no perſons ought to ſport with the dignity of family, 'or the rank of ſuperiority.' The old lady firſt looked upon her daughters, and then on his Lordſhip. They were ſilent, and he continued his walk. He was a ſecond time ſolicited to walk into the drawing-room, with which requiſition he thought proper to comply without deigning one ſyllable in reply to the civilities of the ladies.

As they paſſed through the hall, they obſerved in the ſhrubbery, two ladies and a gentleman. They were admiring the beauty of the flowers, and liſtening to the ſong of the little warblers which echoed from every ſpray. The old gentlewoman ſtepped out, and politely requeſted them to walk in. When they entered the drawing-room, they were ſurprized, when they beheld his Lordſhip ſitting in an arm chair, equipped in his favourite ſuit, and his bag-pipes buckled about him. He aroſe at their entrance, and immediately recognizing his former friends, expreſſed his ſatisfaction, at this unexpected interview. Mr. Welman ſaid, he was happy to hear his Lordſhip had formed the reſolution of reſiding in the neighbourhood, and hoped he ſhould often have the pleaſure of ſeeing him, as formerly, at Roſehill.

'Though

'Though my continuance in the north, is rather 'uncertain, yet while I am here, I beg your Lord-'ſhip will honor me with your company, whenever 'choice, or opportunity may impel you to ſuch a 'viſit.'—'I acknowledge, Sir,' replies his Lordſhip, 'the many obligations you formerly were ſo kind as 'to confer upon me, and ſhall be always happy to 'comply with your preſent invitation.'—'Pray, Ma-'dam,' ſays Miſs Gray, 'is Mr. Gardiner returned?' '—He is not yet,' replies the elderly Lady, 'but we 'expect him in a few days.'—'Does he purpoſe to 'reſide at the Vale as uſual?'—'He does Madam, I 'have been long acquainted with Mr. Gardiner, and 'have reaſons to wiſh it may continue much longer. 'He is a worthy gentleman, and if he were not fet-'tered in his temporal affairs, his diſtributive charity 'would be as extenſive as his benevolence of heart. 'I wanted a country reſidence, retired from the buſ-'tle of the world, of which I am ſick and weary. 'He heard me expreſs my wiſh, and generouſly 'made me an offer of this houſe. He ſaid, he was 'going abroad, and might be abſent for ſome years. 'When he meaned to return, he would apprize me 'of his intention, but hoped I would furniſh him 'with what accommodations he wanted, but requeſt-'ed I would not think of a removal I have now 'lived here a few years, happily in this retirement, 'and happier far, than when amidſt thoſe blandiſh-'ments, which the world calls pleaſure, and all the 'enjoyments which opulence can beſtow.' She heaved a ſigh, and endeavoured to ſtifle that ſenſibili-ty, which viſibly throbbed in her maternal boſom. The tear ſtarted from her eye, and as it rolled down her cheek, the youngeſt of her daughters moſt affec-tionately kiſſed it away! 'Thank you, my child, the 'Lord who is the guardian of dutiful children, will 'not ſuffer you to go unrewarded.' Her children drew around her. They were three daughters, and a boy about ſix years of age. 'Ye gentle partakers 'of my ſorrow,' continues the lady, 'who have 'often alleviated my affliction, when the gloom ſat

'heavy on me, you will hereafter receive the reward 'of your filial duty, for here I have little to beſtow 'upon you, ſave a mother's kindeſt bleſſing. Be 'ſeated, my children.' They kiſſed her alternately, and immediately obeyed. 'Pray, Madam,' ſays Miſs Welman, 'I am touched with the few hints you have 'dropped. If it be not too preſuming, and too afflic-'tive to your ſenſibility, may I beg the recital of thoſe 'misfortunes, which ſeem to corrode your peace?"

'Of misfortunes, Madam,' replies the lady, 'I 'have had my ſhare. The recollection of paſt ſcenes, 'eſpecially thoſe which have been productive of de-'light, though grating to the breaſt of ſenſibility, al-'ways brings a degree of pleaſure mingled with the 'gnawing throes of anguiſh. To complain is a teaz-'ing folly. It exhauſts the patience of the auditor, 'and brings no relief to the pang of ſorrow. It is an 'unceaſing, and unavailing miſery. The conſtant 'enumeration of misfortunes excites diſguſt, and they 'who have once liſtened to the melancholy ſtory, are 'not eager to hear a repetition. This viſible inatten-'tion, is not always a leſſon to the unfortunate com-'plainant. He finds a pleaſure in the recapitulation, 'but it is a ſolitary and a lonely pleaſure. Few are 'ſo humane as to feel for others, and fewer ſtill are 'ſolicitous to alleviate that calamity which is too often 'the portion of the unhappy. I hope, ladies, your 'benevolence will pardon theſe obſervations; they 'are ſuggeſted by that hard lot, with which it has 'been my fate to ſtruggle the far greater part of my 'life.

'I loſt my parents when I was young, and have not the leaſt recollection of their perſons. I ſtill re-member their kindneſs. Yes, they were kind, they were indulgent. I was not then conſcious of the ir-reparable loſs I had ſuſtained; I was the ſole heireſs of fifteen hundred pounds a year, and a maternal un-cle was a guardian. Young and inconſiderate, I had few thoughts, and none beyond the preſent moment. Time rolled away, and I began to think myſelf happy, though an orphan. I had ſcarce attained my ſixteenth

year,

year, when different gentlemen ſolicited my uncle, to be permitted to pay their addreſſes to me. He received their ſolicitations with apparent coldneſs, and requeſted them to wait till I was of age, when I might have the prudence to chuſe for myſelf. This admonitory advice had not the deſired effect. I was fond of being admired, and pleaſed with the attentions which they paid me. What youthful heart would not have fluttered, when it heard the ſighs of ſix gentlemen occaſionally uttered in its preſence! I was delighted with my triumph, and confeſs, was not aſhamed to play the capricious coquette. This conduct, though culpable, was not criminal. It was the genuine effect of that vanity, which too frequently is the predominant paſſion of the female mind. My uncle remonſtrated, but he remonſtrated in vain. He ſometimes threatened, but I deſpiſed his violence; I always behaved to him with the utmoſt reſpect, he often treated me with inhumanity. I was frequently confined, debarred from the company of every acquaintance, and ſometimes prohibited the uſe of pen and ink. Theſe reſtraints I ſeldom ſuffered with patience. I deemed them tyrannical, and exacted by a man, who I thought had no natural right to deprive me of my liberty.

'In theſe dreary hours of confinement, I lamented the loſs of my beloved parents. He often was a liſtener to my lamentations, in which mean officiouſneſs I frequently detected him. I could not brook ſuch reſtrictions, they preyed daily upon my mind, and impelled me to fabricate a number of deluſive artifices to deceive my unfeeling gaoler, which in different circumſtances, I would have diſdained with abhorrence. He ſaw with what reluctance I ſubmitted to his commands, and the more refractory I became, the more moroſe was his behaviour towards me. The meekneſs of reſignation, was at that time no part of my mortal compoſition. I was determined to emancipate myſelf from a ſtate of ſubjection, which I had now endured above two years. This determination, though raſh and inconſiderate, if I know the inclination

tion of my own mind, would never have entered there, had I been left to the unreſtrained purſuit of my own diſpoſition. We always endure ſervitude with diſſatisfaction, and I believe there is not a woman in being, who may not be controuled with gentleneſs, but will indignantly ſpurn at the frown of ſeverity.

'There was among the number of my admirers, a young gentleman, two years older than myſelf, his name was Johnſon. He was the only ſon of a very worthy father, who poſſeſſed an eſtate of five hundred pounds a-year. His father had, for a long continuance of time, lived in habits of the moſt intimate friendſhip with my deceaſed parents. His friendſhip ceaſed not with their demiſe. He eſteemed me as his daughter; he endeavoured to inculcate into my youthful mind, the ſame principles he had with care inſtilled into his ſon. They were the principles of religion and virtue; I was ſenſible of his friendſhip, and acknowledged it with gratitude. I occaſionally viſited him at his houſe, received his inſtructions with thankfulneſs, and returned, improved by the precepts of this benevolent man.

'My uncle ſaw with apparent regret, the preference I gave to the worthy Mr. Johnſon. My uncle, I ſpeak with impartiality, for he has long ſince paid the debt of nature, was proud, illiterate, and ſullen. He thought himſelf ſuperior to the greater part of his ſpecies, and this ſuperiority entirely conſiſted in the accumulation of money. His eſtate was ſmall, not more than three hundred pounds a year, yet by mere parſimony, and a multiplicity of meaſures which he purſued with unremitting perſeverance, he had hoarded up above thirty thouſand. This was an immenſe ſum conſidering the capital with which he commenced his commercial career. The narrowneſs of his mind defeated all his enjoyments, and ſoured thoſe pleaſures which are calculated to ſweeten the bitter potion of life. He voluntarily denied himſelf of many of thoſe endearing paſtimes, which others purſue with the utmoſt avidity. This ſpontaneous auſterity he deemed one of his chiefeſt merits. He ſecluded himſelf from the

the acquaintance of all his neighbours, and was liberal of his cenſures on their ſuppoſed extravagance. My wiſh to participate of thoſe elegancies, to which I was entitled by my fortune, gave him real pain. He expatiated with rancour on the growing diſſipation of the age, and frequently deprived me of thoſe innocent amuſements, to which I was prone from my youth and inclination. He expoſtulated with vehemence againſt my unbounded extravagance, as he termed my inoffenſive gaieties, and I often complied with his arbitrary mandates, merely to indulge his churliſh humour, and ſecure my own peace.

'He had a ſon about thirty years of age, who was eſtabliſhed in buſineſs. He had imbibed the principles of his father, and profited by his inſtructions. He was illiberal in his opinions, and parſimonious in all his dealings. Like his father, he was illiterate, and heartily deſpiſed thoſe who devoted any portion of their time to ſuch an unmeaning purſuit. Avaricious, and griping, he was ſlovenly to a degree of folly. Some are ſlovens through mere inattention, ſome through ſottiſhneſs, but he was a diſguſtful ſloven from the impulſe of covetouſneſs. Uncandid in his conjectures, and vain of his own opinions, he often took the liberty to reprove my amuſive paſtimes, which he termed deſtructive levities, replete with nonſenſe, criminality, and ſin. If I bore with reluctance the animadverſions of my guardian, I always heard with indignation the abſurd remonſtrances of his ſon.

'After a confinement of ſome weeks, my uncle one day entered my apartment. Seating himſelf familiarly by me, with a ſmile on his countenance, and gently patting my hand, he ſaid, 'Sally, attend to 'me, I am going to communicate to you a piece of 'buſineſs, of the firſt importance to your future wel-'fare. I once reſolved not to acquaint you with my 'deſign, till you were of the age of twenty one years; 'but as you ſeem determined not to wait for a huſ-'band till that period, I have thought it proper now 'to apprize you of it. You have many admirers, but 'I am afraid few lovers. Your fortune is the ſole

'motive

'motive which induces all of them to be ſo attentive 'to you. Let me adviſe you to diſcard them all. 'They are unworthy of a ſingle, ſerious thought. A 'parcel of extravagant, diſſipated, and licentious 'dogs. There is not one of them, who is not capa-'ble of ſpending your fifteen hundred pounds a year, 'in mere eating and drinking. I hope, Sally, you 'have no wiſh to be a beggar?'—'No, indeed, uncle, 'I ſhould be miſerable, if I thought ſuch a deſtiny 'awaited me.'—'That is prudent, Sally, that is pru-'dent. I hope you will begin to think ſeriouſly, and 'explode thoſe unmeaning levities, which have totally 'occupied your thoughts for ſome years.' I was at a loſs to ſurmiſe to what concluſion this extraordina-ry prelude would lead, but was ſoon apprized of his friendly intentions.

'He continued, 'I have been very provident for 'you, Sally, and hope you will have the gratitude to 'thank me. It is no ſudden determination, for I have 'debated with myſelf, long and ſeriouſly about the 'matter. I have provided you a huſband; he is a 'prudent man, and moreover a money maker. His 'fortune is fully equal to your own, and he would think 'it an unpardonable crime to ſpend one farthing of 'either unneceſſarily and indiſcreetly. He is no 'drunkard; he is no ſpendthrift; he is no gambler. 'He is ſolely calculated to make you happy, and hap-'py you will inevitably be with ſuch a man, if it be 'not your own fault.'—'Indeed, uncle,' I replied, 'this paternal care demands my warmeſt gratitude. 'Be ſo obliging as to inform me, who is this accom-'pliſhed gentleman?'—'He is my own ſon, Ephraim, 'Sally.'—'O goodneſs, Sir, can you ſuppoſe, that 'he is calculated to make me happy?'—'Undoubted-'ly, my good girl; he is poſſeſſed of every requiſite 'to make a good huſband. He is rich, and will be 'richer: he is prudent, he is ſober, he is not addict-'ed to any one vice. To be certain, he is not devot-'ed to many of thoſe frivolous expedients, by which 'a lady's heart is too often captivated. His good 'ſenſe deſpiſes thoſe unneceſſary trappings; his own

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'merit is ſufficient to aſſure ſucceſs. When, Sally, 'ſhall we fix the marriage day?'—'O, for heaven's 'ſake, uncle,' exclaimed I, burſting out a laughing, 'I reſolutely proteſt againſt accepting the man of your 'choice. I would not take your ſon, Ephraim, for 'better for worſe, were he heir preſumptive to the 'crown of England.'—'This is downright foolery, 'Sally; you muſt think ſeriouſly on my advantageous 'propoſal. That levity, by which you regulate your 'conduct, and which, at this inſtant, impels you to 'laugh, when you ought to reflect; to deſpiſe what 'would conſtitute your felicity, is a bad companion, 'and ſhould be exploded. You muſt, and ſhall have 'your couſin.'—This is too peremptory, uncle; you 'muſt allow me to have a negative in this buſineſs. 'No power, no conſideration in this world, ſhall ever 'induce me to accept of a huſband, whoſe manners 'and diſpoſition are ſo oppoſite to my own. Such an 'union is unnatural: it will generate diſguſt, inſtead 'of eſteem. It will produce hatred, but never love.' 'Away, Sally, away with ſuch romantic notions. 'The days of chivalry are paſt. Let prudence ſug-'geſt to you the enjoyment of every convenience, and 'love will only be a ſecondary conſideration. It is 'no neceſſary ingredient in the marriage ſtate, people 'may live happy without it'—'Indeed, uncle, you 'and I diſagree in our opinions. I abſolutely reject 'your propoſal'—'Reject my ſon, Sally! You will 'change this determination before the expiration of a 'few weeks,' he bawled, as he walked furiouſly out of the room.

'I was teazed with this hateful propoſal for ſeveral days, which I ſcornfully rejected. My confinement now became ſtricter, and I was actually prohibited from ſeeing any other perſons, than my uncle, or couſin Ephraim. My couſin was an awkward wooer, and notwithſtanding the deciſive commands, and humble ſolicitations of the father, the ſon made no advance in my affections. Their importunities became odious. I deteſted their tyrannical conduct towards

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me, and this increaſed my averſion to my propoſed huſband.

'Young Mr. Johnſon had always been aſſiduous in his attentions towards me. His fortune was conſiderably ſmaller than any of thoſe gentlemen's, to whoſe pretenſions I had gayly liſtened. He was modeſt and unaſſuming. I thought, he ſighed at a diſtance. His reſpectful ſilence on a ſubject, on which I wiſhed him to expatiate, increaſed my eſteem. I minutely conſidered his behaviour, and ſuppoſed, it was often conſtrained. Whether I erred in my ſuppoſition or not, my partiality for him became daily more viſible to myſelf. This prepoſſeſſion I indulged: it was my only conſolation during the ſolitary hours of my confinement. The indulgence of a paſſion will ever increaſe its violence, and I really believe I became in love merely from the contemplation of what I was prohibited to enjoy. My gaiety of diſpoſition now forſook me. I became ſullen, and thoughtful, rejected with diſdain the officiouſneſs of my uncle, and the obſequious behaviour of my cringing couſin.

'This alteration of deportment was apparent to my watchful guardian. He expoſtulated with me, and freely reproved my obſtinacy. I continued inexorable, but he ceaſed not to plague me. My faſtidious demeanour to the ſon, embarraſſed and confounded him. My diſdainful rejection of a nearer alliance with my uncle, though it provoked his irritable temper, ſeemed to double the ardor of his requiſitions. He often ſternly threatened me for my obduracy, and upbraided me for my ingratitude. His intemperate conduct made me completely miſerable, and I determined to aſſert my liberty, the firſt opportunity I could poſſibly embrace.

'Having formed this reſolve, and eager to put it in execution, by adopting a plan, and preparing my meaſures; I was totally fruſtrated in my deſign, by the machinations of my uncle. He came into my apartment one day, and ſeating himſelf by me, ſaid, 'Sally, I am come to make you a propoſal, which I 'believe will give you pleaſure. You have often ex-

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'On the morning of our departure, I was ready with my maid to attend me, anxiouſly waiting on the movements of my guardian. He entered my apartment, and gravely remarked, that my attendant was altogether unneceſſary, as ſhe would be only an incumbrance, and greatly increaſe the expence. This illiberal obſervation abaſhed the poor girl. I earneſtly ſolicited that ſhe might accompany me, but he continued inflexible in his reſolution. Perceiving all my intreaties were ineffectual, I determined not to loſe the pleaſure I propoſed to myſelf in this deſirable journey, and ſo reluctantly complied with my uncle's parſimonious opinion.

'We travelled in the carriage, that day, according to my computation, about forty miles. We lodged the firſt night in a large ſea port town. I was called early in the morning, and while we were at breakfaſt, my 'uncle ſaid, we ſhall vary our jour-'ney, Sally, it will be more pleaſant, becauſe we 'ſhall perform the remaining part by ſea.'—'By ſea,' I exclaimed, 'you terrify me!'—There is no cauſe 'for terror, child. I have ſent the carriage home. 'It will be much cheaper, and what folly is it to in-'cur expence, when a perſon can be as well accom-'modated without it!' I remonſtrated, and promiſed to defray the whole charge, but could not prevail on him to relinquiſh his purpoſe. He ridiculed my apprehenſions, by ſaying, a ſea voyage would be conducive to my health.

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'We were at ſea two days, ſometimes ſailing, and ſometimes

ſometimes becalmed. When we landed, I congratulated myſelf on the concluſion of my voyage, but was aſtoniſhed to hear the perſons on the quay, talking to one another in the French language. This obſervation I made to my uncle, who replied there were thouſands of Frenchmen in London. This remark was ſatisfactory. But how was I ſurpriſed, when he informed me, we had ſeveral miles to travel that evening before we could arrive at the inn, where we propoſed to lodge. I aſked him a variety of queſtions, and my fears ſuggeſted more. He anſwered me with manifeſt reſerve, and ſeemed to be abſorbed in the depth of his own thoughts. I perceived his embarraſſment, but it gave me no concern. I knew the propenſity of his diſpoſition, and ſuppoſed ſome pecuniary tranſaction engroſſed all his attention.

'I ſcarce had time to partake of a little refreſhment, when he told me our conveyance was ready. It was a piece of unwelcome intelligence. I was much fatigued, and anxiouſly wiſhed for repoſe. This was not permitted me, and I entered the carriage with my uncle. Languid and faint for want of reſt, and the motion being familiar to me, I ſoon fell aſleep. How far we travelled, I am at a loſs to conjecture, for I never awaked till the movement of the carriage ceaſed. When I alighted, I was handed through a large area by a very venerable lady. We entered a ſpacious apartment, neat, commodious and elegantly furniſhed. My uncle followed, and we were preſently ſerved with a comfortable ſupper. This was the more acceptable, as I had been reduced to an involuntary abſtinence during the whole of my voyage. When ſhewn to my chamber, I found every convenience, and immediately prepared myſelf for reſt. I began to think, as I lay upon my pillow, that London had been miſrepreſented to me. Inſtead of the buſtle, the noiſe and uproar, which I had been informed, were unceaſing in the ſtreets, all was profoundly ſilent. 'It is 'the dead of night,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'and people 'muſt ſleep.' With this reflection I preſently ſunk into a quiet repoſe.

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'I ſlept long the next morning, and when I aroſe, was conducted into the ſame apartment where I had been the preceding evening. I ſat down to breakfaſt with the venerable lady, and three others. Not obſerving my uncle, I enquired for him. 'Your uncle, 'Madam,' ſays the venerable lady, 'went away laſt 'night, and as the wind is fair, I hope he is by this 'time on his return to England.'—'Return to Eng-'gland, Madam, where am I?'—'In France, my dear 'young lady,' returns the old matron, 'in a convent 'of holy nuns, and I hope you will prove an ornament 'to the ſiſterhood.' Judge of my conſternation! I was thunderſtruck with horror at the treachery of a man, to whoſe care I was confided in my infancy by a dying parent. I trembled, turned pale, and burſt into a flood of tears.

'After my grief, excited by the firſt impreſſions of my ſituation, had a little ſubſided, the venerable lady addreſſing herſelf to me, kindly deſired me to be comforted. I ſaid, 'I am betrayed Madam, I am groſsly 'betrayed.'—'Your betrayer, as you pleaſe to term 'him,' ſays ſhe, 'has been ſtudious of your intereſt. 'What avails all the opulence of this life! It is the 'ſource of care, of ſorrow, of anxiety. When you 'have become one of us, and perfectly ſubdued thoſe 'carnal thoughts which have wedded you to a deluſive 'world, you will be a ſtranger to grief, to care, and to 'ſolicitude. Your whole employment will be the 'praiſes of that God, whoſe aſſiſting grace has weaned you from the unremitting troubles of a tranſitory 'life. You will behold your paſt days with ſorrow, 'be ſeriouſly afflicted for the tranſgreſſions of your 'youth, and piouſly devote your future days to the 'work of religion, and the thoughts of heaven. You 'will then regret, and ſee with abhorrence, thoſe unmeaning levities which have ſo long and ſeriouſly engaged your mis-ſpent time. You will bleſs the day you 'entered theſe holy walls, you will thank the man 'who religiouſly deceived you, and praiſe the pious 'means which beguiled you into everlaſting happineſs.'—'Before God, and this company,' I anſwered

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with vehemence, 'I ſolemnly proteſt againſt the treachery which has inveigled and delivered me into your cuſtody. If you are the real ſervants of that God, whom you pretend to worſhip, you muſt know he is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. By the practice of iniquity and the fouleſt deception was I brought hither, but I hope your exemplary piety will reſtore me to immediate liberty.'—'My dear young lady,' replies my venerable guide, 'it will aſſuredly be a work of greater piety, and more pleaſing to your Maker, to reſtrain your roving inclinations, than to indulge you in this vain requiſition. You are young, and your paſſions are unbridled; but beneath my guidance, you will ſoon learn to conquer every unruly propenſity, to ſubdue every irkſome deſire, and all will be tranquil in your mortified boſom.'—'No, Madam, no, that ſtate of tranquility which you ſo feelingly deſcribe, will never be my portion, whilſt I am an inhabitant beneath this roof. I came involuntarily, and am poſitively determined never to ſacrifice my peace, by a baſe coincidence with the infamy of a wretch, whom religion and virtue abhor. Your perſuaſions, though probably ſalutary, will never have any efficacy on a mind, ſmarting with the wrongs of a treacherous relation. I know his motive, but he ſhall never force me to acquieſce with his opinion.'—'My dear lady, cenſure not the conduct of a man, who prizes your eternal ſalvation before your temporal happineſs. Let the ſame influence operate on your inclination, and your thoughts will dart into futurity, meditate on the felicity of that unchanging ſtate, and heartily deſpiſe thoſe low, groveling pleaſures appended to the children of mortality.'—'Is it not poſſible, Madam, that I may attain this felicity, without making a voluntary reſignation of my temporal intereſt, and preſent happineſs? Muſt I become inſenſible to all the feelings of humanity, before my ſacrifice of praiſe will be acceptable to my Maker! Muſt I relinquiſh what Providence has given me, my youth, my fortune, and every connection that is dear to me in life, before I can perform an oblation

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'agreeable to my Creator? My religion inculcates a 'different creed. And of this I am confident, that 'God is never pleaſed with an unwilling penitence.'— 'Ah, my dear young lady, you are a novice in the 'myſteries of religion. You have yet much to learn, 'and ſo you will acknowledge, when you have once 'forgotten the allurements of a wicked world.'

'I now perceived I was not ſuddenly to be emancipated from my confinement. I was peſtered with daily lectures on the futility of all earthly enjoyment. I heard the holy ſiſterhood declaim with vehemence againſt all temporal pleaſures, and the fleeting vanities of a deluſive world. I heard them applaud the tranquility of a life of retirement, the undiſturbed peace of a religious devotee, and thoſe heavenly raptures which conſtantly illuminated her mind. Theſe deſigned inſinuations made not the leaſt impreſſion on me. I looked back with regret on the wicked world, from which I was ſo forcibly ſecluded, and kept my determination of mingling in its follies, whenever chance ſhould preſent me with a favourable opportunity.

'The venerable Abbeſs was indefatigable in her applications. She expoſtulated, ſhe entreated, ſhe even prayed, that I would renounce my apoſtacy, and become a new creature. The pious ſiſters, one by one, at convenient ſeaſons, were importunate with me, to abjure my preſent error, and inſtantly become an heir of everlaſting ſalvation. I ſometimes liſtened to their arguments with attention, and endeavoured to refute them by a repetition of thoſe obſervations which I made to the venerable lady in our firſt converſation. They always expreſſed their aſtoniſhment at my imputed ignorance, and wondered how I could expect ſalvation whilſt I continued in my peſtilent hereſy. Sometimes I was induced, by their peremptory denunciations of vengeance on my infidelity, to attempt a vindication of my principles, by a candid appeal to reaſon and ſcripture. In theſe diſputations, I was vain enough to ſuppoſe I frequently obtained an aſcendancy over my haughty adverſaries.

'When my year of noviciate was expired, I was aſ-

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ſailed by every art diſſimulation could ſuggeſt, to become a profeſſed religious. Some holy fathers were employed by the pious ſiſters, to work upon my imagination, by a terrific deſcription of infernal torments, to which they confidently doomed me, without I immediately renounced my heretical opinions. Theſe horrible threatenings had no more effect, than the pleaſing promiſes of the ſiſterhood. I wiſhed to become once more an inhabitant of the wicked world, and this wiſh fruſtrated all their deep-laid ſtratagems.

'Think, my dear ladies, what a life of diſcontent I muſt have paſſed in this convent, and how I endured this mortification for the ſpace of five years. Sometimes my fortitude was like to forſake me, and I was ready to ſink beneath the preſſure of my misfortune. In this dilemma, Hope, that gentle cherub, that conſtant comforter of the unfortunate, came cheerfully to my aſſiſtance, and bade me look forward to a future day. I attended to her ſuggeſtions, and was not deceived.

'My female attendant was frequently and regularly changed. I was at no loſs to ſurmiſe the cauſe. One of thoſe occaſional domeſtics, was young and ſeemingly ingenuous. Her integrity I endeavoured to corrupt, by promiſes of ample compenſation, if we ſucceeded in our deſign. She liſtened with attention to my ſtory, the particulars of which I related to her, and attempted to raiſe her ſenſibility by an affecting deſcription of all my unmerited ſufferings. I thought ſhe began to ſympathize with me in my affliction, and when I thought her ſufficiently engaged in my intereſt, I diſcloſed my whole intention. She heard me with compoſure, and promiſed inviolable ſecrecy.

'By this girl's affected hypocriſy, I wrote ſeveral letters, and had them ſent to England by different conveyances. They were all directed to my old and worthy friend Mr. Johnſon. In them I gave him a faithful account of all that had happened to me, and earneſtly ſolicited his interference. I never received any anſwer, and this was the ſevereſt affliction I ever ſuffered. I concluded, he had mercileſsly left me to

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my wayward fate, and this concluſion cauſed me much real ſorrow. Sometimes I was apprehenſive of the young woman's probity, and ſuppoſed ſhe had betrayed me. A thouſand ſurmiſes tormented me day and night. I thought myſelf forgotten or derided by all the world, and ſaw no alternative but a tacit acquieſcence with the importunities of the ſiſterhood, who teazed me hourly on the hated ſubject. But deſpondency is not the method to obtain tranquillity.

'One day as I was ſitting very melancholy in the little apartment aſſigned me, I was ſummoned down ſtairs. When I entered the room where I was accuſtomed to meet the ſiſterhood, I was ſurpriſed with a very unuſual ſight. I was politely accoſted by three gentlemen, but ſo great was the agitation of my mind at this unexpected interview, that I took no particular notice of any perſon preſent. After the lapſe of a few minutes, and the flutter of my ſpirits began to ſubſide, what was my aſtoniſhment, when I recognized the elder Mr. Johnſon! I ſprang from my chair in tranſport of joy, and running towards him, exclaimed, 'O Sir, you are my deliverer!' Such was my ecſtacy at this moment, that I was almoſt inſenſible to either my words, or my actions. I threw my arms around him, and proteſted, he ſhould not leave me. He aſſured me repeatedly, he would not, told me had come with the ſole intention of conveying me to England, and for that humane purpoſe had obtained permiſſion from the adminiſtration of France. I was ſo attentive to the words of the old gentleman, it was ſome time before I diſcovered the ſon to be preſent. I was anxious to be gone, and frequently ſolicited my worthy friends to that purpoſe, before they had ſettled ſome little buſineſs with the venerable lady, who could not refrain from expreſſing her chagrin at my unfortunate releaſe.

"When we arrived in England, I was informed of my uncle's demiſe, and the marriage of his ſon, who now enjoyed my eſtate. Being illegally deprived of my patrimony, I liſtened to the addreſſes of young Mr. Johnſon, who now had a double claim

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on my affections, and ſoon after entered within the honorable pale of matrimony. I went to take poſſeſſion of my eſtate, but was repulſed with diſdain. It now became the cauſe of a legal litigation, and my conſcientious couſin had the impudence to produce before the court, a written inſtrument, whereby he ſolemnly averred I had conveyed my inheritance to my deceaſed uncle, when I formed the reſolution of taking the veil. This I poſitively denied, and related very circumſtantially the deliberate treachery by which I had been betrayed. My eſtate was adjudged to me, but ſo loaded with incumbrances from the claims of my honeſt guardian, and conſcientious couſin, that my huſband was induced to allow their validity, rather than commence another legal diſcuſſion, by which the whole might be ſquandered away.

'Thus circumſtanced, I lived in a ſtate of happineſs for ſome years. Unfortunately my huſband had not philoſophy ſufficient to behold his temporal loſſes without concern. He felt the diſappointment more ſenſibly than he ought to have done, for we had enough of worldly opulence. Unhappily he thought otherwiſe. To diſſipate his chagrin, he inconſiderately had recourſe to thoſe methods, of which a rational being ought to be aſhamed. He aſſociated with companions, and formed connections, which involved him in inextricable difficulties. I frequently expoſtulated with him on the folly of ſuch a conduct. My remonſtrances were ineffectual. He frequently ſurprized me weeping over my children, and then he was alive to the fineſt ſenſibilities of human nature. He adminiſtered conſolation, and promiſed amendment. He ſoon relapſed into his former purſuits, and always ſeemed uneaſy in the midſt of his own family.

'One morning as I ſat at breakfaſt, with my children around me, a chaiſe drove gently towards the door. I went to the window, but what horror froze my ſoul, when I ſaw my dear huſband borne from the carriage, pale, faint, and bleeding. I ſwooned away. When my ſenſes returned, I received a meſſage from my huſband, requeſting my immediate attendance in his

his chamber. I was led to the bed-ſide. O, I ſhall never forget his countenance! He turned his head towards me—I ſaw the blood iſſue from his temple. He took me by the hand, and fixing his ſwimming eyes anxiouſly on my face, ſaid, 'Sally, can you forgive 'me? By one raſh action I have ruined you. My 'time is ſhort, I muſt be brief. You have long perceived an alteration in my conduct. I had not the 'courage to diſcloſe the fatal ſecret to you. This 'made me completely unhappy. I ſought redreſs, 'where none but fools and madmen ſeek it. I 'ſought it in diſſipation. You remember my firſt viſit to Lord Abfield. There I was prevailed on to 'make a party at play, and there unfortunately I loſt 'fifteen thouſand pounds. My Lord was the principal winner. From that moment, peace has been a 'ſtranger to my boſom. My children, who previous 'to this incident, were my chiefeſt pleaſure, now increaſed the torture of my ſoul. I ſaw them as ſo 'many beggars, and beggared by my folly, liſping 'around my knees, and aſking for a piece of bread. 'The melancholy idea diſtracted me. At home they 'were before my eyes, and eager in the profeſſions of 'their wonted affection. I fled from home, in order 'to fly from diſtreſs. And you, Sally, can you forgive me? You the firſt and only object of my love! 'I have been imprudent, and felt the effects of that 'imprudence. Lord Abfield became importunate, I 'had not the means to ſatisfy his demands. He 'thought himſelf ill-treated—I was ſo. He called 'me a villain—I knew him to be one. The conſequence was a challenge. He is an adept in the fatal trade, and my life is a forfeit to my own inconſideration. When I am gone, and ſoon ſhall theſe 'eyes cloſe, never more to open, take care of our 'dear children. They are the innocent pledges of 'our love. Whenever you look on them, think of 'me. Blot my tranſgreſſions from your memory, 'and only contemplate the firſt happy years of our 'union.'

'He now requeſted to ſee his children. They

approached the bed-side. He tenderly embraced, and kiſſed them one by one. 'Farewell, farewell, 'my children! I have been an unkind parent! O, I 'faint! Forgive me—will you be kind to theſe inno-'cents, when I am gone? That I am aſſured of—but 'to part, there is a pang which racks my ſoul. Hea-'ven be propitious—I come—my wife—my children' His eyes cloſed. I ſtood like a ſtatue, motionleſs and inſenſible, and was carried from the bed by my weeping domeſtics.

'After the laſt ſad duties were paid to my dear huſband, I collected the remains of my ſhattered fortune, and retired, wiſhing to live forgotten and unknown. The evils I have experienced, the misfortunes I have ſuffered, have completely weaned my affections from a perplexing world. I often contemplate with a pleaſing anxiety, the expreſſions of the venerable Abbeſs, and though they were the dictates of intereſt, have found them to be partly true. Sequeſtered from the buſtles of life, my time is ſolely occupied in the inſtruction of theſe children, whoſe happineſs is now dearer to me than my own. They are affectionate, and I hope I ſhall not be diſappointed in my maternal expectations.'

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEN Sir Archibald was informed of the misfortunes of Mrs. Johnſon, he became intereſted in the welfare of her family. He frequently viſited her at her beautiful hermitage, condoled with her on thoſe afflictions which chequer the vale of life, and adminiſtered that comfort, which ſhe often wanted to alleviate her ſorrow. She recognized the benevolence of old Mr. Johnſon in the friendſhip of her new acquaintance, and thought herſelf happy in ſuch a fortunate connection. The Baronet, impelled ſolely by the impulſes of diſintereſted generoſity, enquired with ſolicitude into thoſe affairs, which at firſt involved her in embarraſſing difficulties. He diſcovered a train of villainy which excited his indignation. He expreſſed his horror at the infamy of a man, whoſe care ought to have protected her, but whoſe inſidious deſigns had involved her in ruin and diſtreſs. He often conſoled her with the hope of retribution. She heard him with attention, but always told him, her preſent hopes all ſoared beyond the grave.

Sir Archibald had one day invited his neighbours to partake of his hoſpitality. It was the day on which his tenants paid their rents, when they were entertained at the Caſtle with that cheerful welcome and happy plenty, which ever had characterized the charitable owner. Mr. and Miſs Welman were the firſt who aſſembled at this joyful feſtivity. His Lordſhip, accompanied by the valiant Patrick, who carried his maſter's melodious inſtrument, ſoon joined the company. Mrs. Johnſon, and her daughters, now familiar with their worthy friends, added to the happy group. Mr. Bruce, a man who was revered for the ſimplicity of his manners, and uprightneſs of his conduct, was received with affection by this ſmiling train. Even Mr. Taylor was not forgotten at

this ſeaſon of conviviality. He heartily congratulated Sir Archibald on this return of his annual mirth, and wiſhed him a long and uninterrupted enjoyment of ſuch innocent amuſement. For what is innocent is always praiſe worthy.

It was a pleaſing ſight to behold the meeting of Sir Archibald and his tenantry. He had been abſent ſome years, and this interview diffuſed a gleam of joy on every individual in the company. His obliging enquiries after their temporal welfare, his condeſcending deportment, in kindly aſking after thoſe connections, and their employment in thoſe affairs, which ſolely engaged their attention, were not only agreeable to their wiſhes, but exacted the warmeſt applauſe from this honeſt induſtrious claſs of men. The open countenance, and cheerful look, beſpoke their inward content. Their homely but decent garb, calculated for real uſe, and not idle ſhow, to ſcreen the body from external cold, and not attract the gaze of the giddy multitude, were infallible ſigns of their induſtry. Sir Archibald beheld them with the feelings of a common father, and the pooreſt was not beneath his paternal notice. Not a ſingle individual exhibited a complaint. If any had occaſion to murmur, theſe murmurings were heard with attention; and if expedient redreſſed with cheerfulneſs.

This benevolent behaviour of the worthy Baronet, was not agreeable to the diſpoſition of his Lordſhip. He wondered at his condeſcenſion, as derogatory to his dignity, and cenſured with freedom this unbecoming humility. 'How can Sir Archibald,' ſays he, 'thus deſcend from his rank, to become familiar 'with ruſticity! How can he, thus voluntarily de'grade his honor, to mingle with clowns, and the 'dregs of ignorance! Of what utility in life are 'theſe boors! They may plow, they may ſow, and 'reap for our benefit, but it is a wilful perverſion of 'the common courſe of things, to admit them to this 'unreſtrained intimacy. Had I ſuſpected the com'pany, with whom I was to intermix, I ſhould un'doubtedly

'doubtedly have been abſent to day.'—O, my Lord,' ſays Miſs Gray, laughing, 'if you were to aſſociate 'with none, but thoſe of your own rank, you would 'lead a very ſolitary life. Theſe honeſt people, how-'ever you may deſpiſe them, are more uſeful in ſo-'ciety, than the moſt diſtinguiſhed claſſes. By their 'induſtry you and I live. If we were deprived of it, 'probably we ſhould ſoon want thoſe neceſſary ap-'pendages, of which, at preſent, we are ſo thought-'leſs, as to be vain and arrogant.'

After dinner, the chagrin which clouded his Lord-ſhip's mind began to evaporate: His reſerve, which kept him aloof from the company, relaxed, when he ſaw the freedom with which the ladies and gentlemen intermingled among them. 'This ſocial intercourſe,' ſays Mr. Bruce, 'confers happineſs, and who can be 'ſo churliſh as to withhold that happineſs, when it 'can be conferred on ſuch eaſy terms? Let our fa-'miliarity induce them to forget, if poſſible, for a 'moment, that lot, which often preſſes too hard on 'their induſtry. We may be familiar, without being 'mean; we may, and ought to be humble, without 'being baſe, or degrading that imaginary eminence 'which fortune too often beſtows injudiciouſly. An 'honeſt man is always a worthy, and an eſtimable 'character, and honeſty is peculiarly appended to no 'ſtation. Every individual may appropriate this 'noble quality, and ſo univerſal is its eſtimation, that 'no perſon can be found, who will willingly acknow-'ledge his deficiency. Rank will always create diſ-'tinctions, but worth, whether amid the profuſion 'of opulence, or the cold receptacles of penury, will 'always embelliſh the character of that being, where-'ever it is perceived to reſide.'

Whether it was the influence of theſe obſervations, or the efficient power of the wine, which began to irradiate his Lordſhip's mind, is altogether uncertain, but he evidently became more condeſcending, and for a few ſeconds would deign to converſe with a farmer. In the midſt of their conviviality, he called for Patrick. This aſſiduous domeſtic was immediately at his

his elbow, for never any promiſe had ſo powerful an effect on the mind of man, as the hope of the ſtewardſhip had on the mind of this faithful attendant. 'Patrick,' ſays his Lordſhip. 'Yes, your honor, I am 'preſent.'—'Bring me my pipes. I will indulge 'this company with ſome muſic, to the charms of 'which they are total ſtrangers.' When Patrick preſented the harmonious inſtrument, to manifeſt his profound reſpect, he dropped upon one knee. This was a degree of humility to which he had never before condeſcended, and the novelty of it was pleaſing to his maſter's pride, who ſaid, 'your obedience, Patrick, 'is exemplary, I wiſh it were more general.'

His Lordſhip buckled on his pipes, and to render the effect of his muſic more enchanting to their unpoliſhed ears, he took his ſtation in the middle of a green area in the front of the caſtle. He began with ſome of his favourite martial airs. The company were attentive, and expreſſed their approbation by occaſional plaudits. This praiſe from theſe honeſt ruſtics, was gratifying to his vanity. He frequently changed his tune, and nodded his acceptance of thoſe applauſes, which echoed from the mingled multitude.

While his Lordſhip was entertaining the company with a variety of his delightful ſymphonies, there were other auditors whom his melodious tones had ſcared to a reſpectful diſtance A flock of ſheep which grazed upon the lawn, no ſooner heard the harmony of the muſic, than they ſcampered off, and ſheltered themſelves beneath the branches of the fartheſt hedge. Apprehenſion of danger impelled them to fly, but obſerving no purſuit, nor any moleſtation in their ſtand, they gradually adventured to return, and aſſume their original ſtation. This was ſomewhat leſs than one hundred yards from the noble muſician. They now ſtood ſtill, and ſilence reigned through the flock A ram of uncommon ſize, was obſerved to leave his mates, and cautiouſly advance forwards. He then returned, and ſtood in the front of his woolly company. This action he repeated different times, and in each attempt, approached ſome yards nearer to his Lordſhip.

Lordſhip. He was ſeen to menace with his head, which was well fortified with a couple of ſtrong curled horns. The celebrated tune, which was ſo grateful to the ears of the Scottiſh kings, was now engaging the attention of the liſtening auditory. The ram advanced a little nearer than uſual, when running with the utmoſt violence, he ſtruck his Lordſhip on the breech with ſuch impetuoſity, as threw him headlong ſeven yards from the ſpot where he ſtood. He followed up his blow, and furiouſly aſſailing the fallen hero, he thumped him ſo dreadfully on the back and ſides with his hardened forehead, that his Lordſhip bawled with all vehemence for immediate help. This was not inſtantly adminiſtered. Though they were lately entertained with his enchanting melody, yet were they now diverted with this droll rencounter, and could not refrain from laughing immoderately, that the ram ſhould be ſo unmuſical, as to pelt thus unmercifully his fallen adverſary.

Patrick beheld the ſituation of his maſter, and pitying his deplorable caſe, flew to his aſſiſtance. The ram not expecting an aſſailant, received a moſt furious blow upon his eye. This was a challenge he diſdained to refuſe, ſo retiring backwards, according to his natural manner of forming an attack, was boldly purſued by the valorous Patrick, who threatened the ſevereſt vengeance for his cowardly aſſault. Before Patrick was aware of his opponent, he darted forward with the velocity of the rapid lightning, and ſtriking him violently on the hip, threw him with precipitation on his ſprawling maſter. The fury of the ſhock, again laid his Lordſhip level with the ſurface; for he was attempting to riſe when the weight of his head-long ſervant hurled him proſtrate on his face. The fearleſs foe now attacked them both, and while the maſter roared for mercy, the ſervant ſtruggled manfully againſt the violent attacks of his horned enemy. Patrick was not to be diſcomfited by a ſingle furious onſet; he bravely grappled with his adverſary, and while they were thus cloſely engaged, his Lordſhip ſeized the opportunity, jumped up, and ran away. The

ſhaggy

ſhaggy animal perceiving his flight, ſuddenly diſentangled himſelf from the graſp of Patrick, and quickly purſued the flying hero. He furiouſly butted with his front againſt his Lordſhip's bottom, who bawled out for help at the reception of every ſtroke. But Patrick was determined to liberate his maſter from the violence of this perſecuting animal, ſo taking him a dreadful kick with the toe of his ſhoe, he gave a doleful bleat, and haſtily galloped off towards the rejoicing flock.

'I wiſh I had my ſword,' exclaims his Lordſhip, 'he ſhould not live another hour.'—'That fiſt, your 'honor,' replies Patrick, 'is worth a dozen ſwords. 'Give me an enemy, here is courage. If he were as 'hard as a ram's head, I would beat him in five mi-'nutes, as ſoft as a rotten pear. Let no man be 'afraid, while Patrick Harle is in his company.'

The company having been regaled with plenty, and being delighted with their hoſpitable reception, and the obliging condeſcenſion of their landlord, began to decamp, when Mr. Gardiner was announced. 'Come, 'my Lord,' ſays Mr. Taylor, 'wag your elbow, 'and give us another blaſt.'—'A blaſt, Sir,' replies his Lordſhip, 'another blaſt! What kind of a term 'is that for the tones of heavenly muſic? Your ears 'are too dull, and your taſte too groſs to reliſh the 'heavenly melody of my inſtrument.'—'Ha, ha, ha, 'my Lord, I even ſuppoſe the ram's ears were too 'dull, and his taſte too groſs, or he would have paid 'more deference to your noble perſon.'—'Sir, ſir, 'my noble perſon is above the reach of your cenſure. 'Your ignorance, Sir, is almoſt unparalleled; had you 'been acquainted with the writers of antiquity, had 'you known what they relate, had you ever peruſed 'what they have recorded, you would then have been 'convinced of the wonderful powers of muſic. I muſt 'inform you, that the walls of a city were built by the 'power of muſic. The very ſtones were not inſenſible to the enchanting harmony, but heard the mi-'raculous call, and leaped into their proper places. 'The very fiſhes of the ſea, the monſters of the deep

'have

'have been allured from their dark abyſs, and ſported
'upon the ſurface of the waters. It is an ancient, and
'incontrovertible fact, that, when a certain Muſician
'was reſolved to travel into foreign countries, his
'conveyance was the back of a whale. He charmed
'him by his melody to the ſhore, and then he crouched
'down before the wondrous man, and implored the
'honor of his weight. The ravenous beaſts of the
'foreſt, the lion, the tyger, and every creature that
'has ears to hear, have been enchanted from their
'dreary dens by the muſical tones of a ſkilful per-
'former, and danced around him with the innocence
'of doves. Theſe, Sir, are a few of the wonders
'which were done of old by the enrapturing powers
'of muſic. I myſelf have peruſed them, and therefore
'they cannot be contradicted. Now, when you are
'convinced ſuch things have been done, where is the
'wonder, if they be done again? I now congratu-
'late myſelf on my arrival at ſuch excellence in this
'angelic art, as to attract by my melodious cadence,
'the attention of this ſilly animal. I deem this the
'chiefeſt glory of my life. It is my boaſt; it is more
'than was ever done by either Angelo or Reubens,
'by Titian or Guido, theſe great maſters of modern
'times.'—'Very well, my Lord,' replies Mr. Taylor,
'I have liſtened with ſome attention to your learned
'harangue. I acknowledge I know nothing of Reu-
'bens and Angelo, of Titian or Guido, with whoſe
'names I am totally unacquainted. But I have ſome
'faint recollection of thoſe other wonders which you
'mention. I remember of reading them in ſome
'author when I was a ſchool boy, but deemed them
'at that early age, as the reveries of ſome crack-
'brained poet, and was confirmed in my opinion by
'the deciſions of my grandmother, who aſſured me,
'they were nothing more than nonſenſical, heathen
'fables.'—'O, the blaſphemy,' exclaims his Lord-
ſhip, 'of a ſtupid old woman, againſt the divine power
'of muſic! She had no harmony in her ſoul, nor
'truth in her heart, or ſhe would not have thus wan-
'tonly prophaned the amuſement of angels, O Reu-

'bens, O Angelo, look down from your celeſtial 'ſpheres, and have compaſſion on this deluded mor-'tal. Illuminate his mind with the rays of intelli-'gence, that he may underſtand the divinity of muſic, 'and no longer blaſpheme its immortal power, by the 'determinations of his ſtupidity!'—'Ha! ha! ha! 'thank you my Lord, thank you, for this pious ejacu-'lation. Reubens and Angelo will undoubtedly at-'tend to your fervent petition, and by their ſuperna-'tural influence, I hope to blow a bagpipe with ſuch 'magical power, as to build myſelf a houſe. This le-'gerdemain kind of muſic will be an admirable ac-'quiſition to poor Curates, who in the preſent day, 'ſtand ſo much in need of its wonderful operation.' —'Profanation, Mr. Taylor, abominable profana-'tion! How can you be ſo inconſiderate, as to ridi-'cule an art, the profeſſors of which, are courted by 'crowned heads? All the potentates of Europe are 'zealous to patronize a performer of eminence, and 'would rather attend to a ſolo from his inſtrument, 'than to a prayer from their chaplain. Look around 'the world, and adore the wondrous efficacy of muſic. 'The profeſſors of it are admired, careſſed, and en-'riched. They receive the reward of their divine in-'genuity from all ranks of the community, and were 'you in Scotland, a ſingle expreſſion againſt the ini-'mitable Rizzio, would endanger your life.'

'Your zeal, my Lord,' obſerves Mr. Gardiner, 'for muſic, may be commendable; but certainly you 'carry it beyond its proper bounds. It is an elegant 'acquiſition, and an agreeable amuſement; but pro-'bably it ought to be with a gentleman only a ſecon-'dary conſideration. There are other employments 'which ought to be his primary purſuit, and when 'theſe are fulfilled, the other might amuſe him in his 'leiſure hours. It is an innocent paſtime, but there 'is a poſſibility, that a gentleman may devote too ma-'ny of his hours to the practice. In ſuch a caſe, and 'I believe it is not uncommon, it undoubtedly becomes 'both frivolous and unmanly. It engroſſes the whole 'attention, abſorbs the operations of the mind, and

'concentrates

'concentrates them into one point; it wholly incapacitates the man for thoſe nobler purſuits, by which 'ſociety might be benefited, and the ſpecies inſtructed. 'I confine theſe reflections to the mere performer. I 'think it is a miſapplication of time, which might be 'devoted to better purpoſes. The ear is tickled, but 'the mind is not improved. To continue from day 'to day, and from year to year, in the performance 'of any action, and that action in no wiſe calculated 'for the inſtruction of the performer, is a manifeſt perverſion of thoſe powers with which he is endowed. 'Remember, this only applies to the gentleman performer. He who purſues it as a profeſſion, can never 'be too attentive to his performance. He muſt be 'indefatigable, if he mean to attain to excellence. 'Yet probably in this inſtance, his talents and perſeverance might be directed to a more worthy channel.

'Your praiſes, my Lord, of Rizzio, are certainly 'exaggerated. He might have his merit, but whatever it was which attached the unfortunate Mary to 'this unhappy man, he certainly was not the father 'of the Scottiſh muſic; to this you ſeem to allude. 'Many of the beſt, and ſweeteſt airs, peculiar to that 'kingdom, are known to be prior to his days. Beſides, the rural wildneſs, and paſtoral ſimplicity, 'which ſo eminently characteriſe theſe pleaſing compoſitions, corroborate the opinion, that they could 'never be the offspring of Italy.'—'O, Mr. Gardiner, what an atheiſtical harangue! Muſic ſhould 'be the chief employment of every gentleman, nay, 'of every man.'—'This is a very ſtrange aſſertion, my Lord,' ſays Mr. Bruce; 'your devotion to your 'favourite art, is not only too ſanguine, but ſo great 'is your enthuſiaſm, that you ſuffer it to blind your 'reaſon. Were every man a Muſician, according to 'your zealous wiſh, we ſhould preſently be in want of 'bread to eat. For I never knew a ſingle inſtance, 'of any perſon who was attached to this illuſive art, 'but who was actually incapable of any other employment. Their want of induſtry to ſupply their

'own deficiencies, is amply gratified by the profuſion 'of others. I think it a ſhame to the community, a 'ſtigma on the public taſte, and a diſgrace to the 'underſtandings of Engliſhmen, to be ſo profuſe in 'their expence of this elegant amuſement. A fiddler 'ſhall be rewarded with opulence, whilſt a man, verſed 'in every walk of literature, ſhall be left to pine away 'his life in indigence. An Italian performer, with 'no other merit, than the nimbleneſs of his fingers, 'ſhall be careſſed, and rewarded with affluence; 'whilſt a native, who devotes his time to the inſtruc-'tion of the preſent and future ages, has not always 'the ſatisfaction of a preſent ſubſiſtence. This ten-'dency to frivolity, this propenſity to encourage what 'is poſſibly of no real utility, is an eminent character-'iſtic of the preſent time. It is certainly a perver-'ſion of patronage, and a profuſion of that wealth, 'which might be applied to better purpoſes.'—

'The humorous remark of Mr. Taylor, that the 'magical powers of the ancient muſic would be of uſe 'to a modern Curate, is ſtrictly applicable to this wor-'thy claſs of the community. I think they are an 'oppreſſed party; and whilſt their utility is acknow-'ledged, they ought to have a recompence equivalent 'to their labours. Their preſent incomes are totally 'inadequate to ſupport that relative ſtation they hold 'in ſociety. They are often depreſſed, and from their 'poverty, too often inſulted. They who enjoy too 'much, ought to conſider this; but they are often the 'moſt inſenſible to the humiliation of their brethren.'

'O monſtrous, monſtrous! Be done, Mr Bruce, 'be done,' exclaims his Lordſhip, 'what will be-'come of taſte, what will become of faſhion, theſe 'mighty ſovereigns of the world, if I, and ſuch as I, 'ſuffer ſuch blaſphemy to paſs uncorrected! I tell 'you, Sir, that every man, clergy and laity, ſhould 'be a muſician. It would totally ſuperſede all other 'employments. When he had once attained to my 'excellence, in this celeſtial art, he would have no 'occaſion for induſtry. A few magic tones would 'perform in a moment, more than the labour of his

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'hands could execute in a week. He might plow 'without horſes, live without fatigue, and enjoy every 'neceſſary of life in the utmoſt abundance. His di-'vine incantations would accompliſh all theſe won-'ders, for ſince it is evident the very beaſts of the field 'have obeyed my tones, I have no doubt, but the in-'animate creation, ſuch as trees and ſtones, will pay 'the ſame deference to my inimitable harmony. Now, 'Mr. Bruce, ſince you know the effect of almighty 'muſic, I would adviſe all the Curates, whom you 'ſeem to commiſerate, immediately to commence 'fiddlers. In this profeſſion, they will infallibly ob-'tain opulence, and laugh at the folly which induced 'them to be content with their preſent ſhameful pit-'tance.'

'Your Lordſhip,' obſerves Mr. Welman, 'is truly 'enthuſiaſtic in the praiſes of your favourite amuſe-'ment. Give me leave to correct an error, into which 'the warmth of your zeal has betrayed you. You 'mention Angelo and Reubens, Titian and Guido, 'as modern Muſicians. Michael Angelo, was no 'profeſſed Muſician; he was an Architect, and one of 'the moſt eminent that Italy can boaſt of. He was 'very ſkilful in ſeveral of the polite arts. If I be not 'miſtaken, the famous church of St. Peter, at Rome, 'one of the completeſt edifices of architectural mag-'nificence in Europe, was built beneath his direction. 'Sir Peter Paul Reubens was a Painter: he lived a 'great part of his time in England, and—'O horrid, 'horrid impiety!' ſays his Lordſhip, as he roſe from his chair. 'I tell you, they were both Muſicians, and 'nothing inferior to either Raphael or Scaliger. 'But 'I am prophaned by attending to ſuch obſervations. 'The art is too divine to be thus ſhamefully calum-'niated.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THERE are few purſuits, to which a man peculiarly attaches himſelf, but he becomes enamoured with the pleaſure reſulting from their enjoyment. He ſolicitouſly devotes himſelf to his particular practice, and not only gives it the undecided preference, but faſtidiouſly concludes all others to be trifling and nugatory. He ſuppoſes himſelf to be engaged in the moſt noble employment, extracts pleaſure from the purſuit, and pities thoſe who are ſo ignorant as to diſapprove of his attachment. His hours paſs away unnoticed, the neceſſary concerns of life are diſregarded, and he wonders at the ſimplicity of thoſe who reprehend his conduct.

The pleaſures of life are as various, as the purſuits from which they are extracted. The verſatility of man is well calculated for this variety. It is uneaſy beneath uniformity, and pants for that change, in which it places its chief delight. It ranges through the infinity of paſtimes, and though ſatiated with preſent pleaſure, it vainly wiſhes for its continuance. This is not poſſible. The greater the diverſity of enjoyments, the ſooner is the mind cloyed with the participation of them. The more violent the pleaſure, the ſooner it evaporates. The mind becomes languid, and the body fatigued. A conſtant rotation is deſired, and when obtained, is no more ſatisfactory, than the preceding ſcenes, which often created diſguſt.

A moderate uniformity is probably the beſt ſource for the enjoyment of pleaſure. To be too anxious, or too careleſs in any purſuit, will create indifference; but indifference is not pleaſure. The former often excites ridicule,—the latter contempt. An unalterable attachment to any purſuit, from which accrues neither profit to the purſuer, nor pleaſure to the ſpectator, is certainly deſerving of cenſure. This perſon has

has generally other engagements, which would occupy his whole attention; these are neglected for the enjoyment of some frivolous amusement; and for a soldier, as his Lordship was by profession, to devote his time to his bag pipes, when he ought to have been studying Vauban, was not only culpable, but a shameful inattention to his own interest.

Some time after his Lordship's feelings had been so violently irritated, by the flagrant defamation of his celestial music, he called at Stanner castle. Sir Archibald and Lady Gray were at Rose hill. Miss Gray was in the drawing room, and expressed herself happy at this friendly visit. 'You may be happy, 'Madam,' says his Lordship, 'but happiness has 'long been an alien to my bosom'—'That I can 'readily believe, my Lord. A retrospect of what is 'past, will never fail to corrode your peace, and 'create you much anxiety But you have this con-'solation, you were not instrumental in the produc-'tion of these misfortunes.'—'Ah, Madam, the 'consideration of the many evils which have attended 'me through life, is only a secondary torment. I 'have other causes of affliction. If these can be 'surmounted, and there is a possibility in the case, I 'should think myself completely happy, and endea-'vour to forget those disasters, which deprived me 'of title and estate.'—'As you acknowledge, my 'Lord, there is a possibility of removing the cause of 'your affliction, I hope you have fortitude to make 'the attempt. It is the highest degree of virtue, to 'struggle against adversity to bear up under its in-'cumbent load, and bravely to endure those strokes, 'beneath whose pressure so many faint and expire.'—'My fortitude, Madam, I believe is invincible. I 'would scorn to shrink from any external misfor-'tune; but when my misery originates from a cause, 'which it is impossible for me to remove, how am I 'to extricate myself from such an oppressive diffi-'culty!'—'I know not, my Lord, what you mean, 'and therefore am unable to prescribe a remedy for 'your present complaint.'—'Yes, Madam, believe

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'me, when I aver, you are the only perſon in the 'world, capable of preſcribing a remedy. To you 'I muſt appeal, and to you alone.'—'What myſtery 'is this, my Lord!'—'A myſtery, Madam, that is 'ſoon explained. I am in love.'—'In love! I ſup-'poſe it is a troubleſome paſſion, and if the lady 'prove coy, ſhe will lead you ſuch a vagary, as will 'compel you to wiſh yourſelf fairly out of its intoxi-'cating tyranny. Now, my Lord, be ſo ingenuous, as 'to inform me, who the fair one is? After this com-'munication, if I am acquainted with the lady, and 'can do it with propriety, I will whiſper in her ear, 'to have pity, and be not tyrannic to her humble 'ſlave.'—'You are kind, Madam, and I acknow-'ledge your kindneſs. I hope you will literally fulfil 'this promiſe, for you know the lady, and can with 'propriety whiſper pity to her humble ſlave.'—'Come, my Lord, why this reſerve! I am really 'impatient to know the lady, to whoſe charms you 'are become a captive.'—'I have, Madam, been an 'attentive obſerver of the fair ſex, in England, Scot-'land, and Ireland, and have never ſeen a lady who 'was worthy to wear the coronet of the Owen family, 'ſave yourſelf.'—'You have learned to flatter, my 'Lord, in the courſe of your travels; but gallantry 'is as peculiar to a ſoldier, as either his ſword or 'epaulet.'—'O, Madam, laugh not at me. Believe 'me, I love you, and'—'Hold, my Lord, not a 'ſyllable more on this ſubject, as you value my 'eſteem.'—'This is cruel, Madam, to prohibit me 'from the declaration of that paſſion, beneath whoſe 'influence, I am miſerable.'—'I hope my Lord, 'you will immediately deſiſt. I will not flatter you, 'as flattery is a heinous crime, with the moſt diſtant 'hope. You ſay your fortitude is invincible, let it 'be exerted on this occaſion. If your paſſion be 'real, as it may be feigned, endeavour to ſubdue it, 'by a manly oppoſition to its progreſs.'—'That is 'utterly impoſſible, Madam. It has already made 'ſuch a progreſs, that without your commiſeration, 'I am reduced to the moſt abject miſery for ever.'—

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'Since you are refractory, my Lord, and diſobey my 'requeſts, I ſhall take the liberty to quit the room'— 'O Madam, be not ſo precipitate! ſince you refuſe 'to hear me, and the firſt coronet in Scotland has no 'charms to attract your acceptance, I ſhall apply to 'Sir Archibald. He will be more merciful than his 'daughter.'—'That application, my Lord, I require 'you not to make. It will have no other effect, than 'an expoſure of that ſecret, which prudence would 'ſuggeſt to you, were better concealed in your own 'boſom.'—'This Madam, is a double cruelty. You 'will, you muſt relent.'—'No, my Lord, never, 'never.'

His Lordſhip, ſomewhat abaſhed at this reſolute rejection of his ſuit, continued ſullen and ſilent for ſome minutes. He frequently rubbed his hands, and alternately throwing the one leg over the other, ſeemed to be diſappointed, and his mind in a ſtate of perturbation. He aroſe from his chair, and walking acroſs the floor, often eyed the lady, who was by no means inattentive to his motions. 'It is very ſur-'prizing,' ſays his Lordſhip, in a very abrupt manner, 'that you, Madam, ſhould be ſo obſtinate, and per-'fectly diſintereſted, as to reject a propoſal, which 'thouſands would receive with pleaſure. A coronet 'is not to be obtained every day, and ſuch a coronet 'has certainly a number of attractions.' During the concluſion of this addreſs, Miſs Gray raiſed her eyes, and viewed him with a ſmile of complacency, mingled with ſome degree of wonder. 'Your coronet, my 'Lord, may to many, have a multitude of attracti-'ons. To me it has none. Politeneſs would have 'ſuggeſted, that ſuch an obſervation was an inſult. 'Hereditary honors are ſpecifically of no real worth 'to the poſſeſſor. They deſcend upon him involun-'tarily, and actually confer no merit, though obtained 'by a noble anceſtry. They are the gingling pa-'geants, with which folly is always pleaſed. They 'are as frequently the indelible enſigns of ignominy, 'as the honourable reward of merit.'—'Madam,' returns his Lordſhip, 'this may be philoſophy, it

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'may be an exalted train of thinking, but let me assure 'you, it is a degradation which the house of Owen 'never before endured. The honor of it is as ancient 'as the creation'—'Hold, my Lord, you launch too 'far into antiquity. The deluge will assuredly termi-'nate the original of your external honor.'—'Ma-'dam, you may smile at my assertion, you may sneer 'at my proposal, but remember, this is the only 'instance, where the heir of Owen has been rejected.' —'Far be it from me, my Lord, to sneer at your 'proposal. I am possibly unworthy of your alliance. 'Your claim to such remote antiquity raised a smile, 'and this was the utmost of my present incivility.'— 'Yes, Madam, and uncivil you have certainly 'been. Had not the present gloom overshadowed 'our ancient glory, you would probably have decided 'in a different manner.'—'This sarcasm, my Lord, 'is very ill-timed. My decision, in the present exi-'gence, would have been the same, though you had 'been endowed with all the opulence, and all the 'titles, the most ambitious subject could enjoy.' Mr. Gardiner entered, and the altercation termi-nated.

'The army, my Lord,' observes Mr. Gardiner, 'opens a fine prospect to a young gentleman, of an 'aspiring disposition. The pursuit of honors, and 'the distinction to be acquired, are a constant stimu-'lus to that ambition, which frequently agitates the 'mind of a youthful soldier'—'The pursuit of 'honors, Sir,' returns his Lordship, 'and that dis-'tinction, which you seem to envy, are totally unne-'cessary towards my elevation.'—'I meaned not, 'my Lord, to convey an insult, and am sorry, that 'my occasional observation should be construed into 'such a conclusion'—'Your sorrow, Sir, is hypocri-'tical. Before you made the observation—you saw 'your company. I am not accustomed to such fami-'liarities. A gentle reproof to such freedoms has 'seldom its due effect, yet I hope you will feel its 'influence in your future demeanour, as it will at 'present induce you to solicit pardon for such unwar-

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'rantable rudeneſs.'—'My Lord, I meaned not to 'inſult you. My words cannot be perverted to ſuch 'an interpretation. They are explicit. They con-'vey no illicit inſinuation, and where no inſult is 'deſigned an apology is unneceſſary.'—'An apology, 'Sir, is abſolutely neceſſary, otherwiſe you forfeit 'your place in my eſtimation.'—'That determina-'tion, my Lord, remains with yourſelf. I wiſh not, 'in any part of my conduct, to give offence to any 'individual. A child ſhould not have cauſe to ex-'claim againſt my rudeneſs. If unintentionally, or 'by deſign, I were to convey an inſult, I would im-'mediately acknowledge my error; but the ground-'leſs ſuppoſition of any man, ſhall never compel me 'to apologize for a fault, the willing commiſſion of 'which I utterly deſpiſe. This ſenſibility of family 'and perſonal honors, may be peculiar to your Lord-'ſhip; but if they be genuine, it is needleſs to defend 'them by this irritability of diſpoſition.'—'Genuine, 'Sir! if they be genuine, Sir!' exclaims his Lordſhip, in all the agitation of rage, 'Thank your deſtiny you 'are at preſent in this lady's company.'—'I always, 'my Lord, feel happy, when Miſs Gray deigns to 'allow me the honor. But why are you ſo chafed, 'and what is the meaning of this boyiſh threat?'—'Meaning, Sir! my meaning is to chaſtiſe your inſo-'lence, and teach you to diſcover the wonderful 'difference between a nobleman and a plebeian.'—'Compoſe your fury, my Lord, and let this conſi-'deration have its due weight on your preſent and 'future paſſion. This very diſcovery of which you 'boaſt ſo incautiouſly, you ought to conceal with the 'moſt ſcrupulous attention'—'I know, Sir, what 'your malice ſuggeſts, but national revenge is ſati-'ated. Your information may gratify that turpitude 'peculiar to your origin; but it will not injure the 'innocent object of your wrath.'—'My Lord, I pity 'this unneceſſary diſplay of your pride, and commi-'ſerate this ſupercilious behaviour, ſo unbecoming a 'man of ſenſe, of prudence, or of caution. A day 'of retribution may come, when all this bluſtering

'parade,

'parade, and all your bluſhing honors, will only add 'to your humiliation, and confer that laſting obloquy, 'which unbounded pride ſo very juſtly merits.'— 'Confuſion! This is paſt endurance! I will look the 'caitiff into nothing. What, be braved to my face, 'and not caſtigate the varlet! But I ſcorn to defile 'my fingers with the vileneſs of his carcaſe.'

The door opened, and the Baronet, Lady Gray, and Miſs Welman entered. Sir Archibald heard diſtinctly the concluſion of his Lordſhip's exclamation, and perceiving the diſtortion of his countenance, enquired into the cauſe of his paſſion. 'Cauſe, Sir 'Archibald, I have ſufficient cauſe to be mad! Were 'it not for the reſpect which I owe to the company, 'I would immediately trample that miſcreant in the 'duſt.' Sir Archibald looked ſurprized. Mr. Gardiner ſmiling, ſaid, 'believe me, Sir, when I aſſure 'you, I have given his Lordſhip no juſt cauſe of 'offence, and I appeal to this lady, who has been a 'ſilent auditor of our altercation.' Sir Archibald looked at his daughter, who obſerved, 'I have un-'willingly liſtened to the preſent debate. Probably 'his Lordſhip was too precipitate, and when he duly 'weighs all the circumſtances of the buſineſs, in his 'cooler moments, he will undoubtedly be of my 'opinion.'—'No, Madam, I ſolemnly proteſt I never 'will. It is too condeſcending to mingle with impertinence, and immediately forget its unwarrantable 'rudeneſs. Let meanneſs know its diſtance, and 'honor will then move in its proper ſphere.'

Sir Archibald having minutely enquired into the cauſe of his Lordſhip's rage, and received from Miſs Gray a ſatisfactory recital of the whole affair, expoſtulated with him on the impropriety of ſuch haſty conduct. 'Such unjuſtifiable expreſſions,' ſays he, 'would naturally excite paſſion, and I am more 'amazed at Mr. Gardiner's moderation, than at any 'of his replies to your provoking language. Such 'altercations are always diſagreeable to an ingenuous 'mind, and therefore, I hope your Lordſhip, who 'has been the moſt eager to foment the diviſion,

'will

'will make the firſt advance towards a reconciliation.' His Lordſhip ſullenly replied, 'I do not underſtand 'this reaſoning, Sir Archibald.—'If it wanted an 'explanation, my Lord, I would endeavour to eluci-'date the ſubject. This not being the caſe, I ſhall 'appeal to Mr. Gardiner, and try, if he be ſo noble, 'as freely to forgive this faſtidious, and diſdainful 'behaviour.'—'Indeed, Sir Archibald,' replies Mr. Gardiner, 'I not only forgive his Lordſhip for this 'unprovoked petulance, but frankly ſolicit his future 'confidence. There are few treſpaſſes between man 'and man, which are not venial, and not to exerciſe 'the godlike virtue of forgiveneſs, is to cheriſh the 'infernal vice of revenge.'—'Come, come, my 'Lord,' returns Sir Archibald, 'approach Mr. Gar-'diner, and let your reconciliation be ardent and 'ſincere.' Mr. Gardiner ſtretched forth his hand, whilſt his Lordſhip reluctantly held out his. 'The 'world, my Lord,' ſays Mr. Gardiner, 'is a vaſt 'ſcene, replete with a variety of incidents. Some 'are pleaſing, and ſome are diſagreeable; ſome are 'fortunate, and ſome are unfortunate. Our conduct 'may be prudent, and our actions regular; our be-'haviour may be cautious, and our language ſtudied, 'ſtill we ſhall experience much diſcontent, and have 'ſufficient reaſon to conclude, that real happineſs is 'not the portion of humanity. Whenever any trifling 'exigence diſturbs our tranquility, it is our duty to 'bear it with patience; and whether it is the reſult 'of deſign or inattention, let us endeavour to apply 'the incident intended for our injury, to the convic-'tion of the folly of the injurer. This conduct will 'infallibly create ſhame, if not a retractation of his 'former error.'

The friendly interference of the worthy Baronet having effected this apparent reconciliation, Miſs Welman prepared to depart. Miſs Gray deſired to accompany her friend, and the two young gentlemen joined the party. As they ſauntered through the fields, they inadvertently left the path which led directly towards Roſehill. Knowing where they were,

were, they walked ſlowly forward, and when they were in the middle of a large paſture, they were ſuddenly alarmed with the horrid bellowings of an approaching bull. They looked around, and eſpied the dreadful animal advancing towards them with a rapid pace. The ladies ſcreamed, whilſt fear ſeemed to deprive them of motion. The horror of their preſent ſituation prevented their flight. His Lordſhip, who had hitherto dangled by the ſide of Miſs Gray, no ſooner beheld the intentions of the terrific creature, than in the moſt cowardly manner he forſook the diſtracted fair one, and truſted his own perſonal ſafety to the velocity of his heels.

The danger became every inſtant more preſſing, and they attempted to fly; but before they had proceeded many yards, the enraged foe attacked them. He caught Miſs Welman on his horns, and furiouſly toſſing her into the air, ſhe fell into the furrow of the ridge. He attempted to repeat the experiment, whilſt ſhe called out piteouſly for aſſiſtance. Mr. Gardiner perceived her danger, and knew there was not a moment to be loſt. He ſaw it was in vain to encounter with an animal, whoſe ſtrength was ſo diſproportioned to his own. He ſtripped off his coat, and advancing to the very front of the beaſt, which was turning his head into every poſſible direction, in order to raiſe the lady on the tip of his horns, and provoked him to the attack. The bull eſpying him, quitted his fallen victim, and immediately ſprang towards him. Mr. Gardiner nimbly ſtepped aſide to avoid the violence of his blow, and adroitly threw his coat over the head of the animal. It entangled on his horns, and completely blinded his eyes. He ſhook his head with the utmoſt fury, and roared in a tremendous manner. He clapped his fore-foot upon the coat, and tore it in an inſtant. Still his eyes were covered by the remaining part. He tore up the ſurface of the ground, and buffeted the empty air with many an unavailing blow.

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In this fortunate exigence, Mr. Gardiner raiſed Miſs Welman from the graſs, and ſupporting her with all his ſtrength, made for protection towards the neareſt fence. Her groans betrayed their flight. The ſagacious animal perceiving all attempts to diſcover his victim ineffectual, ceaſed his fruitleſs endeavours, and liſtened with attention. He no ſooner heard the voice of the unfortunate lady, than he purſued them in a direct courſe. This ſagacity of the creature was perceived and fruſtrated by the watchful judgment of Mr. Gardiner, who, gueſſing the cauſe, perſuaded Miſs Welman to ſtifle, if poſſible, the anguiſh reſulting from the acuteneſs of her pain. She obeyed, and by frequently changing their direction, they effectually eluded the violence of their dreaded foe.

When arrived to a place of ſafety, Mr. Gardiner flew to the aſſiſtance of Miſs Gray, who had clambered over the fence, and was bitterly bewailing the hapleſs fate of her lovely friend. When informed ſhe was alive, and ſafe, ſhe expreſſed her pleaſure for the happy event, by thanking Mr. Gardiner in the terms of the humbleſt gratitude. She ran towards the place, where Miſs Welman was ſitting on the graſs. She claſped her in her arms, and in the tranſport of her joy wept profuſely for her late diſaſter.

As they were preparing to depart, and proceed towards Roſehill, they perceived his Lordſhip deſcending from the branches of a large plane tree. He congratulated them on their deliverance, and ſaid, 'they were fortunate in having ſo narrow an 'eſcape.'—'Yes, my Lord,' ſays Miſs Gray, whilſt indignation beamed in her eyes, 'had Mr. 'Gardiner taken your daſtardly precaution, Miſs 'Welman and I before this moment, had been 'unable to liſten to your loathſome congratulation.' —'O Madam, you ought to recollect that ſelf-pre-'ſervation is a natural inſtinct.'—'Yes, and this 'inſtinct is very manifeſt in the cowardice of your 'ſhameful

'ſhameful flight.—'My dear Miſs Gray,' ſays Miſs Welman, and ſhe faultered as ſhe ſpoke, 'reproach 'not his trepidation. Nobles are but ſcarce, and it 'would be madneſs to reduce the number, to pre-'ſerve either your life or mine.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHEN his Lordſhip arrived at Fenwick tower, he gave Patrick an account of his late terrible adventure, and how he eſcaped unhurt, by taking ſhelter among the branches of a tree. 'Ah, my lord,' replies Patrick, 'there might be adroitneſs in the 'climbing, but there was no courage in running 'away. Had I been preſent, I would have gripped 'him by the muzzle, and held him as faſt as a lobſter 'holds a craw-fiſh. A bull! What, is your honor 'afraid of ſuch a ſluggiſh animal as a bull?'—'Patrick, I charge thee to ſuppreſs thy impertinence. 'It was not fear that induced me to ſeek ſafety by my 'flight, for when I pleaſe, I can be as courageous as 'a lion.'—'Ah, that I know your honor can?'—'It 'was prudence, Patrick, that ſuggeſted preſervation. 'Why ſhould I riſque my precious life, the only re'maining ſoul of the firſt houſe of Scotland, for the 'protection of two ſilly women? Moreover, if I had 'had the merit of defending them againſt the attacks 'of this terrible brute, what reward ſhould I have 'enjoyed for this wanton defiance of danger? Pro'bably a broken arm, or a gored ſide, would have 'been all my compenſation, whilſt they whom my 'proweſs had delivered, would have laughed at my 'intrepidity. The blood of nobility is not to be 'ſhed on every trifling occurrence.'—'Ah, your 'honor, how I admire your wiſdom! a ſingle 'drop of your noble blood, is of more real value, 'than all the vulgar blood in the pariſh. But ſtill 'methinks I would not have run away. I am 'valiant, and I admire valor in either friend or foe. 'I would rather have been beaten with a radiſh top, 'than flinched one foot from the field of battle. 'Give me a man, give me a bull ſtung with a gad-fly, 'and if I don't tame him with a few knocks of that

'fiſt, I will give you leave to pelt my head with the 'curd of a new cheeſe.'—'Peace fool, peace, he 'would have laſhed thee through the hedge with a 'ſingle ſwitch of his tail.'—'Ah, your honor, but 'he never ſhould have ſwitched me to the top of a 'high tree.'—'Patrick, thy impertinence and thy 'vanity are inſufferable. Thou haſt not the ſtrength 'of a blind puppy, and yet thou art perpetually 'ſtunning my ears with actions, as impoſſible for thy 'proweſs, as for thee to leap over the battlements of 'Stanner-caſtle.'—'Zounds, your honor, have I not 'the ſtrength of a blind whelp? I who have en-'countered Iriſhmen and hobgoblins! Patrick 'Harle, how low art thou deſcended! but in the 'midſt of thy wrath remember mercy. The heir of 'Owen muſt never feel the weight of thy fiſt.'—'Patrick, compoſe thy rage, and come hither. What 'does it avail thee, to beat the air with thy dun 'fingers in that violent manner! I will now com-'municate to thee a ſecret, which I have long har-'boured in my breaſt, and which I mean to put in 'immediate execution for the entertainment of all 'my acquaintances.'—'Ah, your honor, what is 'this mighty ſecret! When you condeſcend to en-'tertain common folks, the pleaſure muſt be exqui-'ſite indeed'—'Well then, Patrick, I inform thee 'that I am going to fly.'—'By the broad noſe of my 'grandmother, your honor is mad!'—'No, Patrick, 'I am not mad; your ſurpriſe is only excited by 'your ignorance. The cuſtom is very ancient. It 'was brought to perfection in the times of antiquity. 'Thoſe ingenious men could with facility fly over the 'broadeſt ſeas, and if they came not too near the 'ſun, always arrived at their place of deſtination in 'ſecurity. The attempts of the moderns have failed 'through ſtupidity. I mean to demonſtrate to this 'ſceptical age, the practicability of the ſcheme.'—'I am certainly deaf, or your honor ſpeaks Hebrew. 'You certainly do not purpoſe to ſoar above the 'clouds like an eagle, or ſkim along the ſurface of the 'ground with the velocity of the ſwallow?'—'All

'this

'this I will do, and a great deal more, Patrick. I 'will begin immediately to fabricate my wings, and 'you muſt provide for me a quantity of feathers. I 'mean to exhibit my dexterity to Mr. Welman, be-'fore he leave England, and ſhew him how eaſily he 'may paſs into Italy, if he will adopt my conveyance. 'I hope to demonſtrate to the world the inutility 'of ſhips, by proving, that veſſels may be made to 'fly. In this contrivance there is no danger of drown-'ing.'—'What a happy invention! Your honor's 'name will live for ever.'

After much trouble in the collection of materials, and working indefatigably for ſeveral days, the wings of wonder were completed. Though his Lordſhip had never ſeen a trial of the experiment, he had fre-quently liſtened to the diſcuſſion, and immediately concluded, there could be no great difficulty in re-ducing it to practice. The accuracy of the mechaniſm, by which the motion through the air was performed, he had never ſtudied. The exact poſition of the wings, the formation of the body, and the various movements of the feathered tribe, were above his com-prehenſion. He vainly ſuppoſed, that this curious ex-hibition, ſo adventurous, and ſo novel, would not only excite aſtoniſhment, but applauſe. This fooliſh con-ceit puſhed him on precipitately, buoyed up his vanity with the hopes of the execution, and whiſpered, that admiration ſhould be the reward of his ingenuity.

This determination is not unfrequent among man-kind. Ambitious of applauſe, and panting for diſtinc-tion, man wiſhes to acquire that pre-eminence, which has ſo nobly diſtinguiſhed ſome few of his predeceſ-ſors. If unequal to the taſk, and incapable of the ac-quiſition of fame, by the regularity of procedure, he is afflicted beneath his diſappointment. This poignant affliction gives birth to a variety of endeavours for the accompliſhment of the deſired purpoſe. The ineffi-ciency of his futile attempts, only eſtabliſhes his prior reſolution. The defeat of one method gives riſe to a multitude, and invention is racked for the immediate diſplay of ſome ſcene, which may attract admiration,

and enſure the applauſe of the ſpectators. Whatever is common will never effect this deſirable purpoſe. This is readily perceived, and novelty muſt delineate ſome extraordinary performance. The more improbable, it will be the leſs comprehended, and ſo has the common chance of exciting the greater aſtoniſhment. Hence reſult the many eccentricities which have attracted attention in every age. They were admired becauſe they were novel, and followed becauſe they were little underſtood. They obtain the applauſe of the day, and preſently ſink into deſerved neglect.

The day of his Lordſhip's exhibition being come, when he purpoſed to take his aërial flight from the top of Fenwick tower, the populace began to aſſemble in prodigious multitudes. The report had been diſſeminated with care. The larger the concourſe of ſpectators, the more admiration was certainly to be expected. The families of Stanner caſtle, Roſehill, Tulip-houſe, and Vale farm, attended by invitation. Sir Archibald was ſorry for the vanity of the attempt, and had often, though ineffectually, remonſtrated againſt it. Miſs Welman was highly diverted with the expectation of their entertainment, and laughed at the fearful ſuggeſtions of the worthy Baronet.

As they proceeded from the caſtle, and walked along the lane, they obſerved a poor woman ſkulking beneath the ſhelter of the hawthorn hedge. The day was cold and the north-weſt wind chill and pinching. She endeavoured to conceal herſelf—her endeavours were in vain. The young ladies walked towards her, and perceived her to be an object of wretchedneſs and diſtreſs. Miſs Gray kindly enquired from whence ſhe came, and ſeeing her very young was ſolicitous to relieve her want. ' I come, Madam,' ſays the poor wanderer, ' from the city of York."—' May I pre-' ſume to aſk, how long you have travelled in this mi-' ſerable plight?"—' Miſerable indeed Madam, and ' well deſerving the appellation,' ſays the ſighing ſtranger. She attempted to fold the tatters of her garments about her, which were covered with the ſcanty

remains

remains of an old woollen blanket. Her cheek was pale and wan—her lips quivered, and her eye ſeemed to have loſt its accuſtomed motion. She trembled, as ſhe faultered out her broken accents. Her breaſt ſeemed to heave with ſorrow, and ſhe vainly attempted to conceal the tears which rolled down her cheeks.—The ſhrill voice of an infant alarmed the ſenſibility of the ladies—'Huſh, my dear,' ſays the ſtranger, 'the 'wind is very cold—it will nip thy tender limbs, 'which have never felt the chillneſs of the morning.' —'Where is the child,' ſays Lady Gray, 'It is here, 'Madam,' replies the weeping mother, as ſhe unfolded the tatters of her garments. It was ſucking at her breaſt. 'O heavens, exclaims the good lady, 'it 'is naked!'—'I have not a rag to cover it with.'—'How old is it!'—'It is nine days, Madam, ſince it 'became an inhabitant of this world, and heir to its 'mother's afflictions.'—'Poor little creature,' ſays Miſs Welman, 'how it trembles. It will periſh with 'cold.'—'That fate, Madam, though a hard one, 'would probably be a releaſe from many future evils,' returns the ſobbing parent, who affectionately kiſſed her little daughter, and tenderly preſſed it to her panting boſom. 'That ſource againſt which thou now lieſt, 'will ſoon be dry. It has preſerved thy exiſtence to 'this moment. I feel it can preſerve it little longer. 'Thou muſt then lay thy cheek of innocence on my 'famiſhed boſom; and ſigh away thy precious life. 'Though unfortunate, I am not without affection. 'The bowels of the mother yearns for the wants of 'her child. When thy lips are cold, and thy eyes 'cloſed, my miſeries are then complete. I'll not 'ſurvive thee. Thou art not the author of my diſ-'treſs, and I will not forſake thee, even in the graſp 'of death. When thy little heart ceaſes to beat, I 'will claſp thee in my arms, and lay thee on this bo-'ſom.—There ſhalt thou find a long, long reſt. If 'ſtretched beneath this hedge-row, the falling leaves 'will cover us, and this will be our grave. We ſhall 'here ſleep as ſound, as they who lie beneath the cu-'rious ſculpture of a marble monument.'

She

She ceaſed, and again ſhe kiſſed her little babe. The two young ladies ſobbed with grief at this ſorrowful expoſtulation, and whilſt Miſs Gray wiped away the tears which ſuffuſed her face, ſhe ſaid, 'poor unfortunates, you ſhall not die here!' Sir Archibald kept his eyes fixed on the ground, too viſibly affected with her expreſſions of maternal affections. Lady Gray approached cloſe to the unhappy mother, who perceiving the emotions of her boſom, ſaid, 'O Madam, forgive me! I meaned not to afflict you with my misfortunes. They are haſtening faſt to a concluſion. Weep not for me, my dear ladies. When I am no more, and of my diſſolution I have a ſtrong preſentiment, will your kindneſs ſee my infant and myſelf laid decently below the turf?' The good lady turned her face away, whilſt Mr. Welman, attempting to ſuppreſs his feelings, advanced and ſaid, 'be comforted, good woman—you may yet live, and derive much pleaſure from the life of your little innocent.' She ſhook her head, as ſhe replied, 'Ah, Sir, your conſolation is kind, but adminiſtered in vain My heart is burſting. Should I ſurvive, the ſhame annexed to my misfortune, will keep me miſerable.'—'If,' returns Mr. Welman, 'the recital of your affliction will not increaſe your preſent ſufferings, will you be ſo obliging as to indulge us with it?'—'My ſtory,' obſerves the unhappy fair one, 'is ſhort and ſimple. I am the daughter of a reſpectable Surgeon in the city of York, and not yet ſeventeen years of age. My education was equal to my expectations. My indulgent parents prevented my wiſhes, and probably were too affectionate in their acquieſcence with my deſires. My father's fortune, and which he had acquired by induſtry, was known to be conſiderable. This induced ſeveral gentlemen to pay me more attention, than either my age, or my rank in life, could poſſibly warrant. I was young and vain, and concluded this partiality was the effect of my own merit. My dear mother, unluckily was pleaſed with this envied diſtinction. She was eager to gratify my wiſhes, and vainly complied with any inordinate requeſts.

queſts. I was decorated with all the ſilly pomp, and uſeleſs finery, which faſcinate, and miſlead the youthful propenſities of a female mind. I fluttered at every public entertainment, and had the gratification to obſerve, few ladies of the firſt diſtinction more elegantly dreſſed than myſelf. This obſervation, which ought to have ſuggeſted another thought, only contributed to increaſe my vanity. From being vain, I became proud, I even looked down with contempt on my equals, and diſcarded thoſe addreſſes, which were the offspring of ſincerity. I panted after gaiety, and nothing leſs than a coronet would ſatisfy my ambition.

'My father ſaw my propenſities, and was apprehenſive of the event. He therefore encouraged the addreſs of a gentleman ſome few years older than myſelf. His perſon, his family, and fortune, were unexceptionable. He was more rational, than romantic; more judicious, than vain, and this induced me to treat him with contemptuous neglect. He ſighed at a diſtance, and I believe his paſſion was unfeigned. Whenever he preſumed to ſpeak, his language ſeemed unnatural. It had nothing of thoſe fooliſh raptures, and attractive ecſtacies, which I expected from my admirers. It was manly, but reſpectful, expreſſive, and yet animated. He never approached me upon his knees, and his behaviour I deemed inconſiſtent with the feelings of a lover. It was a profanation I could never forgive. He perceived my diſdain, and deſpaired of ſucceſs. This compelled him to forſake the purſuit, and I laughed at his deſpondency.

'At this juncture I became acquainted with a Captain Berry. He perceived the bent of my inclinations, and artfully humoured my foibles. He attached himſelf cloſely to me, purſued me to every place of public reſort, and was zealous in his profeſſions of inviolable affection. I liſtened to him, not only with complacency, but pleaſure. He ſoon perceived my weakneſs, and cunningly indulged all the reveries of my wandering imagination. I ſaw him through a falſe medium. His art was apparent to every perſon, but myſelf. My parents expoſtulated and chided; my

acquaintances

acquaintances admoniſhed me, and deſired me to be cautious of my new admirer. The expoſtulations of the one party, and the admonitions of the other, were heard without attention, and only ſerved to rivet the attachment. He ſoon perceived my partiality, profeſſed himſelf bleſſed by the preference, and vowed eternal fidelity. It was not my fortune, he averred, it was my beauty which created his love, and ſince he had won my heart, he diſdained the indifference of my parents. Fatal proteſtation!

'My parents remonſtrated againſt the connection; and peremptorily inſiſted on my diſcontinuing it. I was deaf to their parental advice, and in a fatal moment, liſtened to a propoſal for an immediate elopement to Scotland. I packed up what apparel I wanted for the journey, flew to the place of aſſignation, and entering a poſt chaiſe, with the companion of my flight, we were ſoon beyond the reach of my afflicted parents.

'When we arrived in Edinburgh, he poſtponed our marriage by a variety of pretences. The longer he delayed the fulfilment of his promiſe, the more ardent he became in the proteſtations of eternal conſtancy. I believed, and alas, I was undone. His treachery became apparent, when it was too late for me to retract. I complained, and entreated. He heard me with indifference, nay, he even had the cruelty to laugh at my diſtreſs. Enraged at his hypocriſy, and bewailing my ruin, I determined to leave him, and return to my parents. This reſolution he prevented, by decamping one night with every article of my wearing apparel, which his villainy could carry off. Judge of my conſternation when I diſcovered this infamous proceeding. The anguiſh of my mind ſoon brought on a fever, and the little I had left was preſently conſumed in providing for my ſupport during my ſickneſs.

'When I recovered, I was, by the inhumanity of my hoſteſs, turned out of doors, becauſe I reſolutely refuſed to earn the bread of proſtitution. I hailened from that city, where ruin had attended my ſteps. I have wandered up and down, often inſulted, but ſeldom

dom pitied. I have often ſolicited a bit of bread, when fainting with hunger, and have been reproached with terms of infamy I became a mother in a barn, and this little infant firſt ſaw the light among a cold truſs of ſtraw. I have been thoughtleſs, probably criminal, but I hope I have made ſufficient expiation by a timely, and ſincere repentance. Nothing more remains, than to lay my weary head down upon the turf, and cloſe my eyes in peace.'

She ceaſed and inſtantly fainted from the exertions ſhe had made, and the acuteneſs of her feelings, during the relation of her melancholy tale. The poor babe dropped upon the graſs, which Miſs Gray took up, and carefully wrapped in her cloak. Mr. Welman ſat tenderly aſide the mother, and ſupported her in his arms, during the continuance of her inſenſibility. 'O, 'Mama,' ſays Miſs Gray, 'ſhall I be permitted to 'take this innocent home, and clothe it? See, how 'engaging it looks, it ſeems to ſolicit my aſſiſtance! 'Pretty thing, what delight would it give me to rear 'thee to maturity!'—'Your preſent requeſt, Lucy,' replies Lady Gray, 'is affectionate and benevolent. 'You are at liberty to indulge your ſenſibility on this 'unhappy occaſion. May the ſucceſs of your endea-'vours only ſecond your inclination!'—'O you are 'cruel,' ſays the reviving mother, 'where is my 'helpleſs child!'—'Here is your child,' replies Miſs Gray, 'allow me to take it home.'—'No, no, my 'dear Madam! Bereave me not of her—ſhe is the 'only conſolation I have in this life.'—'You ſhall not 'be bereft of your child, you ſhall accompany her.' —'O, Madam, ſport not with my misfortunes!'— 'No, I pity them, and reſt aſſured they ſhall be alle-'viated.' The ſtranger attempted to riſe; but faint with hunger, and emaciated by affliction, ſhe trembled as ſhe ſtood, and ſtretched forth her hand for ſupport. Mr. Welman moſt tenderly took hold of her, and by his aſſiſtance, ſhe walked to the caſtle. Here all imaginable relief was immediately adminiſtered. She received what was offered with thankfulneſs, and expreſſed her gratitude by her flowing tears. Miſs Gray

was attentive to her wants, and aſſiduouſly produced ſuch apparel of her own, as ſhe ſuppoſed would be ſuitable to the preſent condition of her unfortunate gueſt. The ſtranger viewed them with ſorrow, and wept over the preſent. Miſs Gray entreated her parents to diſpenſe with her attendance at the exhibition of his Lordſhip, and hoped to be better employed in adminiſtering conſolation to the boſom of diſtreſs. She was perſuaded by Mr. Welman to relinquiſh her purpoſe, as the abſence of an hour would detract very little from her benevolent intention.

When they arrived at Fenwick Tower, they were ſurpriſed at the immenſity of the multitude. His Lordſhip was completely accoutred in his new habiliments, and only waited for their preſence, in order to exhibit his wonderful adventure. By the aſſiſtance of Patrick, he aſcended the battlements of the ancient tower. Here ſtanding on the higheſt pinnacle, he exultingly ſpread his pinions to the paſſing breeze. The eminence on which he was exalted, was ſixty feet high. As he waved his wings in the gale, aſtoniſhment and terror were viſible on the countenances of the majority. After gratifying the ſight, and raiſing expectation, he gently laid his breaſt on the boſom of the air, and began to deſcend by a ſlow and gradual motion. But as the malice of his deſtiny would have it, he had forgotten in his equipment to affix a tail to his hinder part. This fatal omiſſion completely deſtroyed his imaginary triumph. He quickly loſt his equilibrium, and beginning to turn topſy turvy, with a frightful velocity, he deſcended plump with his head into a large dunghill. Here he ſtuck with his wings expanded, and his heels erected, while the roar and laughter of the merry multitude re-echoed from the battlements of the ancient ſtructure.

Mr. Welman was the firſt who approached his Lordſhip, and by the endeavours of others whom he called to his aſſiſtance, ſoon emancipated him from his ludicrous poſition. His Lordſhip rubbing his eyes, and ſtaring wild about him, ſaid, 'is it not a pity I 'ſhould have flown ſo faſt?'—'Nay, my Lord,' replies

replies Mr. Welman, 'you did not fly, you only 'tumbled.'—'Tumbled, Mr. Welman, tumbled,' as he wiped away the rotten ſtraws from his face, 'I 'flew with the velocity of a hawk!'—'That is what 'your honour did,' exclaims Patrick, 'and let any 'man of the company attempt to do the ſame. You 'darted through the air like an eagle, and though 'your honour deſcended with the wrong end foremoſt, 'that was only a diſplay of your dexterity.'—'Right, 'Patrick, right, you know all my movements.— 'When I fly again, I ſhall undoubtedly ſoar above 'the clouds.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MR. Welman being obliged to viſit Italy to ſettle ſome affairs of importance, was now preparing for his departure. He felt an unwillingneſs to quit his native place, and though he had been apprized for ſome time paſt of this unwelcome journey, he ſeemed to continue in a ſtate of irreſolution. But neceſſity urged him away. He was conſcious his buſineſs could not be tranſacted by proxy. Though unhappy in imagination, he had not cauſe to ſuſpect the fidelity of the lady, who alone created his preſent anxiety. He had often debated with himſelf on the propriety of propoſing to her parents their union before he quitted England, and though his determination was frequently taken, he always found himſelf irreſolute in making the propoſition. This heſitation kept him uneaſy. He now perceived the impropriety of making the requiſition, ſince they were to be ſeparated in a few days. He reprehended his own conduct in this particular inſtance, and obſerved that his unneceſſary delay had created him a fund of diſcontent.

Accompanied by his ſiſter he walked to Stanner-caſtle. The family were in the drawing-room. He muſtered reſolution to approach Miſs Gray, even in the preſence of her parents, and ſolicited the favor of her company a few turns in the garden. She looked at her parents, before ſhe aſſented, and obſerving no diſapprobation, ſhe aroſe and walked out.

They ſat down in an arbour ſhaded with the eglantine. He took her hand, and gently preſſing it to his lips, ſaid, 'I hope you will pardon the freedom 'of my requeſt. I wiſhed to communicate, what I 'really feel; and though I am actually unhappy at 'the thoughts of ſeparation, I have no doubt of my 'future felicity.'—'Then, why Sir, are you unhappy?

'The

'The declaration of this diſcontent ſeems to beſpeak ſuſpicion. You certainly have no cauſe to queſtion my veracity. During our connection, you know, I have never equivocated. Your abſence will be only temporary. This conſideration ſhould compoſe any uneaſy thoughts, and teach you to foſter hope, as the beſt companion in your journey.'—'This equanimity of temper, Madam, is more deſirable than real. Were I endued with that apathy, as to ſeparate from you, the object of all my wiſhes, without feeling the pang of ſeparation; I might depart eaſy and tranquil, and hope for a future interview. This inſenſibility may produce eaſe, but no real happineſs. To love, and to be obliged to quit the object of that love, even for a ſhort duration, will always create diſcontent.'—'Though I acknowledge, Sir, the juſtneſs of your remarks, you have not the leaſt reaſon for this ſeeming deſpondency. The trifling miſunderſtandings which embittered our peace at the commencement of our connection, are now totally removed. You have the approbation of my parents, and are confident of my aſſurances. I may in this inſtance, have overſtepped the delicacy of my ſex, but I always thought prevarication a crime, and ſcorned to torment, when I wiſhed to pleaſe.'—'Your noble and ingenuous conduct, my love, I always admired, and an intimacy of ſeveral years has confirmed my opinion of your virtues. What we admire we always wiſh to poſſeſs, and till that happy moment, when I can call you mine, you muſt excuſe me, if I ſometimes trouble you with complaints.'—'If your happineſs Mr. Welman, depend upon that moment, it is probably at no great diſtance. Your return—'—'Yes, my angel, my return I ſhall expect with impatience. Your explicit declaration will undoubtedly increaſe my anxiety. Previous to this inſtant, though I had no doubt of your affection, yet your prudent reſerve prevented an avowal of that paſſion, the mutual return of which I ſo ardently deſired. I hope that temporal happineſs is not ideal.' He claſped her in his arms,

and

and embraced her with tenderneſs.—' O cruel ſepa-
' ration!' She fixed her eyes upon his face—it ſpoke more forcibly than words. She ſaw the perturbation of his mind—a reciprocal ſenſation now glowed on her cheek, and ſhe hid her bluſhes on his boſom.

After a ſilent pauſe of ſome minutes, this delicious reverie began to evaporate. The mutual agitation of their minds ſubſided gradually. They aroſe from the ſeat, whilſt their glancing eyes, ſuffuſed with the genial glow of a virtuous affection, were the beſt interpreters of their reciprocal paſſion. ' Let us return, ' Mr. Welman, our abſence may be deemed too long.' —' Why my love, ſo much precipitancy! our inter-' views cannot be frequent, before I muſt leave you;' and Sir Archibald, and Lady Gray, and Miſs Welman, appeared in the garden, and walking towards the arbor, the lovers immediately joined them. ' Mr. ' Welman,' ſays Lady Gray, ' I have propoſed a vi-' ſit to Mrs. Johnſon, at Vale-farm, ſhall we have ' the pleaſure of your company?'—' I am always ' happy, Madam, to comply with your requiſitions, ' and eſpecially at this time, ſince Miſs Gray will be ' of the party.'—' What,' obſerves Miſs Welman, ' in ' the name of wonder, is the matter with my wiſe ' brother? Compliments and folly intermingled! Is ' not Miſs Gray always one of the party? Lucy, my ' dear, come hither! has your interchange of vows ' deranged the intellects of that gentleman?' Miſs Gray bluſhed, while her brother, replied, ' peace ' you mad-cap?'—' Huſh, brother, and I will tell ' you a ſecret. The crimſon, which now ſuffuſes ' that lady's cheek, is an infallible index to the truth ' of my opinion. Why Lady Gray, the countenances ' of two lovers, are the moſt unfortunate faces in the ' univerſe. What with ogling, and bluſhing, and ' ſighing, and a conſciouſneſs of what paſſes in their ' own minds, the ſilly things always diſcover their ' infirmity to every ſpectator.' Sir Archibald laughed heartily at the ſhrewdneſs of her obſervations, while Miſs Gray ran forward to conceal her agitation occaſioned by the ſprightlineſs of her lively friend.

When

When they arrived at Vale-farm, they found Mrs. Johnſon, overwhelmed with ſorrow. Mr. Gardiner was adminiſtering conſolation to the afflicted lady, while her daughters ſurrounded her, and kindly attempted to alleviate her grief. Though drowned in tears, they felt not the pungency of a mother's woe. She perceiving them enter, aroſe from the bed on which ſhe was ſtretched, and wiping away the tears which guſhed from her eyes, endeavoured to compoſe her ſorrow. 'I am ſorry, Madam,' ſays Sir Archibald, 'to ſee you thus grievouſly afflicted. May I 'preſume to enquire the cauſe?'—'Alas, Sir,' replies Mrs. Johnſon, 'I am heir to a variety of mis-'fortunes. I have long been familiar with affliction, 'yet I muſt confeſs, I feel the preſent ſtroke with all 'the keenneſs of maternal ſenſibility, O Sir, it is ſud-'den, and it is ſevere! I had but one ſon, and he was 'the image of his father. This exact ſimilitude en-'deared him the more to me. Laſt night, the bloom 'of health ſat ſmiling on his cheek—this morn, this 'fatal morn, the touch of death has made it cold, 'and pale. He is now no more, and you muſt for-'give thoſe ſenſations which now wring my boſom 'with the pang of unavailing ſorrow,'—'I feel Ma-'dam,' replies the Baronet, 'for your diſtreſs. His 'unexpected demiſe will add to your affliction. But 'let us remember, we have no aſſurance of our conti-'nuance one day in this tranſitory ſcene. This reflec-'tion, which ought ſeriouſly to engage the thoughts 'of every child of mortality, will lighten, though 'not diſſipate, the heavy preſſure of misfortune. He 'has only paid that debt, which humanity demands, 'and which is a penalty entailed upon us all.'—'I 'admit Sir, the truth of your obſervations. But I 'am a mother. I vainly ſuppoſed the remainder of 'my life, would have been more tranquil, and leſs 'chequered with misfortunes than the days of my 'youth. My reſignation has had many trials. Weep 'not, my children, and though your brother has taken 'a ſudden and a long farewell, I hope you will en-'joy many years of peace. For me, I ſhall patiently

'kiſs the rod, and praiſe the chaſtiſement of my Ma-
'ker.' 'This compoſure, Madam,' obſerves Lady Gray, 'is the genuine effect of your principles.
'Whatever misfortunes we endure in this ſtate of
'probation, they teach us to look beyond the grave,
'and expect that recompence which virtue ſo juſtly
'merits. Your ſon is only fallen aſleep.'—'O,
'Madam, it is a ſleep, from which he ſhall never
'awake, till he hear the ſound of the laſt trump, and
'the fabric of this univerſe moulder into nothing.
'Then I expect to meet him, and my ſufferings will
'have an end.'

After a variety of conſolatory precepts, which were calculated to ſupport Mrs. Johnſon in this hour of diſtreſs, they quitted this houſe of mourning. When Mr. Welman arrived at Roſehill, he retired to his ſtudy. The impreſſion which the late active ſcene had made upon his mind, was lively and pungent. His feelings being awake to the ſenſibility of the parent, he immediately ſat down and compoſed the following elegy.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE BOY.

I.

THE clock ſtrikes ſix—hark to theſe wailings wild!
'Tis Nature's voice that ſtrikes my liſtening ear!
Ah, why this tremor, what diſturbs my child,
His voice is boding, and his tone is fear.

II.

What deep diſtreſs thy morning ſlumber breaks?
A ſcaring dream compels my eyes to weep,
I ſaw the bright tear pearl your ſadden'd cheeks,
I ſaw and mourn'd, ſince ſorrow ſcorns to ſleep.

III. I'll

III.

I'll gladſome pace the garden's carpet walk,
  Since from your eye the tear is rolled away;
'Twas a fleet viſion where dim ſpectres talk,
  And lull wild fancy with deluſive play.

IV.

Huſh, be my child, the cold wind damps the morn,
  Still be the ſlumber which enlocks thy eyes;
May tranquil ſleep from thy young memory turn
  The dreary phantom which thy peace deſtroys.

V.

Here then I'll lie, and wiſh for placid reſt,
  No dream of horror ſhall diſturb my ſleep;
If darkſome grief enwarp your heaving breaſt,
  Your trickling tears would force my ſoul to weep.—

VI.

His voice again! on me my William calls,
  'Tis ſome ſad omen hovers o'er my boy;
May heaven relent! its dreadful vengeance falls,
  To blaſt my comfort, and diſperſe my joy.

VII.

What ails my child, what fear burſts o'er thy reſt?
  Alas, my love, my William gaſps to ſpeak!
Where's now the voice that cheered my panting breaſt?
  His eye is ſunk, and pallid is his cheek.

VIII.

O now, he's gone! how fix'd that ſparkling eye,
  Where buxom health beamed with a ſprightly grace!
That cheek, how pale, where bloom'd the roſe's dye!
  His ſmile is fled, and Death's touch chills his face.

IX.

He knows me not—why flow my fruitleſs tears!
  'Tis Nature's debt the little victim pays;
From grief, from ſorrow, ſoon he diſappears,
  In the mild morning of his peaceful days.

X.

How chill that kiſs! his pretty lips are pale,
His cheeks, how cold, nor feels thy warm embrace;
His tongue, how mute, that liſped the prattling tale,
His hands, how ſtiff, that on my boſom play'd!

XI.

Come, quit the couch, nor round his body cling,
'Tis icy cold, nor feels thy warm embrace;
The kiſs, the tear, no conſolation bring
To the deep pang, that wets thy ſorrowing face.

XII.

His fate was ſudden, and the ſtroke ſevere,
No mortal art could ward the vengeful blow;
An inſtant laid him lifeleſs on the bier,
Sunk all thy hopes, and wove thy wreath of woe.

XIII.

There without life, the little prattler lies,
Reſtrain thy grief, and give to ſorrow pauſe;
He quits this ſphere, and mounts beyond the ſkies,
Whilſt we lament, and boldly aſk the cauſe.

XIV.

Sweet innocent! no more thy claſping arms,
Shall cloſely twine affection's keen embrace;
No more thy ſmiles, no more thy opening charms,
Raiſe Hope's ſweet pleaſure on thy parent's face!

XV.

Where's now the hope that ſwelled my throbbing breaſt,
When with fond tranſport I gazed on my boy!
Where's now my peace, my wonted hours of reſt,
My morning's paſtime, and my evening's joy.

XVI.

Fled, all are fled! Mortality how blind!
When future years in fancy's mirror roſe,
What pleaſure 'twas to lead thy opening mind,
Where virtue bleſſoms, and religion blows!

XVII.

Where ſweet Content waves her ſeraphic wings,
Where vice ne'er revels with licentious ſway;
Nor dire misfortune from imprudence ſprings.
Nor ſad affliction clouds the ſportive day.

XVIII.

To guide thy paths through Learning's knotty road,
Its mazes deep with patience to explore;
Truth to attain, to learn, and know thy God,
His goodneſs honor, and his name adore.

XIX.

From year to year, to ſee thee riſe to man,
Matur'd in virtue by approaching age;
Whilſt down the ſteep of Life's too narrow ſpan,
I ſlowly wane, and calmly quit the ſtage.

XX.

This was the ſcene deluſive Fancy gave,
Pourtray'd vain Hope, and hid the impending ſtorm:
Ah, tranſient bliſs! he ſeeks the clay cold grave,
Sinks from my ſight, a partner for the worm!

XXI.

There he lies wrapp'd within his winding ſheet,
His ſtiffened limbs bedewed with many a tear;
Parental tears, which kiſs'd his lips ſo ſweet,
Though cold and wan, they preſs the ſable bier.

XXII.

Now ſee him ſtrewed with many a yellow flower,
Thoſe flowers he planted with laborious care,
When ſprightly health bleſs'd every paſſing hour,
And ting'd his cheek with beauty's bloſſom fair.

XXIII.

His little playmates, ſad and weeping come,
With ſolemn pace, and enſigns ſtreaming white;
To bear thee, William, to thy ſilent tomb,
In the damp boſom of oblivious night.

XXIV. Along

XXIV.

Along the church-yard ſee him ſlowly borne,
Along that path he ſportive played at eve;
The village train his early paſſage mourn,
Weep for his loſs, and ſcarce the ſcene believe.

XXV.

The bell toll'd low, and ſolemn was the ſound,
The dirge was ſung, and awful was the tone;
I ſaw him laid within the yawning ground,
I ſaw him reſt beneath the heavy ſtone.

XXVI.

The falling duſt beat hollow on his breaſt,
O! 'twas a ſound that pierc'd my trembling ear;
My cloſing eyes, with grief's chill graſp oppreſs'd,
With weeping dry, refus'd the dropping tear.

XXVI.

The ſcene is o'er, and paſſed the lateſt rite,
Which duty owes, and fond affection gives;
Let not deſpair, foul croaking fiend of night,
Spread her black pinion, Hope eternal lives.

During the compoſition of the above ſtanzas, his Lordſhip entered, and Mr. Welman being deſirous of completing the poem, ſaid, 'my Lord, be ſo obliging 'as to count over theſe bills upon the table, I am not 'poſitive of their real amount. It is the ſum I have 'ſet apart for my Italian expedition, and hope you 'will deem it ſufficient.' His Lordſhip thanked him for his confidence, and immediately began the taſk, which unſuſpicious honeſty aſſigned him.

CHAPTER XL.

ON the evening previous to the departure of her brother, Miſs Welman and Miſs Gray were ſauntering in the fields, enjoying the coolneſs of the weſtern breeze. The ſun was declining behind the hills, and his ſober rays tinged the neighbouring groves with the brighteſt yellow. The vales below gleamed with a ſilver hue, and the top of the mountains glowed with the bluſh of flame. The variety of imagery preſented to the eye, was pleaſing and attractive. The different ſhades of light and gloom, alternately engaged the attention. The imagination was tranſported on eyeing the magnificent colouring of the ſoaring clouds, and delighted with the ſoft, but agreeable richneſs of the plains below. The ſweet, but artleſs melody of the lark, and the wild notes of the thruſh, gave gratulation to the evening wanderers, who often ſtopped in their place, to liſten to the untaught harmony of the groves.

'It is delightful,' ſays Miſs Gray, 'to attend to 'theſe little ſongſters. How ſimple, yet how pleaſing 'are their notes! They are not poſſeſſed of a wonderful variety, yet the ſprightlineſs of their tones, 'intermingled with a mellow cadence, at once enraptures the mind of ſenſibility. Pretty warblers, I 'admire your ſong! You are grateful for what you 'enjoy. You perceive the cloſe of evening approaching, and pour forth your vigils in melodious ſtrains 'to that benevolent power who has protected you 'through the hazards of the day. Happy creatures, 'may you long continue ſo, and may your happineſs 'only terminate with your exiſtence. Though apparently obnoxious to a momentary care, perhaps reflection never embitters your joy. This is only the 'portion of intellectual beings. Proud of their pre-'eminence, and boaſting of their acquiſitions, they

'are

'are probably far below theſe harmleſs animals in the 'real enjoyment of content and tranquility.'—'Your obſervations,' replies Miſs Welman, 'may in 'part be juſt, but why this invidious compariſon? 'Perhaps the calm unruffled enjoyment of theſe irra-'tional beings, ought not to be termed happineſs. 'This I hope is an endowment, excluſively annexed 'to the offspring of humanity. But let theſe diſqui-'ſitions remain with thoſe, who have time, abilities 'and opportunities to diſcuſs them. Your wonted ſe-'dateneſs ſeems to have aſſumed a graver tone. You 'have even apoſtrophized to theſe little ſongſters, and 'almoſt envied them their ſimple enjoyments.'—'I 'know not how it is, Miſs Welman, but I find myſelf 'peculiarly devoted this evening to ſuch ſerious medi-'tations. They are always agreeable to my inclina-'tion, and I think, they are more improving than im-'pertinent. To contemplate the works of our crea-'tor, even in a pile of graſs, demonſtrates, to a 'thinking mind, our own weakneſs, and the omni-'ſcience of that power who framed the whole.'—'In-'deed, my dear Miſs Gray, you will make me as ſo-'lemn as yourſelf. I wiſh I could once call you ſiſ-'ter, and then, perhaps the maternal cares of a do-'meſtic life, will diſſipate that gloom, which at pre-'ſent overſhades your mind. But why that ſigh? Now 'I will whiſper to you an undoubted truth, you are 'up to the eyes in love, Lucy. But I will pawn my 'honor for his integrity.'—'Peace, peace, you lively 'fool, and plague me not at preſent. Your ſprightly 'ſallies are never diſguſting.' But—'but what, ſiſter 'Lucy? Is not ſiſter a delightful term? Shall I have 'the privilege of indulging this vagary till my bro-'ther's return?'—'I will not contradict you, Fanny, 'for if I ſhould, you will perpetually peſter me with 'ſome of your romantic flights, and take a pleaſure in 'mortifying that mind, already corroded with the 'acuteneſs of its own feelings.'—'Heigh, ho, Lu-'cy! I proteſt I will never be in love. But let not 'this moping diſpoſition prey upon your mind. I will 'perſonate your turtle, and during his abſence, whiſ-

'per

'per in your ear ſome ſoothing tales of love.'—'O, 'you tantalizing vixen, I ſhall one day have ample re-'venge.'—'Can you ſiſter, ſuppoſe, that I will de-'ſcend from my preſent ſovereignty, to crouch and liſ-'ten to a love ditty? My heart is my own, and ſhall 'long—but who comes here?'

Captain Corner and Miſs Tulip approached towards them. Miſs Tulip no ſooner joined the ladies, than ſhe accoſted them with the utmoſt familiarity; while the Captain, as if the atrocity of his former conduct were buried in oblivion, addreſſed Miſs Gray with the freedom of an old, and intimate acquaintance. She curtſied to his civilities, but made no reply. Having made ſome trivial enquiries about Mr. Welman's journey, he attached himſelf to the ſide of Miſs Gray, and familiarly interrogated her about ſeveral circumſtances which had happened during his firſt viſit to the north. She clung cloſe to Miſs Welman, and without anſwering him a ſyllable, deſired her immediately to return. Miſs Welman perceived her to tremble, and looking on her face, obſerved her colour changing, and the glare of terror diffuſed on her countenance. She was at no loſs to conjecture the cauſe of her preſent agitation, and the Captain hearing the requiſition, had the unparalleled effrontery to offer to accompany them. Miſs Welman apologized for the refuſal of his politeneſs. He was not to be diſconcerted by this rejection, and ſupporting the converſation evidently againſt the preſent diſpoſition of all the ladies, continued his walk in their company.

After proceeding for near half a mile, Miſs Gray recovered from her late terror, and recollecting every inſtance of the Captain's infamous behaviour towards her, ſhe made a ſudden ſtop, and turning towards him, ſaid, 'Sir, this conduct adds inſolence to infa-'my. Few men, I hope, are ſo loſt to ſhame, as to 'glory in their villainy. This eminence of charac-'ter was reſerved for you. To commit an action, at 'which reaſon ſhudders, and to boaſt of the commiſ-'ſion, is peculiar to yourſelf. Where you were un-'known, you ought to have paſſed the remainder of

'your

'your life, a prey to contrition, and the victim of 'deſpair. To appear in the north, is an open defiance 'of that contempt your atrocious conduct ſo juſtly 'merits. You infernally attempted my ruin, you 'have barbarouſly traduced my character, but have 'failed in the infamy of both deſigns. Your ſlanders 'are not believed, except by thoſe who wiſh them to 'be true. I have the conſciouſneſs of innocence to 'ſupport me, and whilſt I am not deprived of this 'protection, your calumnies will never injure me. I 'hope my reputation is unſullied from the contagion 'of your company, and will remain unſtained from 'your covert inſinuations. Miſs Tulip, theſe remarks 'are the genuine deductions of truth. Take heed to 'the ſly ſuggeſtions of Captain Corner, and beware 'of his diſſimulation.'—'What an abuſive lecture, 'ladies,' replies the Captain, laughing, 'has Miſs 'Gray delivered, for a piece of harmleſs gallantry. 'I ſhall not be ſo unpolite as to contradict her aſſer-'tions, or endeavour to palliate the imputed enormi-'ty of my conduct. I know Miſs Welman you will 'diſbelieve me—'and every other perſon, Sir,' replies the indignant lady, 'who pays the leaſt attention to 'veracity. Miſs Tulip, attend to the admonition of 'Miſs Gray. Yonder comes my brother.' The expreſſion was electrical to the Captain, for he inſtantly wheeled round, and taking Miſs Tulip by the arm, immediately walked away.

'Where have you been, you wanderers,' ſays Mr. Welman, as he advanced, 'and have you given me 'no reaſon to reproach you with inconſideration?'—'None, believe me,' replies his ſiſter. 'The inter-'view was purely accidental, and his impudence 'prolonged it againſt our inclination.'—'You cannot, 'ladies, be too cautious in avoiding him. I was 'anxious, Miſs Gray, to bid you a ſhort farewell, 'and have ſought you with ſolicitude.'—'It is a ten-'der word, Sir, I wiſh you could have diſpenſed 'with the ceremony.'—'I ſhould have deemed my-'ſelf inattentive and unworthy of your affection, had

'I acted

'I acted with this diſreſpect.'—'The omiſſion, Sir,
'would have ſaved me ſome anxiety—'and infallibly
'have doubled mine.'—'Poor turtles!' exclaims
'Miſs Welman, laughing, 'how I pity your calami-
'tous ſufferings!'

CHAPTER XLI.

THERE is a plauſibility of character aſſumed by ſome individuals, at once attractive and alluring. It engages the attention, and too frequently hoodwinks the underſtanding. It captivates, becauſe it is ſuperficial, and pleaſes, becauſe it is obſequious. An attentive obſervation to the motives which give riſe to ſuch a conduct, a diſcovery of the hinges on which it circulates, will infallibly betray an intention, ſelfiſh, latent, and ſiniſter. This intention, though ſculking behind the ſpecious maſk of external appearance, is to be indulged at the expence of the mildeſt benevolence and ſincereſt friendſhip. It has only one motive, which gives a tendency to every action. This is ſelf intereſt: to gratify this loathſome paſſion, to humour its caprice, and indulge its irregularities, the ſweeteſt ties of individual friendſhip, and the moſt ſacred bonds of ſociety, will be broken with alacrity, and ridiculed as unneceſſary reſtraints.

Impunity too often encourages ſuch a miſcreant to the repetition of his crimes. He eſcapes immediate puniſhment, and this induces him to conclude, he will always meet with a ſimilar fate. Hence he proceeds from a trivial fault, to the commiſſion of the fouleſt enormity. If not detected, he continues his infernal purſuits, and glories in his criminality. Admonition is inefficacious, and reproof only excites his laughter. A ſeeming contrition in the moment of expoſtulation, is frequently deluſive, and generally forgotten with the words which produced it. This has no ſalutary effect; the culprit becomes hardened, and deſpiſes the lenity of a well-timed remonſtrance. He has experienced that friendſhip, which he perverts to his own ſiniſter purpoſe, and determines to purſue this practice to the detriment of thoſe, who are attempting to eſtabliſh his temporal welfare. The multitude,

titude, to whom this character applies, is a laſting cenſure on the willing depravity of the human intellect.

Of all the miſcreants with which ſociety is peſtered, he who betrays beneath the veil of friendſhip, is the moſt reprehenſible. He varniſhes the villainy of his conduct with the ſpecious appearance of unremitting profeſſions. He lulls ſuſpicion aſleep, and acquires an unbounded confidence by that aſſiduity, which a benevolent mind will never ſuſpect of hypocriſy. He is ever attentive to one point. He has only one conſideration, and to this every action becomes ſubſervient. He is attentive to his own duty, and indefatigable in the accompliſhment of his covert contrivances. He acts from deſign, is aſſiduous for its completion, and too often has the gratification to perceive, he is ſeldom diſappointed.

This complacency of behaviour, inſinuating and attractive, is ſeldom unaccompanied with a ſiniſter intention; and what is very remarkable, in this inſtance, detection does not always bring conviction. The mind of benevolence, unſuſpicious and open, laments the degeneracy of his former acquaintance, and concludes the ſingularity of his character to be momentary and unintentional. This concluſion, the reſult of genuine charity, prepares the way for a ſecond deception. He deplores the deſign, by which he was ſo egregiouſly deceived, and though he does not forget, he too ſoon forgives it. This eaſineſs, or rather ſimplicity of behaviour, is ſoon perceived by the deſigning villain. He marks out his prey, and purſues it with unceaſing labor. He eſpies every avenue, enters it with alacrity, and obtains an advantage, where a leſs obſervant eye, would have turned away with inattention.

When poſſeſſed of that confidence which unſuſpicious friendſhip ever confers, when conſcious of that ſacred truſt, which true benevolence ever beſtows, how malignant muſt that mind be, which can infamouſly pervert this kindneſs to the detriment of its worthy benefactor! How baſe muſt be the man, who coolly

and deliberately, can act this ingratitude! It would be ſome conſolation, were this aſſurance true, that ſuch characters are but rare. Alas, they are found in every department of life, and are the unnatural offſpring of every diſtinguiſhing rank of ſociety!

His Lordſhip being on an occaſional viſit to Tulip-houſe, where he met with Mr. Taylor, was informed by Captain Corner, that the family of Stanner-Caſtle had accompanied Mr. Welman as far as Newcaſtle. 'I ſuppoſe,' continues the Captain, 'the good-natured Baronet purpoſes to marry his daughter to 'that ruſtic ſimpleton before he leaves England.'—'A proper match, upon my word,' replies Mrs. Tulip; 'it would be a pity that either of them ſhould 'ever be ſeparated from their native trees. They expreſs ſuch an attachment to wood and water, to 'rural ſcenery, and the untaught melody of the 'groves; they ſpy out beauties on the rugged cliffs of 'the mountains, and behold ſuch enchanting imagery 'in the variegated colors of the fields, that to deprive 'them of ſuch delicious pleaſures, would be cruel and 'abſurd.'—'Indeed, Mama,' obſerves Miſs Tulip, 'I never enjoyed the leaſt delight in theſe romantic 'ſolitudes. How Miſs Gray, who is eſteemed not 'only intelligent, but even handſome, can ſuffer herſelf to be immured within the walls of yon old frowning Caſtle, I can never conceive. True, ſhe walks 'out every day, but who are her companions! The 'birds which ſing upon the branches, and the lambs 'which gambol on the plain.'—'The propereſt aſſociates in the world,' returns the Captain, 'for 'ſuch a roving lady. But, pray, Ma'am, who is ſo 'weak, as to ſuppoſe Miſs Gray either intelligent or 'handſome? Her virtue is paramount to her intelligence, and her veracity to her beauty,'—'O, Sir,' ſays Miſs Tulip, 'you are too ſevere. This obſervation is directly contradictory to the general opinion, and let me adviſe you not to promulgate it in 'this neighbourhood, leſt your veracity be queſtioned 'by every auditor. She is certainly virtuous, and 'her beauty is acknowledged by every beholder.'—

'I am

'I am happy, Madam, the lady has found ſo ſtrenuous 'an advocate. I ſpeak from experience, and how-'ever you may attempt to defend this paragon of ex-'cellence, you may reſt aſſured, ſhe has her frailties. 'Not to be frail, would certainly be more than wo-'man—not to be virtuous, is undoubtedly beneath 'the character of the ſex. To be beautiful, is an in-'voluntary gift, and from this no lady ſhould exact 'one iota of merit.'

'O you prophane devil,' exclaims Mrs. Tulip, 'to 'be not only ſo ſarcaſtic upon one, who is deemed by 'all both amiable and deſerving, but to be ſo cen-'ſorious, as to ſlander the ſex with this indiſcriminate 'reproach. Your inſinuations, Sir, againſt the cha-'racter of the lady, are undoubtedly the reſult of diſ-'appointment. Malice may prompt this method of 'revenge, but I hope you will be ſo cautious, as not 'to diſſeminate your aſperſions in every circle, for 'aſſuredly Miſs Gray is innocent and virtuous.'—'That is more,' replies Captain Tulip, 'than I 'would aver for any daughter of Eve. You ladies 'are ſeldom partial to the infirmities of one another, 'but are always foremoſt to expoſe the leaſt deviation 'from the path of rectitude. This negative praiſe, 'by which you have been commending Miſs Gray, 'and hoping ſhe is not culpable, is even worſe than a 'direct attack upon her character. It faintly denies, 'what it wiſhes to confirm. It leaves to conjecture, 'what ought to be exploded. It is by this infamous 'behaviour, you realize what is only inſinuated, and 'eſtabliſh as an infallible truth, what originated from 'the whiſper of envy. In this ſpecies of defamation 'you are peculiarly excellent. You are credulous in 'the reception of an evil report, and if it be levelled 'againſt a particular acquaintance, it is implicitly be-'lieved, and propagated with the utmoſt induſtry. 'You impart it as an inviolable ſecret, enjoin it to be 'kept as ſacred, and are promiſed the moſt unalter-'able fidelity. Your intimate performs the ſame 'farce, and thus by an unceaſing rotation of inviolate 'confidence, the characters of one half of the ſex are

'irreparably

irreparably deſtroyed.'—'You are a moſt provoking wretch,' replies Mrs. Tulip, 'thus to criminate the innocent with the guilty. Your ſarcaſms ſeem be levelled againſt me. This is characteriſtic of your peculiar conduct. You may revile, but I defy the tongue of envy to affix on my character the baleful tinge of calumny. I have always endeavoured to exculpate the lady from the innuendos of your friend, and this is my reward. It is your duty, my immaculate turtle, if you mean to attempt her defence, to apply to this gentleman. He aſſerts, he ſpeaks from experience. This is a teſt more valid than inſinuation, and which probably your partiality will be unable to oppoſe'—'This is a malicious obſervation, Madam,' returns the huſband, ſomewhat irritated. 'It is not ſo much my duty to defend the lady, as it is yours to conceal the frailties peculiar to womankind. Were this invariably the caſe, ſlander would in a great meaſure be annihilated, and the ladies want topics to exerciſe their volubility.'—'An infallible theorem,' exclaims Mr. Taylor. 'I admire the wit which gave it birth. You muſt deſiſt from the combat, Madam, for the Captain bites too keen. Beſides, I think the origin of this altercation, is not worthy of your notice. If Miſs Gray have ſwerved from the line of virtue, ſhe has only ſullied her own reputation, and no part of her turpitude will append to the character of any perſon preſent. Captain Corner's veracity is unimpeached. It undoubtedly behoves the lady, to extenuate her guilt, by a poſitive denial of a voluntary precipitation, and to criminate the Captain as the violent contriver of the elopement. Diſappointment in her matrimonial view, was certain of raiſing her chagrin, and compelling her to quit that object which ſhe could not poſſeſs with honor. This is my decided opinion, in this myſterious buſineſs, and I dare venture to aſſert, it is the real truth. I never knew one of thoſe very preciſe ladies, who was always haranguing upon religion, and deſcanting on the precepts of morality, who was not a rake in her heart.

'heart. You have ſeen the world, my Lord; is not 'the laſt obſervation true from your own experience?' —'There are ſome inſtances,' replies his Lordſhip, 'which will verify your aſſertion. But to ſtigmatiſe 'every lady, who openly makes a profeſſion of re'ligion, with the odious epithet of hypocriſy, is cer'tainly too ſevere. I always thought Miſs Gray very 'rigid in her opinions. She condemned every trivial 'deviation from virtue, as a heinous crime, and yet I 'perceive, by what I have collected from the preſent 'converſation, ſhe is not infallible. She is, Sir,' addreſſing himſelf to Captain Corner, 'a deſirable aſ'ſociate. She is intelligent, ſhe is beautiful, and 'above all, ſhe is heireſs to a conſiderable eſtate.'— 'O, my Lord,' returns Miſs Tulip, 'then your ſen'ſibility is alive to the charms of this wondrous 'beauty! Her intelligence has long been manifeſt, 'and never more apparent, than when ſhe ſacrificed 'it to the impetuoſity of an unbecoming paſſion. It 'afterwards ſuggeſted a lie, but this lie has few be'lievers.'

The company walked forth, and ſeparated into different parties. Mrs. Tulip, as ſhe ſauntered by the ſide of Captain Corner, ſaid, 'it is really provoking 'to be chided thus perpetually by a man, who ought 'to connive at, and not to expoſe thoſe infirmities, 'which certainly are not peculiar to myſelf.'—'Indeed, Madam, believe me, when I aſſert, I have 'frequently felt for your ſituation, when I have per'ceived your embarraſſment.'—'Yes, Sir, any man 'of ſenſibility, would ſcorn to hurt my feelings by 'ſuch ill-natured remarks, as my huſband is particu'larly fond of making, when he thinks he can expoſe 'me to ridicule.'—'This unmannerly diſpoſition, 'Madam, I have often obſerved, and have frequently 'when alone with him, expoſtulated with him on the 'impropriety of ſuch conduct. He always heard me 'with evident diſguſt, and concluded with ſome biting 'ſarcaſm againſt your perſon or behaviour.'—'To 'this unwarrantable deportment I have been hitherto 'a ſtranger. He is totally undeſerving of my af-

'fection,

'fection, and that generoſity which raiſed him from 'a ſtate of penury to affluence and diſtinction. This 'ingratitude is inſufferable.'—'Indeed, Madam, I 'am ſorry to be a ſpectator of thoſe daily ſlights, 'which you are compelled to endure. But theſe are 'trifling to thoſe unwarrantable liberties he takes in 'your abſence.'—'What liberties, my dear Sir? do 'inform me.'—'Your impatience to hear what ought 'to be buried in oblivion, had better be ſuppreſſed, 'as the information will only corrode your peace, 'and diſturb your future tranquillity.'—'O Sir, 'do not tantalize me. I am on the rack, till you 'apprize me what his malice has ſaid againſt me.'—'Nay, my dear Madam, he has not proceeded to any 'unpardonable length. Only he has dropped ſome 'occaſional ſneers to excite a laugh, or raiſe the 'ſmile of a momentary contempt.'—'O, how can 'you torment me! Theſe dark, myſterious hints, 'are ten thouſand times more goading, than the 'real truth. Are you my friend, thus to apprize 'me of the dark deſigns of an aſſaſſin, whom I have 'long nurtured with unfeigned love, and yet not in-'form me of his meditated guilt?—'Compoſe your 'paſſion, Madam, and confide in me, as your un-'alterable friend. I wiſh not to ſow diſſenſion, but 'would rather endeavour to aſſuage that diſguſt, 'which ſeems to be fermenting againſt your huſ-'band He is not always ſatyrical, but ſometimes 'ſenſible of thoſe accompliſhments which would in-'variably rivet the heart of any other man.'—'To 'excite a laugh, or raiſe the ſmile of momentary 'contempt, Sir, by expoſing me as an object of ri-'dicule, is ſo flagrant a breach of good manners, 'that a common acquaintance would bluſh at the at-'tempt. But for a huſband, a man who I have dig-'nified with that title, to treat me with this con-'temptuous buffoonery, is more than patience itſelf 'can ſuffer. Why this reluctance to divulge, what, 'by your own repreſentation is already known to 'thouſands!'—'This laſt obſervation has totally 'removed my former ſcruples. Madam, I have

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'frequently more than half formed a reſolution of 'apprizing you, that the Captain was unworthy of 'your affection. Yet when I ſeriouſly reflected on 'the conſequence might enſue, I have immediately 'retracted, and huſhed the whole in ſilence.'—'O 'Sir, you plague me through deſign, and you wiſh to 'teaze me with your unneceſſary remarks!'—'Be 'temperate, Madam, your impatience compels you 'to condemn me. The Captain has frequently ob-'ſerved to me, and never enjoined ſecrecy, that your 'love of which he is a moſt undeſerving object, was 'to him nauſeous and diſguſting. He ſays, he is 'cloyed with your fawning, and proteſts he is 'never ſo happy, as when you are three hundred 'miles aſunder. He takes every occaſion to expreſs 'his diſlike, and wiſh for a ſpeedy departure. He 'had decamped long before this from Tulip-houſe, 'if my perſuaſions had not effectually over-ruled 'his roving intentions. Moreover, the moſt re-'prehenſible part of his conduct is, when he at-'tempts to entertain his boon companions with a 'falſe repreſentation of your perſon and beauty. 'On this topic, he is mighty witty. Come Tulip, 'ſays one of them, give us a deſcription of your 'Northumberland wife. I have often laughed at 'her perſonal attractions, and by your accurate 'compariſons ſhe is a perfect model of deformity. 'Then the Captain ſtrokes his chin, and burſting 'into an immoderate fit of laughter, chuckles out, 'you may laugh gentlemen as long as you pleaſe, 'while I enjoy the emoluments this northern ewe 'brought along with her. In perſon, ſhe is as ſquat 'as a hay cock, and her face is the colour of a 'boiled crab. Her noſe is as broad as a porter's 'thumb, and her eyes no larger than a glaſs bead. 'Her voice is like the creaking of the raven, or the 'ſcreaming of the nightly owl, and ſhe is never ſo 'much delighted as when ſhe peſters you with her 'diſcordant pipe. Thus he proceeds amidſt the 'echoing plaudits of the ſurrounding multitude, and 'extracts pleaſure from a ſource, the very mention

'of which ought to cover him with everlasting ſhame. 'Pardon me, Madam, for the language you have ex-'torted from me, but had I not pitied your misfor-'tunes, and known theſe aſperſions were totally un-'merited, no conſideration whatever ſhould have 'induced me.'—'Make no apology, Sir, for this 'friendly communication. I have long ſeen his in-'difference, I am very ſenſible of the obligation, and 'acknowledge it with ſincerity. He is a wretch 'who I do deteſt for his duplicity, and will puniſh 'him by abſolute neglect, for this unpardonable baſe-'neſs. O fool, that I was, to be ſo blind to the 'artifices of a villain!'—'But, Madam, there is 'ſomething yet untold, but friendſhip forbids me to 'mention the ſecret.'—'Can you, Sir, honor the 'friendſhip of a man, who is a diſgrace to his ſex! 'Withhold nothing from me—I am prepared to 'hear the worſt.'—'Inſenſible to your charms, Ma-'dam, he has long been a humble ſlave to—'What! 'a miſtreſs!'—'It is too true, Madam.'—'O un-'happy, undone woman! Now is my cup of miſery 'full. To be deſpiſed and rejected for all my ten-'derneſs! Hence will I hate him, and learn to 'contemn the wretch, by whom I have been ſo 'abominably deceived.'—'O Madam, he will be 'happy beneath your moſt ſovereign contempt, be-'cauſe he is too callous to perceive its force Be 'inattentive to his folly, and ſince he can deſpiſe 'that beauty for which others ſigh, let your indig-'nation contrive that revenge his imprudence ſo juſtly 'merits'—'Yes, Sir, he ſhall experience the re-'venge of an inſulted wife.'—'I admire, Madam, 'your becoming ſpirit, but let not vengeance reign 'triumphant in that boſom, which is only formed for 'the ſofter affections. He may relent.'—'No, Sir. 'I deteſt his repentance, and abhor him for his diſ-'ſimulation.'—'Madam, he is altogether unworthy 'of one ſerious thought. But will you, for the in-'ſenſibility of one, reject the whole ſex? I hope 'cruelty does not centre in your breaſt. If it do, 'then am I miſerable.'—'Peace, Sir, this is a dan-

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'gerous and forbidden ſubject. I have been once 'deceived, and will not eaſily liſten to the proteſta- 'tions of a perſon whoſe fidelity I have no right to 'truſt.'—'I ſwear Madam, by the God of heaven.' —'If you ſwear, I will aſſuredly diſbelieve you. So 'once more, peace.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XLII.

THE information which his Lordſhip had received, that the worthy Baronet and his family had accompanied Mr. Welman to Newcaſtle, was deſtructive to his peace. He had long perceived the affectionate attachment of Miſs Gray, and her evident partiality for Mr. Welman, and had often attempted by a variety of malign inſinuations to deſtroy the connection. His innuendoes had ſometimes ſucceeded ſo far, as to poſſeſs the mind of Sir Archibald with opinions inimical to the intereſt of Mr. Welman. Theſe prejudices, raiſed by the ebullitions of malice, had for ſome time ſubſided in the breaſt of the Baronet. He was now thoroughly convinced, whatever improprieties had marked the proceedings of his young friend, they were more the errors of judgment, than the machinations of deſign. He was aſſured of the integrity of Mr. Welman, and this determined him not to withhold his aſſent to an alliance, on which the happineſs of his daughter ſeemed eſſentially to depend.

This determination of Sir Archibald was apparent to his Lordſhip. He beheld it with regret. He had long encouraged a ſecret partiality for the lady, but had never dared, till lately, to diſcloſe his paſſion. The reception of his flame, by Miſs Gray, and the ſteady refuſal of his alliance, irritated his temper, but did not humble his pride. He had vainly and ridiculouſly ſuppoſed, the bare diſcovery of his intention, would immediately induce the lady to diſcard her former lover, and embrace with avidity his advantageous propoſals. But in this he was miſerably diſappointed. The glitter of a coronet was not ſo attractive, as to compel Miſs Gray to relinquiſh her former connection. Her love was not the reſult of any pecuniary conſideration. It commenced not from

from ſo foul an origin, and was not to be perverted by the pageantry of external ſhow. She had rejected the offers of his Lordſhip with a determined reſolution, not to liſten one moment to any future declaration. Her injunctions were peremptory, and he was greatly aſtoniſhed at her ſuppoſed folly. He had never once thought, there could be any competition betwixt a nobleman and a commoner. His late repulſe had corrected this error of his judgment. His vanity was humbled by ſuch an unexpected preference, but his pride diſdained to acknowledge an equality in the candidates for the lady's favor.

The morning after his viſit to Tulip houſe, Patrick entered his apartment, where he was ſitting very ſerious and thoughtful. This aſſiduous domeſtic took his uſual ſtation on the midſt of the floor, and making a few low bows, and ſquaring his toes, he ſtood erect, waiting for the orders of his imperious maſter. —His Lordſhip affecting to take no notice of the motions of his faithful attendant, Patrick ſcraped with his foot, and bowed again. Theſe efforts were altogether ineffectual, his lordſhip continued inattentive. Patrick's face was directly oppoſite to that of his maſter, and though he frequently caught his eye, and as often bowed with his head below his knee, his Lordſhip never deigned to articulate one ſyllable, or acknowledge the preſence of his obſequious menial.

After a profound ſilence of half an hour, and the repetition of Patrick's accuſtomed duty, his Lordſhip ſprang from his chair with precipitation, exclaiming, 'It muſt be ſo, by all the powers below, it muſt be 'ſo!'—'Whatever your honor pleaſes,' replies Patrick, 'muſt and ſhall be ſo.'—'Right, Patrick, 'right, the honor of the houſe of Owen is not to 'be inſulted.'—'Inſulted, My Lord, what caitiff is 'ſo vile as to inſult the houſe of Owen! Had I been 'preſent, and were he nine cubits high, I would 'have laid him in an inſtant level with the leaves of 'the dock. One punch of this fiſt, would have 'made him ſprawl like a blind kitten. Inſult your 'honor,

'honor, O, for the glory of a good drubbing! Were 'he as round as a beer barrel, I would have beaten 'him in five minutes to the dimenſions of a taylor's 'yard!'—'I know thy proweſs, Patrick, and it un-'doubtedly would be no leſs, wouldſt thou only not 'boaſt ſo much about it. But come nearer, Patrick, 'I have ſomething of importance to communicate to 'thee. Canſt thou keep a ſecret?'—'A ſecret! your 'honor, Patrick Harle was never noted for a tell-tale. 'No, no, my fidelity is equal to my valor, and when 'I ſee a man who is bold enough to impeach me in 'either of theſe qualifications, I will inſtantly ſplit 'his temples with as much eaſe, as a wench opens 'an oyſter. But, your honor, what is this mighty 'ſecret?'—'I am going to be married, Patrick.'—'Whew, whew, I give your honor joy. I hope the 'lady your highneſs has choſen for a wife, will nei-'ther diſgrace the houſe of Owen, nor object to my 'continuance in the ſtewardſhip'—'Though the 'lady, Patrick, has no noble blood in her veins; 'yet ſhe has a good eſtate. It is ſolely this conſide-'ration that induces me to ſtoop from my dignity, 'and contaminate that unpolluted ſtream which has 'flowed in the veins of my noble anceſtry, by an 'alliance with a plebeian. I ſhall be the firſt of my 'very honourable ſtock, who ever degraded our family 'by ſuch a connection. But times are changed, and 'hard neceſſity compels us to change with the times. 'Prior to that melancholy diſaſter, which has caſt a 'heavy gloom on the luſtre of our houſe, I would 'have ſcorned to have harboured one idea relative to 'ſuch a diſparaging mixture. Our alliance was 'courted by the firſt families in the kingdom, and 'our ſons and daughters were generally affianced in 'their infancy. Had I now been an inhabitant of 'Scotland, even under the preſſure of my preſent 'calamity, I am confident, I ſhould before this time, 'have had many propoſals of a matrimonial nature, 'from the moſt exalted and diſtinguiſhed houſes in 'the ſtate.'—'Ah, your honor,' replies Patrick, 'nobility ſits upon your forehead, and may be peruſed

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'there in very legible characters. I am certain the 'houſe of Owen has given kings to the Scottiſh 'throne. Zounds, what a pity it is, that ever the 'union ſhould have taken place! You might have 'been a king, and—and I am confident, I am equal 'to the taſk—I might have been your miniſter; at 'leaſt, you might have made me general of your 'armies. This poſt, your honor knows, would have 'ſuited my talents exactly. I am brave, I am cou-'rageous—and whilſt a Frenchman kept his rank, I 'never would have ſheathed my ſword. I remember, 'for you muſt know I am a man of learning, and 'the whole pariſh can teſtify the truth of the aſſer-'tion, to have ſeen in the courſe of my ſtudies, that 'Henry the Eighth's prime Miniſter was a butcher's 'ſon'—'A plague upon thee, ceaſe thy clatter, 'Patrick, for if thou go on a few minutes longer, 'thou wilt be king thyſelf. Doſt thou know the 'road to Newcaſtle?'—'Every inch of it, your 'honor, as well as any man under the moon.'—'Take that letter, Patrick, and carry it to the ſign 'of the Cock. There enquire for one Serjeant 'Morris; he lately belonged to our regiment, and I 'know him to be a very honeſt fellow. Deliver the 'letter into his own hands, and if I be not miſtaken 'in the man, he will accompany thee this night to 'Fenwick-tower. Take eſpecial care, that no perſon 'deprives you of this ſacred depoſit, and remember 'to be expeditious.'—'Truſt me, your honor, truſt 'me. An attempt to deprive me of this letter, 'would coſt the braveſt man in England ſix of his 'fore teeth, if he eſcaped with no greater injury. 'As for ſpeed, the ſwallow is a ſnail to me.'

Patrick immediately ſet forward, and being an excellent footman, proceeded with wonderful expedition. He ran for ſome miles without intermiſſion; and whilſt he continued this pace, he overtook an aſs loaden with a couple of panniers. The patient animal was trudging ſlowly along beneath its incumbent load, and was occaſionally goaded forward by the echoing bangs of its mercileſs owner. This was a young,

a young, brawny wench, whoſe face, by its conſtant expoſure to the ſcorching rays of the ſun, reſembled in colour, a tanned ſheep ſkin. She had neither hat nor cap upon her head, and her red locks, like ſo many bunches of carrots, hung dangling upon her ſhoulders. Her feet and legs, though uncovered with the unneceſſary appendages of ſhoes and ſtockings, defied the roughneſs of the ſtones, and the hardneſs of the road. She held in her hand, a ſtrong oaken ſtaff, which ſerved for the double purpoſe of ſupporting her as ſhe walked, and driving her aſs along the highway.

Patrick in his ſpeed paſſed this virago unnoticed. As he approached the aſs, the poor creature heard his footſteps, and dreading an unmerited thwack, began immediately to quicken its pace. Patrick was inſtantly parallel with its head. The fearful animal recollecting the many ſevere blows which it daily endured, turned its head aſide, and perceiving him running, began to trot as faſt as it was able. Patrick being determined not to be outſtripped by this ſluggiſh brute, quickened his pace, and bravely maintained his ground. The aſs began to gallop, and this immediately compelled Patrick to run the faſter. The panniers being full of apples, the hobbling motion of the aſs made them ſpring from their ſituation, and roll on both ſides of the road. This was ſoon obſerved by the owner, who was not far behind. She called out to Patrick to ſtop, but ſhe called in vain. He perſevered in his endeavours to paſs the four-footed creature, which braved and galloped as faſt as it poſſibly could, while the apples flew about in every direction. She bawled as loud as ſhe was able, 'Stop, you ſpindle ſhanked raſcal, ſtop, and 'keep off my aſs.' She called to the wind, for what with the bellowing of the aſs, and his reſolution not to be outdone, Patrick heard her not. The race was continued with unabating fury for near a mile, when the panniers flew off, and the remainder of the apples rolled into the ditch.

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This ſcramble of her cargo exaſperated the owner, who raiſing her oaken ſtaff, and quickening her velocity, threatened immediate vengeance on the author of all this confuſion. The aſs being liberated from its burden, ſoon became victor in the conteſt, whilſt Patrick panted far behind. The enraged heroine overtook him, and letting her bludgeon fall with a pithy ſtroke upon his crown, laid him in a moment ſprawling on the ground.

Having achieved this exploit, ſhe purſued her aſs with the nimbleneſs of a ſtricken deer, and having caught him by the halter, deliberately brought him back. Patrick beginning to recover from the ſtunning blow he had received from the wench, roſe gradually on his hands and knees, and looked cautiouſly around him, if his adverſary were prepared to purſue the attack. Perceiving her at a diſtance, leading his competitor in the race, and approaching towards him, he jumped upon his feet, and hurled an immediate defiance in her teeth. He threw off his coat and neckcloth, and clenching his fiſt, ſaid, 'thou cowardly two-legged trooper, I will teach 'thee to be valiant! To come behind a man, and 'knock him down with a ſtick, is the very part of a 'poltroon. That weather beaten face of thine, thou 'bare ſhanked apple monger, declares thou art a 'coward. Look at me, huſſy, and behold a man! 'A man who never turned his back on any thing 'human! Come, lay aſide thy oaken weapon, and I 'will, in the twinkling of an eye, make thy chops 'as black as a frying-pan.'

During this tremendous harangue, the incenſed heroine was tying her aſs to the rails of a gate. She laid her ſtick down by him, and advanced towards Patrick, who was ſtanding in the attitude of defence, with his fiſts clenched, and his arms a kimbo. She came forward grinning, and heaving her right hand clubbed, with which ſhe threatened to take ample vengeance, if he did not immediately collect every apple, and place the panniers upon the aſs. 'Thou 'tatterdemalion,' ſays Patrick, 'doſt thou talk thus

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'to me! Take that—it will teach thee manners'—at the ſame inſtant, ſtriking her on the one ſide of the head with ſuch violence, as drove her backwards, and compelled her to reel into the hedge. Had he followed his advantage, the palm of victory had undoubtedly been the reward of his valour. But he diſdained an inglorious conqueſt. Wherefore recovering from the violence of the blow, ſhe came forward with redoubled fury. She ſeized him by the collar, and boldly grappling with her doughty antagoniſt, ſoon brought him to the ground. She fell ſouſe upon him, and not being endued with the generoſity of her opponent, unfairly kept her poſition. Being determined to purſue her preſent advantage, ſhe belaboured him with all her might. He requeſted her repeatedly to ſuffer him to ariſe, and he would fight her like a man. She was deaf to all his entreaties. He therefore began to ſtruggle, and after a variety of ineffectual efforts, ſucceeded at laſt, in liberating himſelf from the graſp of her clutches.

Being once more upon his legs, he defied her to a renewal of the conflict. She ſtood at the diſtance of a few yards, and clapping both her hands upon her ſides, ſmiling, aſked him, if he would have any more?—'More, poltroon,' exclaims the enraged Patrick, 'box fairly and honourably, and I will beat 'thee in a trice, till thou cluck like a capon.' This threat had the deſired effect. She flew at him with the velocity of an eagle, and after a multitude of well directed blows, both given and received, the doughty hero meaſured his full length upon the ſurface.

After a reſpite of a few minutes, he made ſome attempts to riſe. As he reſted upon his hands, our virago came behind him, and raiſing her foot, ſhe gave him a violent kick upon the breech, which threw him forward impetuouſly upon his noſe. 'Lie 'ſtill cabbage,' ſays ſhe, 'and confeſs thou art con-'quered, or I will ſet my foot upon thy neck, and 'pin thee to the ground till the ſun ſet.'—'O mon-'ſtrous, monſtrous,' exclaims Patrick, 'I am no 'taylor,

'taylor, why doſt thou call me cabbage, and inſult 'me with that odious name. I am an honeſt fellow, 'and as bold as a game cock. Only let me riſe, and 'if I don't tickle thee to thy heart's content, ſay I 'am no better than chopped ſtraw.'—'Thou ſhalt 'not riſe before to-morrow at this time,' returns the grumbling female, 'unleſs thou conſent to gather 'every apple from the road, and lift the panniers 'upon the aſs; for it was chiefly owing to thy 'plaguy ſcampering, thou ſnivelling wretch, that 'my apples were ſcrambled in this waſteful manner.' The terms were hard and humiliating, but the recollection of the buſineſs with which he was entruſted, induced him, though reluctantly, to acquieſce with her imperious commands.

Patrick arrived at Newcaſtle, and having met with Serjeant Morris, to whom he delivered the letter, the Serjeant returned with him that night to Fenwick-Tower. They found his Lordſhip alone, ſitting in a thoughtful and melancholy mood. When Patrick announced the Serjeant, he aroſe from his chair, and with a very unuſual freedom, ſhook him familiarly by the hand. After a few unmeaning queſtions on the one ſide, and a few ſubmiſſive compliments on the other, his Lordſhip ſaid, 'Mr. Morris, I am well 'acquainted with your integrity, and can confide in 'that attachment which you formerly expreſſed for 'my perſon. I have an adventure to undertake in a 'few days, and I want aſſiſtance. The fidelity of 'Patrick is unalterable, but he muſt have an aſſoci-'ate. This office, Mr. Morris, I deſign to confer on 'you. If we be ſucceſsful, as I have not the leaſt 'doubt that we ſhall miſcarry, you may reſt aſſured, 'that I will amply recompenſe you both for your 'trouble and ſecreſy.'—'Pray, my Lord,' replies Mr. Morris, may I preſume to enquire the nature of 'the buſineſs, in which you mean to employ me?'—'It is only,' returns his Lordſhip, 'a matrimonial 'excurſion. The lady is rather a little ſqueamiſh, 'and afraid of giving offence to her parents. To 'ſcreen her partiality for me, and to cover her in-

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'tended elopement, ſhe requeſts it as a particular 'favor, that I will bear her off by force. This odd 'requiſition, for you know Serjeant, we muſt always 'comply with the humours of a lady, I have thought 'proper to indulge. She ſhall have her way, and 'though it be ſomewhat derogatory to my dignity, to 'ſtoop to this act of Quixotiſm, yet ſince it is to 'procure a good eſtate, I am willing to ſubmit to a 'temporary humiliation.'—'I always admired your 'judgment,' returns the Serjeant. 'Your Lordſhip 'ſeldom errs in your undertakings. On this affair, 'I make no doubt you have duly deliberated, and 'ſince you deem my aſſiſtance requiſite, you may 'command me on any part of the ſervice. I will 'not ſhrink from the poſt aſſigned me, though attack-'ed by a hoſt of her relations, all marching beneath 'the banners of her father, as generaliſſimo.'—'And 'if I flinch,' ſays Patrick, 'I will give your honor 'leave to baſtinado me with a hemlock ſtalk. You 'ſhall never loſe a wife through the cowardice of 'Patrick Harle. But I muſt confeſs, it is rather an 'odd whim of the lady, to wiſh to be forced into 'marriage. Yet I never knew a woman, and ladies 'are formed of the ſame ingredients with common 'people, who was not a queer fiſh, and always had 'ſome fetch to excuſe herſelf, when betrayed into 'any infirmity, for which her honor or her under-'ſtanding was liable to be queſtioned.'—'Your ſar-'caſtic obſervations, Patrick,' replies his Lordſhip, 'are not the reſult of experience. You have gleaned 'your knowledge from ſome other ſource, and pro-'bably picked it up from the ill natured remarks of 'ſome diſappointed witling, who thus choſe to expreſs 'his ſpleen againſt theſe faireſt ornaments of the crea-'tion.'—'What, your honor, do you take me for a 'fool? I have peruſed my bible, over and over again, 'with unwearied attention. Was not Eve a ſly 'ſeducer? Was not Tamar a cunning jilt? Was not 'Dalilah a deceitful wife? Did any one them want 'an excuſe for her conduct, when arraigned at the 'tribunal of juſtice? No, no, only allow a woman to

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'act without reſtraint, and if ſhe does not cover
'every offence with ſome ſtrange unaccountable plea,
'I will forfeit my character for wiſdom during the
'remainder of my life.'—'Hold thy tongue, Patrick,'
'rejoins his Lordſhip, thy wiſdom and thy courage
'are known to be upon an equality. Thou art per-
'petually boaſting of thy proweſs, and yet thou haſt
'not the ſtrength of a cock-ſparrow. I know thou
'art a faithful domeſtic, and have often tried thy
'fidelity in the hour of danger. Mr. Morris, we
'ſhall ſet forward to-morrow. I have laid the mine,
'and it only wants ſpringing. You two are the engi-
'neers, if you acquit yourſelves with dexterity, and
'bear away the prize triumphantly, I will reward
'your ſervice with one hundred pounds. This re-
'compence, Patrick, I hope you will think is muni-
'ficent, and probably it will add a ſtimulus to your
'bravery. Remember to be faithful and ſecret, and
'nothing will be able to fruſtrate the execution of
'our plan.'

CHAPTER XLIII.

THERE are ſome minds ſo depraved, and ſo addicted to every ſpecies of degeneracy, that it is impoſſible, either by generoſity, or benevolence, to excite them to any act of diſintereſted behaviour. They are perpetually brooding over their own ſchemes, calculated in their opinion for their aggrandizement. This ſingle motive gives riſe to all their actions, gives a bias to every thought, and prompts to that variety of procedure, ſo conſpicuous in thoſe, who are guided ſolely by the ſelfiſh conſideration of immediate intereſt. Abſorbed in thoſe plans, which are the reſult of ſome ſiniſter deſign, to deceive the credulous, and over-reach the benevolent, they are inſenſible to every act of kindneſs, and only conſider how they may appropriate it to the latent prejudice of their acknowledged friend. Callous to every feeling, but what centers in their own intereſt; obdurate to every ſenſation, but what contributes to expedite their diſingenuous ſchemes; they behold mankind as their deſtined victims, and the world as the theatre on which they are privileged to act without reſtraint.

To a man of this deſcription, and happy would it be, were their numbers ſmaller than experience proves them, no obſtacle is ſufficient to reſtrain him from the commiſſion of every enormity. Though ſupported by the hand of benevolence, and maintained by that generoſity, the genuine offspring of impartial charity, he receives the benefits of this friendſhip with a thankleſs heart, and determines to reward them by the blackeſt treachery, and the fouleſt ingratitude. He watches every opportunity for the perpetration of his diabolical contrivance. He deſigns with caution, and executes with promptitude. He fawns, whilſt he deceives, and ſpreads the veil of adulation, whilſt he plants the ſnare for the deſtruction of domeſtic peace.

peace, He ſits at the board of friendſhip, and ungratefully eats the bread which friendſhip beſtows. He frames the inſidious plot, and whilſt he promiſes unalterable attachment, as the only compenſation which he can return, he involves his friend, by a train of dark and unexpected contrivance, in an abyſs of miſery, anxiety, and woe. Contrition ſeldom corrodes his peace, and he glories in the completion of unparalleled deception.

His Lordſhip, according to his intention, arrived at Newcaſtle with his two companions. Having ſettled his plan of operation, he diſmiſſed the Serjeant, requeſting him to be in readineſs, as an opportunity might ſoon preſent itſelf, when his aſſiſtance would be indiſpenſably neceſſary. He promiſed obedience, and bid his Lordſhip confide in his integrity.

Having enquired, his Lordſhip ſoon found the lodgings of the worthy Baronet. When he entered, Sir Archibald aroſe to greet him, and taking him by the hand with the utmoſt cordiality, ſaid, "I am 'happy, my Lord, at this inſtance of your friendſhip.' —'Your eſteem, Sir,' replies his Lordſhip, 'I al'ways valued, and only wiſh that I may merit it by 'no willing deviation from the path of rectitude.'— 'We may, my lord, ſometimes err, but probably we 'have it always in our power to retract that error. If 'we do this, no culpability will append to the action. 'Penitence will undo every crime, but impenitence 'will ever add to its enormity'—'Your precepts, Sir 'Archibald, I hope, have had their due influence in 'forming my mind to thoſe habits of virtue, which 'are calculated to enſure me tranquillity, if I ſteadily 'adhere to the practice which they inculcate. This 'paternal ſuperintendence, I readily acknowledge, 'and will to the laſt period of my exiſtence.'—'Re'member this promiſe, my Lord,' ſays Lady Gray. 'The army is not the moſt eligible ſchool for the con'firmation of virtuous habits. Many of the gentle'men who are devoted to this line of life, have bet'ter underſtandings than they are even willing to ac'knowledge; but from a miſtaken opinion, they con-

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'clude they cannot be complete ſoldiers, without be-
'ing completely wicked. Hence to be irreligious is
'their chief acquiſition. To ſwear, that abominable
'practice, ſo characteriſtic of a ſoldier, exalts them
'above the ſtandard of humanity. To be drunk
'three fourths of their time, they claim as an undiſ-
'puted privilege. To laugh at the ſacred perform-
'ance of religious rites, to ridicule the bonds of mo-
'ral obligation, and wantonly commit every act of li-
'centiouſneſs, are the unalienable practices of the ma-
'jority of our officers. But I believe they act more
'from example, than from conviction. I know many
'exceptions to the above cenſure, and I hope the good
'ſenſe which ſo eminently diſtinguiſhes a number of
'thoſe young gentlemen, who devote their lives to
'the ſervice of their country, will in time effectually
'eradicate thoſe ſhameleſs purſuits, ſo diſgraceful to
'the very perpetrator himſelf.'—'Indeed Madam,'
returns his Lordſhip, 'you have given a juſt delinea-
'tion of the character of a ſoldier. Whatever rank
'he may hold in the army, from the private to the
'colonel, he is too often addicted to the practice of
'licentiouſneſs. The frequency of the commiſſion
'renders him obdurate, and what at firſt, he acted
'with reluctance, he learns to perform with pleaſure.
'I have frequently been diſguſted with thoſe irregula-
'rities, in the enjoyment of which my comrades have
'gloried. This gave me a diſtaſte to the life of a
'ſoldier, and without neceſſity compels me, I ſhall not
'readily re-aſſume my ſtation, though inſolence ſhould
'brand me with the epithet of cowardice.'—'Though
'theſe obſervations may in fact be true,' ſays Miſs
Gray, 'there is certainly ſome excuſe for thoſe irre-
'gularities which characterize the life of a ſoldier.
'An officer generally begins his military career when
'very young. At this age, he has no eſtabliſhed ha-
'bits. His mind is liable to any impreſſion. It re-
'ceives a bias from the example of thoſe with whom
'he converſes, and is too often encouraged by the
'breath of adulation, to the commiſſion of enormities,
'which his judgment condemns, and his reaſon ab-

'hors. Surrounded by multitudes who applaud his 'ſpirit, and praiſe every deviation from the path of 'rectitude, can it be wondered at, that a young man 'complies with requiſitions he deteſts, and plunges 'into crimes which he abominates? Example and 'encouragement pervert his inclination, and he often 'becomes an adept in the commiſſion of ſcenes, which 'he beholds with abhorrence, and ſhudders at the 'recollection. He is not, if I may ſo expreſs my-'ſelf, morally depraved. He has acquired habits of 'degeneracy, but as they are acquired, they may 'likewiſe be relinquiſhed. The indiſcriminate cen-'ſure, which ſome inconſiderate pretenders to virtue, 'caſt on the whole body, is more a proof of their 'own depravity, than of the wickedneſs of thoſe who 'fall beneath this condemnation. There are many 'officers who lead a life of virtue, and are as conſci-'ous of their dependence on the providential power 'of the omnipotent governor of the univerſe, as any 'other claſs of mankind whatever.'—'I thank you, 'my dear,' ſays Miſs Welman, 'for this candid and 'ingenuous defence of the characters of our national 'defenders. They are like the reſt of mankind, ſome 'good, and ſome bad. Some may deſerve the ſevereſt 'cenſure, and ſome merit the higheſt praiſe. Is not 'this exactly the caſe with every other claſs of men? 'But at preſent, let us have no more harangues on 'the morality of a ſoldier. I feel myſelf no way in-'clined to be an auditor of ſuch dry diſcourſes. My 'Lord, we purpoſe this evening to go to the play. I 'hope the entertainment will diſſipate that melancholy 'which overclouds my mind ſince the departure of 'my brother. It was my propoſal, and my dear 'friends are ſo condeſcending, as to acquieſce with it, 'and accompany me to the repreſentation of this ra-'tional amuſement.'—'This amuſement,' obſerves his Lordſhip, 'is peculiarly calculated to diſpel your 'melancholy. Comedy, as an accurate portraiture 'of life and manners, is always pleaſing and inſtruc-'tive. Tragedy, as a repreſentation of ſome great 'and noble action, agitates the paſſions, by exciting

'fear and terror, and inculcates virtue by a true deli-
'neation of vice, and the puniſhment of its abettors.
'The theatre inſtructs, while it amuſes, arreſts the
'attention by a diverſity of character, and allures to
'the performance of virtuous actions, by thoſe pre-
'cepts of morality, which are interſperſed in the ſce-
'nic dialogue.'—'This eulogium, my Lord,' returns Miſs Gray, 'on theatrical exhibitions, is inapplica-
'ble to every compoſition. It ſhews what a play
'ought to be, not what it always really is. The de-
'fence of thoſe authors, who pourtray vice in alluring
'colours, and exhibit the picture as an accurate
'draught of real life, is weak and inconcluſive.
'Whatever is vicious, ought not to be delineated to
'the public eye, becauſe every ſpectator is not capa-
'ble of diſcriminating what is laudable, and worthy
'of imitation, and what is cenſurable, and ought to
'be exploded.'—'You know my dear,' obſerves Miſs Welman, 'I have proteſted againſt liſtening to
'any further harangues of this nature. I hope his
'Lordſhip will accompany us, when his critical acu-
'men will enable us to diſcern the beauties, and de-
'tect the irregularities of Shakeſpear, whoſe Richard
'the Third is to be our entertainment this preſent
'evening.'

His Lordſhip accepted the invitation with complaiſance, and taking his leave, retired to plan the execution of a project, on which he meditated with pleaſure. The accompliſhment of his ſcheme, though ungrateful and atrocious, he vainly ſuppoſed, would enſure his temporal happineſs. He concluded the benevolence of the injured parties, would certainly forgive his raſhneſs, when they perceived, that what was once done, could never be undone. This concluſion, though neither ſpecious nor ſolid, was too prevalent with a mind already depraved, and which had no other tendency, than the gratification of its own degenerate paſſions.

Anxious for the conſummation of a plan, on which he was wholly bent, he went immediately in ſearch of Serjeant Morris. Having found him where he expected,

pected, and convened Patrick, who was to be an accomplice in the act, they inſtantly began a regular conſultation.

'This very night,' ſays his Lordſhip, 'if you execute my orders with punctuality, will put me in poſſeſſion of all that I deſire in this world. I will amply recompenſe your prompt obedience. Attend with care to what I now ſay. I accompany a party this evening to the play, in which is the lady on whom all my happineſs depends. The ladies go in chairs. Now mind your cue, for the leaſt miſtake will inevitably deſtroy the whole contrivance. Do you watch my motions, and at the ſame time be as cautious as poſſible, to avoid detection. Diſguiſe yourſelves in the habits of chairmen, and as numbers of the fraternity always aſſociate in the vicinity of the play-houſe, you will be the leſs liable to ſuſpicion. I will give you a ſign, by which you will perfectly underſtand my meaning. Mark particularly the chair, and let it be your ſole endeavour to engage the chairmen, as ſoon as they have delivered their precious charge, to accompany you to ſome contiguous ale houſe. When there, let it be your ſtudy, to render them, as ſoon as poſſible, incapable of their office. But remember to take eſpecial care, you be not found in the ſame ſtate of inability. On your prudence depends the completion of the whole project. When your companions are called, be you ready to give attendance, and immediately aſſume the office which is aſſigned you. The night will be very dark, and do you convey the lady according to my directions. There is a ſmall ſmuggling veſſel lying in the river, and ſhe ſails the very firſt tide. The elements themſelves are propitious to my deſign. The maſter has promiſed me every aſſiſtance, and vowed inviolable ſecrecy. He is bound for Leith, where he will convey the lady, and you Morris, muſt accompany her. Patrick muſt not be ſeen in the whole tranſaction. When you arrive in the harbour, procure the moſt

'private conveyance, and carry the lady to Edinburgh, 'where you will find a reception at the houſe of Mrs. 'Lowman, in the High-ſtreet. My arrival there will 'depend upon circumſtances. Do you immure the 'lady as cloſe as poſſible to eſcape detection. Her 'peculiarity of diſpoſition is ſuch, that ſhe will re-'monſtrate againſt all your proceedings, and endea-'vour to convince you, ſhe is a perfect ſtranger to the 'whole contrivance. Morris, I think I can truſt to 'your diſcretion in this buſineſs.'—'Yes, my Lord, 'you may confide in me with ſafety. It ſhall be my 'utmoſt endeavour to execute every jot of your direc-'tions. If I fail in all, or in any part, it ſhall not be 'through inclination. My valiant colleague here, 'rejoices in the buſineſs, and if I be not miſtaken, 'ſucceſs will attend us.'—'We will be ſucceſsful, 'Serjeant,' exclaims Patrick, in the rapture of exul-tation, 'what can obſtruct our courage!. A willing 'mind will perform wonders. If any perſon endea-'vour to impede our progreſs—here is a firſt, Ser-'jeant, feel its hardneſs, it will thump with the fury 'of an aſs's heel. There is an arm, behold its 'ſtrength, and if ever Patrick Harle turn his back in 'a righteous cauſe, may he be pelted with the knuckles 'of ſome dirty apple wench.'—'I hope, Patrick,' re-turns his Lordſhip, 'you will not ſuffer this laudable 'ardor to cool. It will infallibly ſurmount every 'difficulty. Infuſe a portion of it into your ſteady 'colleague, though probably his deliberate temper 'may be of utility in curbing your impetuoſity. Now 'go, and make the neceſſary preparations'

When the hour of admittance came, the ladies were conveyed in three chairs Sir Archibald and his Lordſhip walked. He ſoon perceived his faithful at-tendants at the place of aſſignation. He gave them the promiſed ſignal, and followed his party into the play-houſe. His deluded accomplices obeyed his or-ders. They ſolicited the company of their brethren of the pole, and as they are never backward in the accep-tance of ſuch a requiſition, they immediately complied. Here the prudential deportment of the Serjeant was

actually

actually requiſite to reſtrain the attachment of Patrick to his favourite beverage. He ſeemed to forget the important duty of the night, and was as eager to become a victim to the power of the liquor, as he ought to have been cautious in avoiding its intoxicating quality. After many latent hints, and covert inſinuations, he became ſenſible of his imprudence. His vivacity, which ſeldom forſook him, ſerved to deceive his companions, who were not long of falling dupes to the dark deſigns of artifice.

The chairmen were called on—but, alas, they heard not the call of office. They were utterly incapable of moving from their preſent poſition, and ſaw without concern, their two aſſociates, who had been ſo inſtrumental in rendering them unable to perform their duty, walk away to aſſume their place.

When they arrived at the play-houſe, agreeably to a preconcerted ſign, they took up their charge, and marched away among the reſt of the brotherhood. The night was very dark, and his Lordſhip walked before the chair, leſt they ſhould miſtake their way. When they came to the eaſt part of the Quay, they halted, and handed the lady out. His Lordſhip had ſtepped aſide to avoid diſcovery. When Miſs Gray heard the daſhing of the water, ſhe ſtarted back, and uttered a ſhriek of terror' ' Be not afraid, Madam, ' for the boat is ready.'—' What boat! alas, where ' am I! Where is my papa! O, take me to him!' Morris taking her gently by the hand, ſaid, ' Ma- ' dam, you will pleaſe to deſcend—the boat is here.' —' O, Heavens, I am betrayed!' She could ſcream no more, for Morris clapped a handkerchief to her mouth, and by the aſſiſtance of two ſailors, carried her into the boat.

She was carried from the boat into the cabin, in a ſtate of inſenſibility. The tide was flowing rapidly, and the ſhip being under way, dropped apace down the river. When ſhe opened her eyes, and looked around her, ſhe ſcreamed with diſtraction, and wringing her hands in an agony of diſtreſs, cried, ' O whither are ' you conveying me, and what fate awaits me!'—Be ' comforted,

'comforted, Madam,' replies Morris, who was the only perſon preſent, 'you are only on the paſſage to 'the temple of Hymen! It is not common for a 'young lady to lament thus miſerably, when ſhe is 'nearly in the poſſeſſion of the man ſhe loves.'—'Alas, friend, I do not underſtand you. You are ei-'ther groſsly deceived yourſelf, or you are willing to 'impoſe on me. I am betrayed, and carried I know 'not whither. I have no conception by whoſe trea-'chery I am obliged to undergo this unequalled vio-'lence. Ah! It muſt be ſo—O my Mama, what 'cruel deſtiny attends me! He has been long in the 'north—his continuance was voluntary, and he has 'certainly been hatching ſome project to enſnare me. 'Diſappointed in his former hopes, he expects to ſuc-'ceed by a repetition of his villainy. Are you maſter 'of this veſſel?'—'I am not, Madam,' returns the Serjeant. 'Then who are you, and what is your of-'fice, that you boldly intrude yourſelf into my pre-'ſence?'—'Be not angry, Madam, I am only in the 'performance of my duty.'—'What is your duty, 'and who enjoined it?'—'My duty is, Madam, 'humbly to obey your commands, and by ſo doing, I 'ſhall perform a meritorious piece of ſervice to my 'worthy employer.'—'Your employer can never be 'worthy—I know him, and have reaſon to dread him. 'O heaven, how inſcrutable are thy ways! But why 'ſhould I murmur! I rely upon thy promiſes, and 'this reliance will ſupport me in the hour of affliction. 'O, my parents, how am I the ſport of malicious de-'ſign! How am I doomed to be the paſtime of a 'deep, contriving villain! Alas! you hear me not! 'In the darkneſs of the night you ſeek me, but vain 'will be your ſearch. Your child now wants the 'conſolation of her dear Mama, whilſt the ruſhing of 'the waves appal her with horror.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XLIV.

HIS Lordſhip waited upon the quay, till he was informed the lady was ſafe on board, and the ſhip would be at ſea before the morning. Congratulating himſelf on the ſucceſs of his project, he went immediately to condole with the worthy family. He found Sir Archibald and Lady Gray in the utmoſt anxiety, and expreſſing their fears for the ſafety of their daughter. On ſeeing his Lordſhip enter, Lady Gray roſe haſtily, and ſaid, 'O my Lord, you are come opportunely. I hope you are able to inform us, what is become of our dear child?'—'Madam,' replies his Lordſhip, 'you confound me with the queſtion, Miſs Gray is aſſuredly here.'—'No, no, my Lord, ſhe is not here. Do not temporize with the feelings of a parent. If you are able to give us any intelligence, do it quickly, and let not deſpair rack my ſoul with anguiſh.'—'You ſurpriſe me, Madam,' returns his Lordſhip, 'at the ſerioufneſs of this application. I handed Miſs Gray to her chair, I ſaw her enter, and ſaw it move away immediately after Miſs Welman. Convinced of the perfect ſecurity of the ladies, you will recollect, Sir Archibald, I told you I had a little buſineſs to tranſact at my lodgings, and would wait upon you in leſs than half an hour.'—'I perfectly recollect the words,' ſays the Baronet, 'and when we ſeparated, I walked behind the chairs, at a few yards diſtance, to the door of this very houſe. When a light was brought, I was utterly aſtoniſhed to perceive only two chairs, and could gain no information of the third. The night being extremely dark, I hope the chairmen have miſtaken the way, and carried Miſs Gray into ſome other ſtreet.'—'That is very probable, Sir,' obſerves his Lordſhip,

Lordſhip, ‘ nay, it is beyond a doubt it muſt be ſo. ‘ But as the chairmen are particularly acquainted with ‘ every part of the town, they will ſoon perceive ‘ their error, and probably be here in a few minutes.’ —‘ Ah, my Lord,’ exclaims Lady Gray, ‘ that is ‘ a vain hope. Experience has taught me to dread the ‘ worſt. Yet I will not deſpond, while a ſingle ray of ‘ hope remains In a ſtate of this uncertainty, we are ‘ apt to conjecture a thouſand things. Hope and fear ‘ alternately ſeize the mind, till the moment arrives, ‘ when conjectures become realities. Then we are ‘ convinced, and too often our fears are the harbin- ‘ gers of truth. I wiſh they may not in this inſtance, ‘ for a ſecond deception would infallibly overwhelm ‘ me with miſery.

An awful ſilence for about ten minutes, ſucceeded this converſation. Sir Archibald was calm, collected, and comforted. Impatience was viſibly depicted on the countenance of Lady Gray. Uneaſy, though afraid to expreſs her uneaſineſs, ſhe frequently roſe from her chair, and walked haſtily acroſs the floor. She opened the window ſhutters, and peeped into the ſtreet, when an involuntary ſigh eſcaped, and ſhe whiſpered to her- ‘ ſelf, ‘ Alas, it is very dark !’ She then re-aſſumed her ſeat, and continued ſilent.

Miſs Welman perceived the perturbation of her mind, and quitting her chair, walked towards her. Lady Gray aroſe inſtantaneouſly, and throwing her arms about Miſs Welman's neck, exclaimed, ‘ Alas, ‘ where is my child !—Miſs Welman burſt into tears. —Sir Archibald approached, and taking his lady by the hand, ſaid, ‘ Be comforted, my love, and let us ‘ not anticipate affliction.’—‘ O, Sir Archibald, what ‘ comfort is there for me! Am I not a mother? We ‘ have but one child to bleſs our waning years, and ‘ where is ſhe at this moment? Probably in the arms ‘ of ſome baſe raviſher! Oh, a thought rends my ſoul ‘ —heaven avert the omen! Captain Corner has been ‘ long in the north.’—‘ Let not this ſuggeſtion,’ re- plies the Baronet, ‘ add to your preſent unhappineſs. ‘ He durſt not be guilty of this double outrage. My

‘ lenity

'lenity on a former occaſion, would undoubtedly 'teach him humanity. He could not have the unpa-'ralleled audacity, to be guilty of this infamous 'tranſgreſſion.'—'This ſurmiſe of yours, Madam,' obſerves his Lordſhip, 'I am afraid, is but too well 'grounded. I ſaw Captain Corner paſs along the 'ſtreet to day, while I was dreſſing.' Lady Gray caſt her eyes upon her huſband, and with a look of the wildeſt diſtraction, cried 'Oh, oh,' and ſunk into the arms of Miſs Welman. Sir Archibald was moved at the reality of this diſtreſs, and whilſt he endeavoured to adminiſter aſſiſtance to his partner in ſorrow, the tear of grief ſtole down his manly cheek. Lady Gray opened her eyes, as he wiped it away, and ſobbing deeply, ſaid, 'wipe it not away, my love, it is 'the tribute of affection to a darling child, who is loſt 'to your embraces.' He turned away his face to conceal the agitation of his mind, while Miſs Welman, who yet ſupported Lady Gray in her arms, ſuffuſed the cheek of her amiable friend with the falling tears of unfeigned woe.

Sir Archibald having adminiſtered conſolation to his ſorrowful lady, and ſupported himſelf with as much compoſure as he could poſſibly aſſume, determined to return to the play-houſe, and enquire where probably he might gain ſome intelligence of his daughter. He was confirmed in this reſolution by the opinion of his Lordſhip, who offered to accompany him. Having kindly requeſted Lady Gray to ſuſpend her fears, as the power of the imagination was often more diſtreſſing than the real ſtroke of affliction, he left her, with an intention to leave no means untried, which might lead to a diſcovery of his loſt child.

When they arrived at the playhouſe, the doors were ſhut, and all was ſilent within. They regularly proceeded to every houſe, with the family of which he had the leaſt acquaintance. They all expreſſed their ſurpriſe at the enquiry, while he was ſo unfortunate, as not to obtain one iota of ſatisfactory intelligence. He wandered through the ſtreets, not knowing whither he went, and vainly enquired of every paſſenger.

With indefatigable induſtry, he ſought out the houſes of all the officiating chairmen, but had the mortification to receive no deciſive anſwers to his eager enquiries. The majority of them were intoxicated, and could not recollect the parties by whom they had been employed in the evening. Though ſo fortunate as to meet with the very men, who had carried Miſs Gray to the play-houſe, they were ſtubborn in aſſerting that they had brought her back, notwithſtanding the aſſertions of the Baronet to the contrary. His Lordſhip propoſed to take them into cuſtody, as the fear of puniſhment would certainly induce them to make a confeſſion, if they had been guilty of any criminality. Sir Archibald liſtened to the propoſal, but on weighing the buſineſs with due deliberation, ſuppoſed it was unneceſſary, as profeſſional men would certainly not be ſo baſe, as to betray their truſt for any gratuity. He noted down their names, if he thought it expedient to interrogate them to morrow, as they were evidently at this moment, in a ſtate of imperfect recollection. He left them, and recommenced his ſearch, but it was altogether ineffectual, and he returned to his lodgings in a ſtate of the utmoſt deſpondency.

They watched all night, in vain and fruitleſs hope of hearing every minute of the return of their lovely child. His Lordſhip was ſo paſſive as to watch along with them, and pretended to participate of all their grief. Lady Gray was inconſolable, and notwithſtanding the moſt earneſt entreaties of Sir Archibald, ſhe refuſed to retire to reſt. 'O what reſt,' ſays ſhe, 'can I partake of in this hour of parental anguiſh! 'My child, my only child, is undoubtedly raviſhed 'from my arms, and God alone knows, what deſtiny 'awaits her. She cannot be happy, her abſence is 'involuntary—and can I lay my head upon the pil-'low, and cloſe theſe eyes in ſleep, when perhaps my 'child, the comfort of my age, is at this moment call-'ing on me for aſſiſtance. Poor injured thing! Thou 'didſt never, never call in vain, whenever thy parents 'heard thy complaints. Where reſts thy head this 'night, thou peerleſs innocence! I am afraid, it reſts

'not

'not on a pillow. Wherever thou art, whether be-
'neath the protection of a friend, or trembling beneath
'the ruffian graſp of violence, may that Almighty
'power, who will not ſuffer the innocent to be finally
'oppreſſed, be thy guardian and protector! May he,
'when thou ſtretcheſt out thy hands for aſſiſtance,
'ſhield thee from every injury! May he, when thou
'calleſt for help, hear thy complaint, compaſſionate
'thy ſufferings, and reſtore thee immaculate to thy
'afflicted parents!'—'Theſe ejaculations,' replies Sir Archibald, 'though the genuine reſult of parental
'ſorrow, will not alleviate thoſe piercing throes which
'now perturb your boſom.'—'O blame me not! Real
'grief is not loquacious, and probably a very ſhort in-
'terval will convince you of the truth of this maxim.
'Let me indulge in the luxury of woe, whilſt I am
'capable of the indulgence. O have I not ſufficient
'cauſe!'—'There is a probability,' ſays his Lordſhip, 'and the well known attachment of the parties
'confirms the ſurmiſe, that Miſs Gray, by a pre con-
'certed agreement, may have followed Mr. Wel-
'man.'—'Peace with your ſurmiſes,' replies Miſs Welman, and the fluſh of indignation glowed upon her cheek, as ſhe ſpoke, 'You formerly accuſed my bro-
'ther of ſcandalous duplicity, but the event proved
'him honorable. By this direct inſinuation you wiſh
'to implicate him in guilt. This is not only uncandid
'and illiberal, but diſingenuous and mean.'

The night paſſed away in unavailing exclamations from Lady Gray, while the tender care of Sir Archibald adminiſtered the balm of conſolation, and bid her hope for a fortunate iſſue. He ſometimes ſhed the tear of condolence, but wiſhing to conceal it from the penetrating obſervation of his lady, he evidently put a reſtraint upon his own ſenſibility, leſt it might accumulate the preſſure of her heavy affliction. He vainly recapitulated their boding fears on a ſimilar occaſion, enumerated all the variety of their conjectures, whilſt overwhelmed with uncertainty, and drew ſome auſpicious concluſions from this examination.—Lady Gray ſhook her head, as deſpairing of the truth of

what

what he wiſhed her to believe. She eaſily penetrated into his deſign, and though ſhe approved of its tenderneſs, ſhe could not implicitly aſſent to its concluſions. Impreſſed with the gloomy idea of her daughter's ruin, contrived by the darkeſt villainy, no ray of conſolation could diſſipate its heavy ſhade which ſpread its baleful influence over all her mind. She feared, and ſhe expreſſed her fears. All attempts to alleviate her anguiſh by the unremitting kindneſs of Sir Archibald were inefficacious, and ſhe continued inconſolable through the ſtillneſs of the night.

As ſoon as the morning dawn illumined the concave of the heavens, and ſpread its genial influence over the ſurface of the earth, Sir Archibald, a victim to the grief, which he wiſhed to conceal, left the ſorrowful ladies, and attended by his Lordſhip, again patroled the ſtreets. Few were ſo early in their morning walk, as the worthy Baronet. The buſy crowd ſoon began to buſtle forth, and his enquiries were unceaſing. He wandered up and down, not knowing where he went, for ſeveral hours. The joyful faces, and unconcerned looks of the multitudes he met, reminded him of his former felicity, and added many a pang to his preſent anguiſh. Diſſatisfied with his ſearch, becauſe diſappointed, he returned to condole in reciprocal affliction with the partner of his woe. She perceived the oppreſſion of his mind, but was unable to aſſuage it, becauſe ſhe felt what he endured. Silence beſpoke their ſorrow, far more explanatory than all the empty exclamations which grief can articulate.

As the day advanced, their ſuſpicions of the infamy of Capt. Corner began to be confirmed. Wherefore it was propoſed by Sir Archibald, that he would immediately ſet out for Tulip houſe, and convince himſelf, whether the Captain were ſtill there, or had ſuddenly decamped. The propoſal was approved of by Lady Gray, who ſaid ſhe would accompany him. This determination, Sir Archibald obſerved, was not judicious, as it was certainly requiſite for one of them to continue in Newcaſtle ſome days longer, to glean,

glean, if poſſible, any intelligence which might be inſtrumental in the diſcovery of their daughter. This office was readily undertaken by Miſs Welman, while his Lordſhip particularly requeſted, that he might be permitted to partake of the duty which the lady was ſo zealous to perform. With this propoſal, they all thought proper to acquieſce, and the carriage being ready, Sir Archibald and Lady Gray immediately departed.

Miſs Welman and his Lordſhip being left together, a pauſe of ſome minutes enſued. He rang the bell, and Patrick entered. 'Bring me my 'pipes.' They were brought him in an inſtant, and he ſedulouſly began to buckle them about him. Miſs Welman reddened with anger at this unfeeling behaviour of her companion, and ſhe could not repreſs her indignation at this obdurate conduct, but reprimanded his inſenſibility by ſaying, 'ſhe hoped his 'Lordſhip would not inſult her by croaking in her 'preſence with that deteſtable inſtrument in this 'ſeaſon of affliction.'—'Pſha, pſha, Miſs Welman, replies his Lordſhip, 'what cauſe is there for affliction? Depend upon it, the lady has ſurrendered 'herſelf into the arms of ſome doting inamorato, and 'is at this very moment in the region of happi'neſs.'—'Your innuendoes, my Lord, are the reſult 'of a depraved mind. This freedom is warranted 'by friendſhip. You accuſe without any previous 'knowledge of the buſineſs, and condemn, becauſe 'it gratifies your envy. My amiable friend is above 'this impropriety of conduct. She would diſdain 'to act what wiſdom would not ſanction.'—'Ha, 'ha, ha! Miſs Welman, you are a pretty encomiaſt, 'and a ſtrenuous advocate for the infirmities of your 'ſex! I will venture this aſſertion, that Captain 'Corner is not the perſon who is moſt culpable in this 'occurrence.'—'My Lord, you are not only pro'voking, but you are downright inſolent. You are 'the only perſon I ever heard utter a diſreſpectful 'ſyllable of Miſs Gray. Her prudence was ever

'conſpicuous,

'conſpicuous, and her conduct has long been the 'praiſe of the candid and intelligent. It is abſo-'lutely impoſſible in this temporary ſcene, where 'envy is generally the predominant paſſion, for 'any individual, however cautious, however inno-'cent, to eſcape without cenſure.'—'You grow 'warm, Madam, as you proceed in the defence of 'your companion; but admitting ſhe were nearly 'arrived at a ſtate of perfection, there is certainly a 'poſſibility of her lapſing into error. And pray, 'where is the wonder, if Miſs Gray, a lady, young, 'handſome, and attractive, ſhould prefer the com-'pany and converſation of an ardent lover, to the 'dry, unmeaning conferences, and muſty precepts of 'her rigid parents?'—'For ſhame, my Lord, for 'ſhame! You are ſcurrilous, nay, you are worſe, 'you are ungrateful. If their lovely, but unfortunate 'daughter, could not eſcape your ſarcaſtic obſerva-'tions, a moment's ſerious reflection on the benevo-'lence, the kindneſs, and friendſhip of her parents, 'ought to have ſtruck you dumb. They merit 'not this diſeſteem from you'—'Heigh day, what 'have I ſaid to occaſion ſuch a ſharp reply? It is my 'humble opinion, that the woman is a fool, who 'will not pleaſe herſelf in the choice of a huſband. 'If Miſs Gray has done ſo, has ſhe not demon-'ſtrated her wiſdom by ſuch a reſolution? If ſhe 'were conſcious that her parents were averſe to 'her alliance with the man, on whom ſhe had 'beſtowed her heart, has ſhe not acted with be-'coming ſpirit, though by completing her own 'temporal happineſs, ſhe has occaſioned ſome ſmall, 'but tranſient uneaſineſs to her inexorable pa-'rents? I ſay ſhe is perfectly right, and I applaud 'her fortitude. Come, come, Miſs Welman, I 'know you are of my opinion, and though you are 'ſo grave and ſerious, you will ſmile when you hear 'one of my favourite ſolos.' He immediately ſtruck up with ſome martial air, and Miſs Welman walked out of the room.

Sir

Sir Archibald, though on no terms of friendſhip with the family, drove ſtraight up to Tulip-houſe. The Captain, in a ſtrain of politeneſs, expreſſed his ſatisfaction at this occaſional viſit, and was anxious for them to alight. The Baronet and Lady Gray readily accepted the invitation, and walked into the drawing-room. The Captain immediately perceived the gloom which overſpread the countenance of the amiable lady, and kindly enquired into the cauſe. 'You probe a wound, Sir,' replies the lady, 'which 'feſters with a very acute pain, and I am afraid 'its anguiſh will only terminate with my exiſtence.' The myſtery couched in this reply, was perfectly unintelligible to the Captain, who looked ſeriouſly at Sir Archibald, as if requiring an explanation. The Baronet underſtood him, and inſtantly aſked, 'if Cap-'tain Corner were within?'—'He is walking in the 'garden, Sir, with Mrs. Tulip. Do you wiſh to 'ſpeak to him?' Sir Archibald and Lady Gray looked at one another, whilſt their agitated countenances ſpoke the horror of their ſouls. They continued ſilent—the Captain was ſtupified with wonder—the door opened, and Mrs. Tulip and Captain Corner entered.

Sir Archibald recollecting the occaſion of his viſit, and obſerving the aſtoniſhment of the other part of the company, ſaid, 'I perceive your ſurprize, and 'ſee you are amazed at the novelty of my behaviour. 'I came hither under the perſuaſion of diſcovering a 'fatal truth. I am diſappointed, for here,' bowing to Captain Corner, 'is the gentleman who cauſed 'my ſuſpicion. I wiſh not to prevaricate, I hope I 'am above ſuch meanneſs. My daughter, by ſome 'inexplicable misfortune, is miſſing'—'and, Sir 'Archibald,' replies Captain Corner, 'you ſuſ-'pected me to be the cauſe of her abſence. No, I 'here ſolemnly avow my innocence, and humbly 'hope you will readily believe my avowal.'—'My 'ſuſpicion of your interference, Sir, in this unhappy 'affair, is totally evaporated, and I hope you will 'excuſe me. A prior indiſcretion, for which you

'were

'were very culpable, ſuggeſted this ſecond imputa-
'tion. But we are all obnoxious to miſtakes, and
'the affection of a parent is not eaſily obliterated.
'Time will aſſuredly diſcover, what at preſent eludes
'my detection.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XLV.

OF all the qualities with which the human character is disgraced, hypocrisy is certainly the most odious. There is something so mean, so base, and so disgustful in this vice, that it is generally detested wherever it is discovered. It is always assumed for some sinister purpose, and practised for the completion of some latent design. It is not congenial to the human mind. It becomes habitual from a willing depravity, and so powerful is its influence, that few are able to escape from its efforts. It is ever more eager in the pursuit, and more ardent in its professions, than probity, and hence arises the frequency of its deception. Credulity easily believes, and from this source is liable to a variety of impositions. The hypocrite has studied the nature of man. He is perfectly acquainted with all his mental weaknesses. This acquaintance encourages his procedure, and bids him hope for success. He perceives he is not disappointed in the attempt, and he pursues with vigour, what is calculated for his own interest. This single motive is the origin of all his actions. Here all his thoughts center. To the accomplishment of this odious point, he devotes all his attention, and success generally crowns his endeavours, because credulity has no suspicion of his design.

The hypocrite is always infamous, because he is always criminal. This is implicated in the practice. It would be absurd to suppose, that any man would spontaneously incur the imputation of villainy, without some advantage accrued from the practice. Hypocrisy is a wilful perversion of the rational intellect. It is a shameful degradation of the noblest of human endowments. And though it is always condemned, wherever it is discovered, as a detestable depravity, yet the hope of emolument induces too many to

adopt

adopt this abominable acquiſition. It is undoubtedly acquired, and by a long and unwearied attention, to attain to a proficiency in the abandoned art, many qualities are indiſpenſably requiſite. Deceit muſt be ſupported by impudence, and flattery by perſeverance. Theſe, when combined, are ſeldom diſappointed of their views. But how depraved muſt that man be, who can put them in action, to betray his conſtant benefactor!

His Lordſhip's preſence, and attention to the diſtreſs of the worthy family at Stanner-caſtle, incited no cauſe to ſuſpect his integrity. When in the company of Sir Archibald and his lady, he was ſevere in his cenſures of that infamous tranſaction, which occaſioned all their affliction. Though ſeemingly at a loſs where to fix the blame, he was eager to condemn the author, as a diſgrace to the character of humanity. This diſſembling conduct impoſed on the worthy Baronet. He ſuppoſed that his Lordſhip ſympathiſed in his affliction, and felt for that loſs, which he bewailed with all the poignancy of the keeneſt ſenſibility. In this ſuppoſition he was groſly deceived. His Lordſhip played a double part. At Tulip houſe, he ridiculed the affliction which rent the hearts of his benevolent friends. He laughed at the adroitneſs of the young lady, who had ſo egregiouſly duped her parents, that they knew not who to ſuſpect as the object of her affection. He praiſed the ingenuity, and applauded the ſpirit of Miſs Gray, which had ſo effectually gulled the watchfulneſs of age, and dared to act in contradiction to the precepts of acknowledged prudence. He jocularly told Captain Corner, the inclination of the lady was now too apparent, and aſked his forgiveneſs for ſuſpecting his veracity. This deluſive behaviour anſwered his preſent purpoſe, and he exulted in the triumph of his odious diſſimulation.

When the veſſel in which Miſs Gray was on board, arrived in Leith Roads, the evening was beginning to cloſe, and throw the ſhade of darkneſs over the fading hemiſphere. The maſter, who was ſolely attached to the intereſt of his Lordſhip, delayed as long

long as he poſſibly could to bring the veſſel to the quay. When the lady was handed out and brought on ſhore, the cautious diligence of Morris had provided a poſt-chaiſe to convey her immediately to Edinburgh. She remonſtrated againſt her illegal ſeizure, and proteſted, that being now on firm land, ſhe would aſſert her liberty. Morris aſſured her in a civil, but determined tone, that ſhe muſt comply with his orders. He knew his duty, and was reſolved to perform it. She ſeemed irreſolute, as unconſcious of her ſituation, and while ſhe trembled with fear, ſhe ſuffered herſelf quietly to be placed in the carriage, which inſtantly drove off towards the city.

When they arrived at the houſe of Mrs. Lowman, Miſs Gray was ſhewn into a very decent apartment. The furniture was neat, though not elegant. Every thing was calculated for convenience—nothing for oſtentation. She threw herſelf careleſsly into a chair, and whilſt ſhe was ſeriouſly ruminating on her forlorn condition, the miſtreſs of the houſe entered. She curtſied, and ſat down at a reſpectful diſtance. Miſs Gray eyed her with many an oblique glance. She was about ſixty years of age, and not much impaired by the ravages of time. Her face was ruddy, and her countenance ſomewhat ſullen. There was rather a forbidding frown on her forehead, which now and then was brightened by an occaſional ſmile. Her gray locks were twiſted and curled in a faſhionable degree, ſomewhat unbecoming a woman of her age. Her dreſs was more than plain, yet neat without being gaudy, and agreeable, without being expenſive.

After a pauſe of ſeveral minutes, Mrs. Lowman ſaid, 'Pray, Madam, may I preſume to enquire, how 'you feel yourſelf after the fatigues of your voyage?' —'Not very well,' replies Miſs Gray, 'I can aſſure 'you. It is my firſt, and it is a very unwelcome voy-'age.'—'I hope, Madam, you will ſhortly be better 'reconciled to it.'—'No never, never! Force is a 'bad application to conciliate affection. Whoever is 'the author of this deteſtable violence, and I am at 'no great loſs to gueſs who he is, from the infamy

'of

'of the action, may live to repent of his preſumption.'
—'You are rather indignant, Madam. Love is a
'mighty hero. There is no atchievement which he
'will not attempt, no exploit which he will not un-
'dertake. The more arduous the performance, the
'more glorious is the triumph. A lady is generally
'enraptured with this manner of courtſhip. She
'thinks it is due to her beauty, and deems no ſacri-
'fice too great for the attainment of her perſon. You
'ſeem to repine at your preſent reſtraint, but when
'you have entered within the honourable pale of ma-
'trimony, you will preſently forget and forgive the
'power which compelled you to taſte of inexpreſſible
'happineſs.'—'You ſeem Madam, from your diſ-
'courſe, to be acquainted with the author of my diſ-
'treſs, and to be apprized of the means by which I
'am detained an unwilling captive. You are a wo-
'man, let me appeal to your ſenſibility. I have a
'mother, kind, gentle, and affectionate. I am the
'only child of that mother; and ſhe loves me with
'all the tenderneſs of a parent. Think, O think,
'what ſhe muſt feel, at this time, when deprived of
'her only child. She bewails my abſence, but who
'ſhall comfort her! Who ſhall adminiſter conſolation
'to alleviate her ſorrow! No one is able to acquaint
'her with the deſtiny of her daughter. Will you,
'will you, Madam, compaſſionate my misfortunes,
'and be the happy inſtrument of reſtoring me to my
'parents?'—'Be not ſo diſpirited, Madam, your deſ-
'tiny is not unfortunate. A momentary affliction
'will be ſucceeded by a permanent enjoyment. Hap-
'pineſs awaits you. Corrode not the preſent moment
'with imaginary diſtreſs, for every wiſh will be amply
'gratified. Nothing is intended but what is perfectly
'honourable. Thoſe minutes of uneaſineſs, which
'at preſent you endure unneceſſarily, will ſoon be loſt
'amidſt the rapture of matrimonial felicity. Diſpel
'that heavy gloom of ſadneſs which clouds your
'lovely face, aſſume your wonted chearfulneſs, and
'be not diſcontented, whilſt you may enjoy unallay-
'ed happineſs. Young ladies are not always the beſt

'judges

'judges of their own tranquillity. I have ſeen the 'world, and contemplated its varying ſcenes; I have 'participated of the bitter cup of affliction, and drunk 'of the potion of ſorrow; but believe me, the true 'enjoyment of this life is always within our graſp, 'and let us not reject its ſweets, becauſe they are of-'fered to our touch.'—'Experience, Madam,' replies Miſs Gray, 'and I ſpeak from ſad experience, 'contradicts your aſſertion. I have cautiouſly endea-'voured through life to graſp felicity, but have fre-'quently been pained with the deepeſt throe of an-'guiſh. I am now a victim to the power of infamy, 'and you ſeem to trifle with my misfortune. I wiſh 'to return to the home from whence I have been ra-'viſhed, to the arms of thoſe parents, who are weep-'ing for my loſs. O they are good, they are bene-'volent! Will you experience their friendſhip, by 'acting the friend to their only child! I think you 'will. You cannot be ſo obdurate as to deny my re-'queſt.'—'Believe me, my dear, I will not deny 'you.'—'O bleſſed woman, you are my guardian an-'gel!' exclaims Miſs Gray, as ſhe roſe from her chair, and ran towards her. She took her by the hand, ſaying, 'I know you will not deceive me—'you will reſtore me to my parents—they will thank, 'they will bleſs you.'—'I will reſtore you—but firſt —you muſt pay your vows at the altar of matrimony, 'and then you will thank, and bleſs me for my time-'ly interference.'—'O talk not of that hated ceremo-'ny! Who am I to marry? I am not affianced to the 'author of my captivity, and no rational man would 'endeavour to compel me to take his hand, while I 'deteſt his perſon. Let us ſet out to-morrow. You 'ſhall ſtay with me, and my parents will amply re-'ward your friendſhip.'—'Be not ſo precipitate, my 'dear, you will not long deteſt the perſon, who is 'fallen a victim to your beauty. Your charms to be 'ſure, are captivating, and your lovelineſs attractive. 'That bluſh, which glows upon your cheek—that 'luſtre, ſo mild, and yet ſo winning, which ſparkles 'in your eye—that dimple'—'O Madam, you are a

'proficient

'proficient in the fulſome art of flattery! Yet you 'ſhall flatter my imputed beauty, you ſhall cajole my 'underſtanding, and I will ſmile at the reception of 'this ſuppoſed kindneſs. Only acquieſce with my 'demand, and you may praiſe me as you pleaſe.'—'I have promiſed, my dear, and will infallibly per-'form my promiſe.'—'You are all kindneſs, you are 'all indulgence let us ſet out to-morrow morning. 'Expence ſhall be no motive for our delay, I will 'gladly defray whatever we may incur on our jour-'ney.'—'But, my dear, you know the terms of ac-'commodation. I muſt ſcrupulouſly exact the per-'formance, or I ſhall become perjured to a former 'vow.'—'What terms do you demand! I will pay 'you any ſum.'—'You wilfully miſtake my meaning. 'When you have once tyed the nuptial knot, no re-'ſtriction will impede your immediate return.'—'O 'ſport not with my impatience. Why ſo playful, 'when you ſee me miſerable!'—'Miſery, my dear, 'is not your portion. Thouſands of ladies will envy 'your lot.'—'I am perfectly content with my preſent 'lot, why will you attempt an alteration of it!'—'To 'better it, my dear.'—'That is impoſſible. I am hap-'py in the ſtation which Providence has aſſigned me. 'I want for nothing. I love my parents, and am be-'loved in my turn. They prevent my wiſhes by an 'early gratification, and I honor them for their gene-'rous indulgence. What have I more to deſire?'—'A huſband, my dear, that is the firſt deſire of every 'young lady.'—'O how you tantalize with my feel-'ings. You one moment raiſe me on the pinnacle of 'hope, the next you ſtretch me on the torturing rack 'of deſpair. Give me liberty, or you give me unut-'terable woe. You ſmile—O were it the ſmile of 'friendſhip! How would I embrace you, how would 'I exult in this auſpicious meeting! You are ſilent. 'How ſhall I interpret this ſilence! Do you pity me, 'do you compaſſionate my ſufferings, and will you 'relieve them! Look upon me—I am innocent; and 'have no other wiſh, than the good of all my fellow 'creatures. Mercy is an attribute of the divinity, let

'us

'us endeavour to imitate him in this perfection. You 'look upon me—but your ſmile is fled. Shall I in- 'treat in vain—have you a daughter? Behold that 'daughter in me, betrayed and oppreſſed—on her 'knees ſupplicating for mercy, when no fault can be 'imputed to her, and ſinking beneath a load of grief, 'occaſioned by unparalleled infamy.'—'Riſe, my 'dear Madam.'—'You have promiſed, and will you 'deceive me? Let me not riſe, till you give me an aſ- 'ſurance, that to-morrow you will liberate me from 'every reſtraint.'—'You are too importunate, and 'requeſt what I cannot comply with. Whatever re- 'ſtraint you may here endure, will be eaſy, will be 'imperceptible, nay, will even be a pleaſure.'—'And 'ſo, Madam, you will deceive me! Do you not prize 'the enjoyment of your own liberty, and can you ſup- 'poſe, I can derive any pleaſure from the deprivation 'of mine?' Mrs. Lowman roſe from her ſeat, while Miſs Gray graſped her clothes, as ſhe kneeled upon the floor before her. 'Do not leave me in this horrid 'uncertainty. Turn me into the ſtreet, in the midſt 'of darkneſs and of danger, and let me provide for 'my ſecurity. I will confidently truſt to the guidance 'of that Providence, who will not forſake the unfortu- 'nate in the moment of affliction'—'I am ſorry, my 'dear, to be neceſſitated to refuſe your requeſt.'—'O 'refuſe me not! Why will you leave me!' Mrs. Lowman made towards the door, and Miſs Gray held her by the clothes, till ſhe fell upon the floor. She heard the door ſhut, and riſing from her proſtrate ſituation, ſhe looked wildly around her. She perceived herſelf alone, and throwing herſelf careleſsly on a chair, ſhe burſt into tears.

Having wept till ſhe was weary, and uttered a variety of complaints to the ſtillneſs of the night, ſhe became more calm and compoſed. She muſtered what reſolution ſhe was able, and riſing from her ſeat, began to examine her apartment. She firſt went to the door, but what was her aſtoniſhment, when ſhe found it locked on the outſide! She then tried the windows, but to her ſurprize, perceived them ſecured beyond the

the poſſibility of her being able to force them open. Confounded at this precaution, and trembling with the dread of her apparent perilous ſituation, ſhe again gave a vent to her ſorrow. She ſaw herſelf the victim of oppreſſion, and deſtined to a fate, the very thought of which, made her ſtartle with horror. She ſhuddered at the idea of again being in the power of her former proſecutor. She knew the impetuoſity of his temper, and ſhe had ſufficient cauſe to ſuſpect the effects of his violence. Trembling with terror, and convulſed with the frightfulneſs of her own conceptions, ſhe claſped her hands together in an agony of deſpair, exclaiming, 'O heaven, theſe trials are afflictive! If I 'am innocent, aſſiſt me to preſerve my innocence! 'Let not the wickedneſs of my oppreſſors prevail 'againſt me. Give me patience to endure thy chaſ-'tiſement, and ſuffer me not to repine at the diſpenſa-'tions of thy providence. Father of mercies, protect 'me in thy goodneſs, and vain will be the attempts 'of the oppreſſor to hurt me.' The door opened, and Mrs. Lowman entered. Miſs Gray eyed her for ſome ſeconds with the ſtare of wildneſs, and then turned from her with a look of diſguſt. 'What is the matter, Madam,' ſays Mrs. Lowman, 'that you 'thus turn from me, and ſeem terrified at my appear-'ance?'—'Conſult your own demeanour,' replies Miſs Gray, 'and ſee how I have merited this perſo-'nal reſtraint'—'I came, Madam, to aſk you to take 'a little refreſhment, before you retire to reſt.'—'Reſt 'is an alien to my boſom. There was a time, when 'I could ſleep ſound, when I was a ſtranger to in-'quietude, and unacquainted with woe. That happy 'time is fled, and with it all my comfort! Leave me, 'it is more delicious to brood over my ſufferings, 'than to feaſt on all the delicacies of nature.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XLVI.

To lull ſuſpicion aſleep, and exculpate himſelf from the charge of ingratitude, his Lordſhip continued among his friends for the ſpace of a week, after the diſappearance of Miſs Gray. He had aſſiſted in the neceſſary enquiries, and ſtigmatized the author of this domeſtic calamity with all the opprobrious epithets, that malice could ſuggeſt. He accompanied the good Mr. Bruce in a perambulation of many miles, and was the firſt to adopt the moſt fanciful propoſal, if it were but hinted, it might probably tend to a diſcovery. He was a daily witneſs to the unabating ſorrow of his worthy friend, but he was callous to all his ſufferings. He ſaw the ardent grief of the amiable Lady Gray; liſtened with a ſeeming attention to her piercing lamentations, but his obduracy was unrelenting; he gloried in the ſucceſs of his villainy, and gladly looked forward to the conſummation of his happineſs.

On the evening before his departure, he came to Stanner caſtle, and with a look indicative of real ſorrow, informed Sir Archibald of the reception of a letter, which demanded his immediate attendance in Edinburgh. He ſhewed him the letter which he had inſidiouſly fabricated to impoſe upon the benevolent Baronet. He expreſſed his ſorrow at the neceſſity of the journey, ſaying, 'the preſſure of affliction is often 'ſoothed by the preſence of a friend. If it were 'not buſineſs of the utmoſt importance which calls 'me hence, I ſhould think myſelf ungrateful in leaving you in this gloomy ſtate of deſpondency.'—'I thank you, my Lord,' replies Sir Archibald, 'for this generous token of your faithful friendſhip. 'Were I not to feel, when this fatal ſtroke of do-'meſtic affliction now hangs over me, I ſhould not

'be above, but very far beneath humanity. This 'journey, my Lord, muſt have its conſequent ex-'pences. Be pleaſed to accept of that bill for two 'hundred pounds. The ſum is not large, but it will 'enable you to ſupport that dignity which is attached 'to your rank.'—'Your beneficence, Sir Archibald, 'I can only return by acknowledgments. My gra-'titude is all my preſent wealth, and that you may 'command.'

When his Lordſhip arrived in Edinburgh, he was minutely informed by Mrs. Lowman of all her proceedings towards the young lady, who he had confided to her charge. He liſtened to her recital with attention, and praiſed her watchfulneſs with complaiſance. She ſaid, 'the lady at firſt was open and 'communicative, complained of the ſeverity of her 'treatment, and implored my aſſiſtance. She pro-'miſed an ample recompence, if I would aid her 'eſcape. I ſeemed to commiſerate her imaginary 'ſufferings, and ſhe immediately began to confide 'in my integrity. But, my Lord, you know, it is 'not by integrity I have paſſed through this world, 'and yet I hope, I am tolerably honeſt. I believe 'I never was truſted by any gentleman with a charge 'of this nature, which I did not execute with 'punctuality to my employer, and ſatisfaction to 'myſelf. In this conſiſts my peculiar merit. I am 'not of a conſtitution to be ſoftened by complaint, 'nor cajoled by flattery. I only mean to confer 'happineſs on the parties, and when this is the ut-'moſt of my deſign, I hope, I am not very culpa-'ble.'—'I am perfectly ſatisfied, my dear Mrs. 'Lowman,' replies his Lordſhip, 'with your preſent 'care and character; but by praiſing your own in-'tegrity, you have forgotten to inform me of the 'ſubſequent behaviour of the lady. Did you at-'tempt to impreſs her with the idea, by occaſional 'hints, that nothing but matrimony was intended. 'This conſideration, you know, might tend to alle-'viate her diſcontent.'—'Indeed, my Lord, ſhe has 'frequently been entertained with this information,

'but

'but ſhe ſeemed not to reliſh the propoſal. The 'more I touched upon this ſtring, ſhe became the 'more ſullen. I hinted that affluence and diſtinction 'would be her portion, but ſhe ſeemed to hear me 'with the utmoſt indifference, and henceforward 'treated me with reſerve. This deportment is the 'natural conſequence of her preſent reſtraint. The 'pretty bird, when it is firſt confined, will flutter 'round the wires of its cage, and try every method 'to eſcape; but after it has exhauſted its little 'ſtrength, it contentedly takes its perch, plumes its 'feathers, and entertains its jailor with the melody 'of its ſong. Thus it invariably happens with the 'beautiful warblers of the fair ſex. I ſpeak from 'experience, my Lord, and you may believe what 'I aſſert. They will flounce and flutter, weep, 'complain, and threaten for a ſeaſon; they will 'lament their unhappy fate, oppoſe with obſtinacy 'every propoſal for the eſtabliſhment of their own 'felicity, and reject with diſdain every advance to-'wards an honourable alliance; but this heroic and 'faſtidious behaviour, is only temporary. Perceiv-'ing all their efforts inefficient to obtain their de-'ſires, they become the tameſt creatures imaginable, 'and are more eager to enter the connubial yoke, 'than you are to lead them to the altar.'—'This 'definition,' returns his Lordſhip, 'of a lady's tem-'per, is flattering to my hopes. You are my guar-'dian angel. You ſhall direct my proceedings, and 'if ſucceſs crown our endeavours, I will amply re-'ward you for all your attention.'—'Succeſs, my 'Lord! What, do you deſpair? The buſineſs is 'already in our own power, and of conſequence, 'more than half performed. The principal difficulty 'is already ſurmounted, and the prize is within your 'graſp. If you let it ſlip through inattention, or 'loſe it by compaſſion, let me obſerve, you are very 'undeſerving of ſuch an ineſtimable jewel.'—'You 'talk, Madam, with all the confidence of a perſon 'who is already aſſured of victory. You are not 'aware of the ſpirit of the lady. Though ſhe ap-

'pear mild, complaiſant, and inoffenſive. I believe, 'ſhe will neither be readily cajoled, nor eaſily terri-'fied.'—'A ſhuttlecock, for what you believe, my 'Lord! Is ſhe not a woman? Let this conſideration 'prompt you to action, and if you fail, remember 'it will be your own fault. If ſhe reject you, and 'prove refractory, your love, your intereſt, ſay, ſhe 'is not to be the property of another.'—'But ſup-'poſe, Madam, all my rhetoric ineffectual to per-'ſuade her to accept of my hand, and ſhe finally 'refuſe my propoſal.'—'Then, my Lord, fear will 'certainly operate more forcibly, than all your elocu-'tion. Fear is a powerful antidote, and will ſooner 'humble a diſdainful mind, than all the obſequious-'neſs of the moſt cringing ſlave. But, my Lord, 'I have obeyed your orders to a tittle. She is a 'perfect ſtranger to the author of her confinement. 'She ſuſpects another gentleman, of whom ſhe ſeems 'to be in perpetual dread. She will ſoon be unde-'ceived, and remember you cautiouſly adhere to 'my directions.'

When Mrs. Lowman left his Lordſhip, ſhe went directly to wait upon Miſs Gray. On entering her apartment, ſhe found her employed in the peruſal of Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia. Miſs Gray continued reading, nor ſuffered herſelf to be interrupted by this unwelcome intruſion. Mrs. Lowman waited with ſome impatience, expecting ſhe would lay down the volume. Perceiving that ſhe took no notice, ſhe advanced towards her, ſaying, 'I ſee, my dear, you 'are agreeably entertained, but perhaps I may be 'the meſſenger of more agreeable intelligence.'—'You have ſo often raiſed, and ſo often depreſſed 'my hopes, Madam, during the few days of our ac-'quaintance, that I ſhall be more cautious for the 'future in believing any part of your communication. 'It ſeems to be your intention to deceive me. Why 'you have acted in this manner towards me, I am at 'no loſs to conjecture.'—'O, my dear, why are you 'ſo eager to cenſure my conduct? If I have not 'complied with every demand which your youthful

'impatience

'impatience has ſuggeſted; believe me, it was not 'for want of a due reſpect, but merely with a view 'to your future happineſs. That period is now ap-'proaching, and I have the pleaſure to inform you, 'that your lover is arrived, and will wait upon you 'immediately.' The information froze her very ſoul—ſhe looked at Mrs. Lowman with a glance of horror—ſhe grew pale, and trembled—the book dropped from her hands, and ſhe continued ſilent. After an interval of ſome minutes, ſhe roſe from her chair, ſaying, 'my lover—cruel appellation! My 'enemy, the determined enemy of my peace is again 'attempting my ruin. Madam, you are a woman—'are you in combination with my perſecutor? Will 'you protect me from outrage, and ſhield me from 'violence?'—'Pſha, pſha, my dear, your unneceſ-'ſary fear has overwhelmed your reaſon. Why this 'imaginary terror! You are here in ſafety—you 'are in honourable cuſtody.'—'Cuſtody, Madam, 'is not the term alarming? Is it not ſhocking to the 'ſenſibility of any innocent perſon, to be told ſhe 'is in cuſtody. If I have no cauſe to fear, why 'am I detained a priſoner? This very ſuggeſtion is 'more than ſufficient to betray your purpoſe.'—'O, 'my dear, what timidity you diſcover. I have no 'other purpoſe than the confirmation of your temporal 'felicity. This is a deſign which juſtice itſelf cannot 'condemn'—'Concerning the eſtabliſhment of my 'temporal felicity, I undoubtedly am the beſt judge. 'You have aſſumed a power to which you have no 'right. You have neither a natural, nor a legal 'claim to controul my inclination. Were your in-'tentions juſt and honourable, why this compulſory 'proceeding? Ah, words are too weak to varniſh 'over a bad cauſe! But my reſolution is formed, 'and I will not be happy againſt my will.'—'Ha, 'ha, ha! Excuſe my freedom, but indeed, my 'dear, you make me laugh. Not to be happy 'againſt your will! Why, where is the difference, 'if you be happy, whether it be with or againſt your 'will?'—'I wiſh not to interrupt your mirth, Ma-

'dam,

'dam, but I think it is ill-timed, if not inſulting. 'To ſport with the ſufferings of a fellow creature, 'in the hour of diſtreſs, when ſeparated from her 'friends, and dreading every moment to be plunged 'into the deepeſt abyſs of miſery, is a refinement in 'the horrid art of puniſhing.'—'Come, come, my 'dear, diſpel this heavy gloom, which corrodes your 'preſent peace, and tinges every thought with 'anxiety. Believe me, you have no juſt cauſe to 'be unhappy. Suſpicion is the very bane of content. 'Diſmiſs this tormenting fiend, and cheerfulneſs will 'be your conſtant companion. I will now introduce 'your lover. He is all impatience for an interview. 'He will chide my delay, and reprove my inconſide-'ration. Love, my dear, is an impatient paſſion, a 'minute's ſeparation is often deemed the completeſt 'miſery, and it would feaſt for ever on the object 'of its ardent deſires. Now, my dear, govern your 'temper, and I will immediately introduce the man 'who adores you.'—'O Madam, ſtop, leave me 'not alone! Let me conjure you by all that is 'ſacred, let me intreat you for the honor of our 'ſex, not to be inſtrumental to the ſucceſs of any 'perfidious action! I am weak, very weak, a ſtranger 'among ſtrangers, and will you give me a prey to 'villainy!'—'Upon my word, my dear, you are an 'inſinuating little creature. But this delay will add 'torture to a boſom already tormented by your 'charms, and I know, he is impatient to become the 'advocate of his own cauſe.'

At this inſtant, the door opened, and his Lord-ſhip entered. Miſs Gray ſtarted backwards, and ſtared wildly on the object of her terror. Perceiving her miſtake, and immediately recogniſing her ac-quaintance, ſhe ran towards him in the rapture of exultation, crying, 'Here is my deliverer, and my 'fears are vaniſhed!'—'Now my dear,' ſays Mrs. Lowman, 'did I not aſſure you, that your fears 'were imaginary, and that my deſign was only the 'completion of your happineſs? I hope for the 'future you will give more credit to my aſſertions.'

His

His Lordſhip looked at Mrs. Lowman, and ſhe inſtantly quitted the room.

'O my Lord,' ſays Miſs Gray, while the beam of gladneſs ſparkled in her eyes, 'I eſteem this a pro-'vidential interpoſition. You are come ſo oppor-'tunely to free me from this odious confinement, 'and reſtore me once again to my beloved parents. 'How are my papa and mama, and when did you 'leave Stanner-Caſtle? How did they bear my 'loſs? They were all affection, and I am afraid 'they will be much afflicted?'—'Indeed, Madam, 'your parents are real ſtoics. They bore your diſ-'appearance with an apathy which aſtoniſhed all their 'acquaintance. On their return from the play, they 'waited your coming with ſome impatience, and 'grieved a little thro' the night. When I ſaw them 'next morning, and began to ſympathize with them 'on their recent affliction, they received my condo-'lence with the utmoſt indifference, ſaying, That 'ſuch an unpardonable levity was unworthy of a 'ſerious thought. I was ſurprized at this behaviour 'ſo unnatural and unbecoming, and while I made a 'tender of my ſervices to aſſiſt in any enquiry, which 'prudence might deem neceſſary, I was confounded 'to hear Sir Archibald give orders to put to the 'horſes. Your parents, accompanied by Miſs Wel-'man, left Newcaſtle that very day. My advice, to 'make a ſtrict enquiry, was received with cold-'neſs, nay, rejected with contempt. When I went 'to the caſtle the day following, the wonted ſerenity 'of your parents was returned, and your Papa ob-'ſerved to me, with a ſmile upon his countenance, 'That he was now convinced you had impoſed on 'him by an inſcrutable train of diſſimulation, and 'that your former elopement had been voluntary, 'notwithſtanding your aſſertions to the contrary. He 'added, ſince your ingratitude was now apparent, he 'was determined to diſcard you for ever, and be no 'more a dupe to your natural hypocriſy. Your 'Mama aſſented to the ſeverity of this reſolution, 'and obſerved you were undoubtedly the moſt de-

'ceitful

'ceitful of women'—'O heavens,' exclaims the diſtracted fair one, 'how unſearchable are thy 'ways! I never had a thought from my earlieſt in-'fancy, but what was dictated by gratitude. Alas, 'I ever loved, and ever will love my parents! 'They were always tender, and affectionate. They 'ſuſpect my virtue. I have been unfortunate. I 'am the ſport of chance. But yet I am, and will 'continue innocent. Diſcarded by my parents! O 'it is a cruel thought. They were not accuſtomed 'to be cruel to me. Alas, whither ſhall I go! But 'ſurely they will not diſcard me. Their credulity 'is impoſed on, and I am the victim of ſome mali-'cious repreſentation. I am ſtill their daughter, 'yes, their dutiful, their innocent daughter. Their 'love, from a ſuppoſition of my diſobedience, may 'be ſuſpended, it is abſolutely impoſſible it ſhould 'be extinct already. O my mother, can you forget 'your child, will you reject my duty, and prove me 'an alien to your affection! No, no, my Lord, 'take me from this hated place, where I have no 'other companions but horror and deſpair.'—'Be 'not ſo precipitate, my dear Madam, ſuch expedi-'tion, inſtead of anſwering any ſalutary purpoſe, 'might be productive of further diſcontent.'—'Im-'poſſible, my Lord, I was brought hither by force, 'I have been kept here by force, and the ſooner I 'am liberated from this loathſome reſtraint, the 'ſooner will I be reſtored to thoſe parents, who are 'offended at my ſuppoſed treachery. Unhappineſs 'will be my unvarying portion till the arrival of that 'propitious moment.'—'Be not too ſanguine, Ma-'dam, in ſuch an expectation. The more ardent 'our hopes, the more inſufferable is our miſery, if 'we be diſappointed. I am ſorry to aver, that the 'rage of your parents is at preſent inexorable. 'Therefore the delay of a few weeks, which is the 'earneſt advice of a confidential friend, will aſ-'ſuredly be of more avail, than an immediate ap-'pearance before them, when their indignation is 'at the higheſt.'—'Stay here, my Lord, a few

'weeks!

'weeks! You are certainly unconſcious of the ad-
'vice you give me. I am betrayed, and would you
'require me to continue a minute longer in the
'power of my betrayers, than I can aſſert my li-
'berty? Mrs. Lowman has declared herſelf in the
'intereſt of my enemy. You are, you will be my
'friend.'—'You have, Miſs Gray, no enemies in
'this place'—'No enemies, my Lord! what a
'ſtrange perverſion of language! Is he not my
'mortal enemy, who can ſeize my perſon by force,
'deprive me of my natural, and legal liberty, and
'detain me a priſoner in a cloſe confinement? Is
'he not my inveterate enemy, who can deliberately
'inflict the pang of miſery, torment me with deſpair,
'and bring upon my ill-fated head the diſpleaſure of
'my parents?—'Probably, Madam, there is a cauſe
—'What cauſe, my lord! No cauſe whatever, will
'give a ſanction to injuſtice.'—'The cauſe, Madam,
'may be very powerful, though not perfectly juſt.'
—'If not juſt, my Lord, it is then infamous, and
'the ſooner I am emancipated from the clutches of
'infamy, the more pleaſure it will give to the advo-
'cate of virtue. Let us go, and not heſitate another
'moment. I have no dread of my parents' diſ-
'pleaſure. When once they are informed of the
'real truth, they will commiſerate, and not con-
'demn me.'

She made towards the door—his Lordſhip caught hold of her hand, ſaying, 'ſtop, my angel, ſtop.' She looked earneſtly on his face—the tremor of confuſion was apparent on his countenance. She perceived his embarraſſment, and haſtily drew away her hand, ſaying, 'you are not, my Lord, of the 'party, who conſpire againſt me?' He interpoſed himſelf betwixt her and the door. 'What do I ſee! 'am I deſerted by the whole world!'—'Be calm, 'my love, the world frowns not upon you. Only 'relax of your ſeverity towards me, look upon me 'with an eye of pity, and you ſhall immediately be 'the ſole arbitreſs of all your own actions.'—'Hah! 'what do I hear! But it is impoſſible! You can-

'not

'not—you durſt not ſurely perpetrate ſo baſe an 'action!'—'I dare do any thing, my angel, to ſecure 'your love.'—'Moſt righteous heaven, why ſleeps thy 'vengeance! But it is morally impoſſible, my Lord, 'for you to be the author of my violent capture.'—'It is phyſically poſſible, Madam. A moment's re-'flection on the inſuperable violence of my love, will 'unriddle the whole myſtery. You peremptorily 'forbad me to touch upon the ſubject, you rejected 'my ſuit with a determined coldneſs, and ſeeing no 'proſpect of immediate ſucceſs, I embraced this 'method'—'O monſter of ingratitude! Is this the 'return which you make to my much-injured parents 'for their unuſual beneficence? Reflect, O reflect 'on all their kindneſs, and if one ſpark of gratitude 'centres in that boſom, you will abominate yourſelf 'for this infamous violation of friendſhip.'—'Rail 'not at me, Madam, nor condemn me for an action, 'which your beauty has prompted me to do. I am 'unhappy—I am miſerable—life itſelf is a burden 'without you forgive my preſumption—forgive my 'daring outrage. Your charms were irreſiſtible, 'and I was a prey to deſpondency. My propoſals 'are honourable. Only receive my addreſs with 'civility—bid me hope, and happineſs will be our 'inevitable lot.'—'Happineſs, prophane not the 'word, falſe man! It is a horrid application to gild 'the pangs of miſery. I will never bid you hope, 'but if deſpair will harrow up your ſoul, it is the 'juſt reward of ſuch atrocious conduct. You may 'triumph for a while, but your triumph muſt be 'ſhort. It is contrary to natural order, it is repug-'nant to juſtice, and oppoſite to common ſenſe, to 'ſuppoſe, that ſuch abandoned behaviour can eſcape 'with impunity.'—'How cruel, and yet how beau-'tiful! Bid me not deſpair—that is worſe than 'death itſelf. If my paſſion had not been invincible, 'if my peace had not been irrecoverably deſtroyed, 'no conſideration in the world ſhould have induced 'me to the commiſſion of ſuch an action. But, O 'Miſs Gray, think what I ſuffer, and ſuffer it for

'your ſake!'—'A man who can be guilty of ſuch 'flagrant treachery, will never ſcruple to prevaricate 'on the ſubject of love. The very mention of the 'word is grating to my ears, therefore, if you 'value my peace, you will inſtantly deſiſt, and quit 'my apartment.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XLVII.

HIS Lordſhip had no ſooner retired than ſhe began to reflect on the peculiarity of her caſe. She ſaw herſelf ſurrounded with imminent danger, beſet by the votaries of diſſimulation, and ſubject to a power, which ſcorned the controul of juſtice. She ſeriouſly conſidered the repreſentation which was given of her parents' conduct, and concluded it to be the reſult of infernal cunning. She penetrated the ſhallowneſs of the inſidious ſcheme, and believed it to be the ebullition of hypocriſy. Convinced by the unvarying experience of many years of the affection of her beloved parents, ſhe had no reaſon to believe, they would reprobate her conduct, and ultimately diſcard her, before they were apprized of the treachery to which ſhe had fallen a victim. She contemplated their former kindneſs, recollected all their tenderneſs, and wept at their ſuppoſed unkindneſs. In the perturbation of her mind during the firſt minutes of the interview, ſhe had not time to detect the intentional calumny which was deſignedly caſt upon her parents. The ſubſequent declaration of love, and confeſſion of infamy, immediately convinced her, the attempt was to impoſe upon her judgment. This conviction induced her to lament the untowardneſs of her fate, and ſtrengthened her reſolution to oppoſe every deſign, which might tend to an alliance with the man ſhe deſpiſed.

The ingratitude of his Lordſhip, and the villainy of his conduct, excited her warmeſt indignation. She recapitulated all the offices of kindneſs, he had for a ſeries of years received from her family. He was ſnatched from the horrors of want, by the bounty of her father, ſupported by his beneficence, and eſtabliſhed in a line congenial to his wiſhes; he was fed at his table, and treated with the hoſpitality of a tried friend;

friend; he was encouraged to proceed in the paths of rectitude, and the way pointed out by paternal indulgence; and yet, so base was his mind, so depraved his disposition, that he treacherously returned all this kindness of her father, by a daring attempt on the honor of his daughter. What a precedent of mental degeneracy!

In the midst of these provoking reveries, Mrs. Lowman entered. She accosted Miss Gray in the tone of familiarity, saying, 'I hope, my dear, you are 'perfectly convinced of my late assurances, that to 'establish your happiness was the sole intention of 'my interference in this business. I know not how 'it is, but I find myself much interested in your be-'half. You have won my affections by your insinu-'ating manner, and I feel all the pleasure of a mo-'ther, when I look upon your beauty. I once had 'a daughter, and I loved her well. You are the 'very model of my amiable child. She had just 'counted eighteen years—was lovely—was beautiful '—the envy of one sex, and the admiration of the 'other. The bloom of health sat glowing on her 'cheek, and the smile of sprightliness sparkled in 'her eye. I deemed myself happy in my child, and 'vainly looked forward to those years, when she 'might console my age, and alleviate the infirmities 'which attend its decline. But alas, the spoiler 'came. Love with his sallow fingers blighted the 'bloom upon her cheek—dimmed the lustre of her 'eye—her sprightliness fled, and was succeeded by 'the dullest melancholy—in short she died—an early 'victim to this early love, and left me an unhappy 'parent for the remaining portion of my life. I had 'planned out a line of happiness, which she obstinately 'opposed; I pointed out her duty, which she readily 'acknowledged; I admonished her to be prudent, 'which she always promised, but, alas, she drooped 'beneath a passion which she thoughtlessly indulged, 'and wished to explode, when it was too late to 'destroy its power. This was the effect, and in-'variably will be of an early, irregular attachment.'—

'I feel

'I feel for your ſufferings, Madam,' replies Miſs Gray. 'The loſs of a lovely daughter will be long remembered. The recollection of her beauty will excite the livelieſt ideas of ſorrow in the boſom of her parent. But there is this conſolation, ſhe drooped beneath the ſtroke of nature, not by the hand of treachery. The retroſpect will be always painful; but let us remember, what do we gain by our longer continuance! Too often, nothing more than years of increaſing ſolicitude, and an aggravation of human miſery; and when the cup of human woe is full, we muſt cloſe our eyes on this tranſient ſcene of folly, and leave it to the enjoyment of thoſe, who vainly expect to reap happineſs, where we have gleaned nothing but anxiety.'—'Theſe gloomy thoughts, my dear, embitter your preſent moments.'—'They were ſuggeſted by an attention to your recital, and are certainly congenial to my preſent unhappy ſituation.'—'Happineſs, my dear, is every moment within your reach. You ſee a nobleman of the firſt rank and diſtinction, imploring your mercy, and ſoliciting your favor. He has dared for your ſake, to overſtep the bounds of prudence; he has forfeited for ever the eſteem of your parents, without you condeſcend to reſtore him to their friendſhip, and now he is an humble ſuppliant for that affection, which infallibly will be the baſis of your future felicity.'—'To be happy, Madam, is not always in our own power. Happineſs is a mere relative term. It ſolely depends upon a variety of circumſtances. One individual will enjoy it, where another would expect to be miſerable. The peaſant is probably more happy in his clay-built cot, with his brown cruſt, and draught of water, than the peer in his gorgeous palace, rioting in all the luxuries of a ranſacked univerſe. Exalt the peaſant into the peer, and you infallibly deſtroy that peace, which was his invariable companion in the ſphere of his humility: reduce the peer into the peaſant, and though you have diſincumbered him of a multiplicity of uſeleſs cares, the recol-

'lection

'lection of his former magnificence will not add 'to his preſent tranquillity. Hence, we may con-'clude, that happineſs is excluſively attached to 'no ſingle ſtation, but is enjoyed moſt pure by 'thoſe, who are contented with that lot which an 'all-wiſe Providence has aſſigned them.'—'Indeed, 'my dear, though I aſſent to your reaſoning, yet 'I muſt conclude, you are born to hold a diſtin-'guiſhed rank in ſociety, and to be an ornament to 'the higheſt ſtations.'—'Pray, Madam, do not 'flatter me. It is an odious practice, and agreeable 'to none, but the vain, the thoughtleſs, and the 'ambitious. To be proud of external colour, or 'an exact ſymmetry of features, is very injudicious. 'The one is far excelled by the beauty of the roſe, 'and the other by a variety of objects, which daily 'eſcape our attention. Beſides, what merit can 'we derive from the gift? We were not inſtru-'mental in the acquiſition. It was an accidental 'bounty, and we ought to be humble, whenever 'we reflect on its fleeting bloom.'—'You never, 'Miſs Gray, looked half ſo captivating, as during 'the expreſſion of this ſelf-denying praiſe. You 'may undervalue the gift, as much as you pleaſe, 'but wherever it is beſtowed, admiration will be 'demanded. You are conſcious of your power, and 'though you ſeem to deſpiſe it, you cannot but com-'miſerate the victim of your beauty. Lay aſide 'this aſſumed obduracy of heart. See, both diſtinc-'tion and title await you! What thouſands of 'young ladies would exult in the offer, while their 'beating hearts fluttered at the glitter of a coronet. 'Come, come, let us have no more unneceſſary de-'lay. Conſent with a good grace, and I ſhall im-'mediately ſet about the preparations of your ma-'trimonial feaſt, with all the ſatisfaction of an en-'raptured mother.'—'Your perſuaſions, Mrs. Low-'man, ſhall never prevail with me to accept a 'huſband, whoſe conduct I behold with abhor-'rence. The glitter of diſtinction, and the no-'thingneſs of title, on which you ſeem to dwell

'with

'with exultation, have no charms for me. They 'are the appendages of opulence; ſometimes of 'merit, and ſometimes of infamy. In the preſent 'inſtance, though I were vain enough to graſp at 'the pageant, it would certainly elude my attempt.' '—Let not this conſideration, my dear, diſcourage 'you. It is confidently reported, that all the titles 'and eſtates which were forfeited, will ſoon be 'reſtored. I can aſſure you of the authenticity of 'the report.'—' Were the act of proſcription re-'pealed to-morrow, were his Lordſhip endowed 'with all the ſounding honors, which the vaineſt 'and the weakeſt mind can deſire, my reſolution 'ſhould remain unchanged, and I ſhould continue 'to deſpiſe the man, who ſought my affection by 'infamy.'—' How obſtinate, how perverſe is this 'diſpoſition! You ought, my dear, to conſider 'ſeriouſly the ardor of his Lordſhip's paſſion, and 'delicacy of your preſent ſituation.'—' Madam, I 'underſtand your hint. It conveys a covert threat; 'but the mind which is inviolably attached to virtue, 'has nothing to fear.'

When Mrs. Lowman left Miſs Gray, ſhe went immediately to his Lordſhip, and communicated to 'him the reſult of their converſation. ' I perceive, 'my Lord,' ſays ſhe, ' that perſuaſions are ineffec-'tual to bend the ſtubborn pride of this haughty 'lady. She ſoars above the reach of the moſt al-'luring promiſes, and contrary to the tendency of 'the whole ſex, ſets pomp and diſtinction at de-'fiance. She muſt be humbled, my Lord, and 'though at preſent, ſhe walks upon ſtilts, ſhe muſt 'be taught to know herſelf. You have adventured 'too far to recede. You muſt advance, and though 'ſhe continue determined in her oppoſition to your 'ſuit, ſhe muſt be taught to fear, that you can exact, 'what ſhe obſtinately refuſes to beſtow. This will 'operate with more influence, than all the per-'ſuaſive powers of elocution. She will bend, though 'reluctantly, and when you are once in a legal 'poſſeſſion of her perſon, her future reproaches

'will

'will only excite your merriment. She muſt not, 'ſhe ſhall not eſcape without the accompliſhment 'of our purpoſe.'—'You bid me hope, Madam, 'and I am ready to purſue every tittle of your di-'rections. It is impoſſible for me to recede with 'honor. I can marry her againſt her inclination, 'and though ſhe proteſt againſt the legality of the 'rite, there will be no difficulty in ſuborning wit-'neſſes, who for a trifling conſideration will 'ſwear to her willing compliance.'—'That ſcheme, 'my Lord, ſhall be our laſt reſource. She po-'ſitively ſhall be yours. Only follow my advice 'with punctuality, and if ſhe fall not willingly into 'your arms, I will for ever forfeit my opinion of 'my ſex.'—'I know, my better angel, your adroit-'neſs in your profeſſion, and ſince you are ſo con-'fident of ſucceſs, you may reſt aſſured of an ample 'recompence. She is heireſs to a princely fortune, 'of which the benevolence of her parent will not 'deprive her. Though from the preſſure of miſ-'fortunes, I ſhall bring no affluence to the family, 'the diſtinction I ſhall confer upon it, will more 'than repay this imaginary loſs.'—'Let your ſole 'endeavour, my Lord, be to flatter her vanity. 'Every woman is vulnerable on this ſide. If ſhe 'continue deaf to all regular approaches of this na-'ture, one briſk aſſault will accompliſh, what years of 'fawning could never obtain.'

After a variety of inſtructions, calculated to deceive and ruin the honor of the innocent, from this arch ambaſſadreſs of infamy, his Lordſhip again waited on the amiable Miſs Gray. He found her penſive, and thoughtful, leaning againſt the edge of the window, which looked into a large uncultivated garden, encompaſſed with high ſtone walls. She ſighed frequently, and though he ſtood upon the floor for ſome minutes, ſhe was utterly inattentive to his preſence. The tears began to trickle down her cheeks, and turning from the window, ſhe walked to the other ſide of the room.

His

His Lordſhip ſeemed to condole with her, and ſympathize in thoſe feelings which occaſioned her preſent ſorrow. He approached her, ſaying, 'may 'I, Madam, enquire the cauſe of this affliction, 'which draws theſe tears from your eyes?'—'Aſk 'your own inhumanity Deprived of every ſolace, 'which this world affords, bereft of every comfort, 'which I have a right to enjoy, can it excite your 'wonder to behold me unhappy? Lately I was 'the happieſt of my ſex, and might have continued 'ſo, had not your diabolical contrivances involved 'me in miſery. Surrounded with the company of 'thoſe, who were worthy of my eſteem; beloved 'by my parents, who were always tender; in the 'tranquil enjoyment of all that is virtuous and de-'lightful, what more had I to wiſh? This pleaſur-'able ſcene might have long continued, but, alas, 'you envied me the pleaſure. Your baleful power, 'which has blighted all my hopes, came ſweep-'ing with its peſtilential influence, and plunged me 'at once into an abyſs of woe.'—'O Miſs Gray, 'my love, my angel, were it poſſible for you to 'feel, what I ſuffer, you would not only forgive 'my raſhneſs, but commiſerate my anguiſh! But 'you are inſenſible, you are obdurate. You reject 'me with diſdain, and ridicule my miſery—you —'This, my Lord, is a hackneyed topic. You 'know my final determination, and nothing ſhall 'compel me to alter it. I am not to be gained by 'compulſion. My ſoul recoils from the hand of 'force, and diſdains to truckle to the gingle of 'deceit. You have practiſed both, but you have 'not advanced in my eſteem from the practice. 'What open, ingenuous virtue cannot obtain, I 'will never confer on the covert machinations of 'hypocriſy.'—'Still, Miſs Gray, inexorably ſe-'vere!'—'Never ſevere, but when villainy de-'mands my frown. With what juſtice can you tax 'me with ſeverity? I am a woman, a free-born 'woman, and have an undoubted right to all the

'privileges

'privileges of perſonal liberty; yet, you, by an act
'of the moſt daring violence, have deprived me of
'my natural claim, and forcibly immured me in a
'cloſe confinement. You have employed an emiſ-
'ſary both to cajole, and terrify me. Reflect on
'this conduct, and you will be ſilent on the ſub-
'ject of ſeverity.'—'But, O conſider, I love, yes
'love, an inexorable lady, and this will plead an
'excuſe for the imputed enormity of my conduct.
'Here on my bended knees, let me ſupplicate your
'pity. Your cruelty is unnatural. You, who can
'ſhow compaſſion to the helpleſs, crawling inſect,
'and cautiouſly turn aſide, rather than injure its
'tender frame, can never be indifferent to the ſuf-
'ferings of a fellow being. Thoſe ſufferings which
'are inflicted by yourſelf, and continued by your
'inflexibility—thoſe ſufferings which I endure from
'that fatal beauty, and which I adore, whilſt I
'bleed beneath its power, are certainly deſerving
'of your compaſſion.'—'I may, my Lord, com-
'paſſionate, what I cannot relieve. I never denied
'you this poor conſolation. I would not ſpon-
'taneouſly tread upon the inſect that crawls upon
'the ground before me, from this conſideration,
'it has never injured me. Wherefore in this in-
'ſtance, I carry my compaſſion beyond its accuſ-
'tomed bounds. You have injured me, and yet
'I can forgive the injury.'—He aroſe, and advancing
to take her hand, ſaid, 'can you, dear ſoul, forgive
'me! This is ſurely the firſt approach to love'—
'No, no, you are too precipitate. Suſpend your
'ardor, and liſten to me with attention. See, on
'that bended ſpray, how happy, how ſprightly, is
'that little warbler! See, with what alacrity it
'flits from bough to bough, and perches with chear-
'fulneſs on the higheſt twig, whilſt the garden re-
'echoes with the melody of its ſong! Can you tell
'me the cauſe of its preſent happineſs.'—'Indeed,
'my love, the only cauſe I can ſurmiſe is, that it is
'natural to the bird to be thus jocund and lively.'—

'Ah,

'Ah, what is natural, is always delightful; but 'it is liberty that tunes its throat, and gives its 'harmony to the groves.' She ſighed deeply, and looking him ſteadfaſtly in the face, continued: 'Can 'you, my Lord, with a boſom impenetrable to in-'treaty, refuſe me that privilege, which this little 'tenant of the wood enjoys? Can you hear me 'lament, bewail inceſſantly the loſs of liberty, and 'not liſten to the voice of my complaint? Now, 'behold me a ſuppliant to you for pity. Let me 'implore your compaſſion, and if you grant my re-'quiſition, I will ever with gratitude acknowledge 'the obligation.'—'Speak, my angel, what can you 'aſk, that I will not comply with?'—'Will you ſo-'lemnly promiſe.'—'I will ſolemnly ſwear, and 'call my God to witneſs the ſincerity of my oath.' '—Then take me immediately to Stanner-caſtle, 'reſtore me to the arms of my parents, and I will 'eſteem you to the lateſt moment of my exiſtence.'— 'Hah, what have I ſaid, and how was I ſurprized 'into this abſurdity! Reſtore you to the arms of 'your parents! No, by heaven, never till you are 'my wife. You flattered me into a promiſe, nay, 'you cajoled me into an oath; but as my intention 'was contrary to the tenor of my vow, my con-'ſcience will not admit of the performance.'—'O 'conſcience, conſcience, how is thy ſacred power 'profaned! Thou pointeſt to the duty, and en-'courageſt the performance, but intereſt, paſſion, or 'any other ſiniſter motive can warp thy intention, and 'ſet at nought thy celeſtial influence! Your wife! 'You will not reſtore me to my parents, till I be 'your wife! This pulſe ſhall ceaſe to beat, this 'heart ſhall ceaſe to throb, before that fatal mo-'ment'—'What ſo lovely, and yet ſo determined! 'This cruelty, this inexorable cruelty, may coſt you 'dear!'—'Threaten and perform. I am ſteeled 'againſt the threats of villainy. Whilſt life remains, 'and it ſhall remain, till the power that gave it, take 'it away, you never ſhall ſubdue my will.'—'Madam,

'you

'you are in my power, that thought ſhould make you 'tremble.'—'No, I ſcorn to tremble at the bluſter- 'ing words of man. Caſt thy eyes above, there 'reigns a God, who notes the turpitude of thy actions, 'and will infallibly puniſh them. Think on him, 'and ſhudder at thy fate.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XLVI.

THERE are ſome minds which ſoar above misfortune. They deſpiſe calamity, and magnanimouſly bear up beneath its moſt heavy preſſure. Whether the misfortune be deemed incidental, or concluded to be the reſult of malicious contrivance, it is endured with heroic fortitude, and contemned with a becoming greatneſs of ſoul. Theſe laudable qualities, though they enſure not true happineſs to the poſſeſſor, yet they always confer a certain degree of tranquillity, to which they who indulge in a conſtant lamentation are perfect ſtrangers. To complain, is not the method to remove an evil. It preſſes with redoubled weight on the mind of the coward. It attacks with accumulated vigor, and infallibly deſtroys every moment of his peace. He is ever ſuſpicious of ſome latent danger, and afraid to loſe his preſent good. He ſees, or thinks he ſees, what is certain never to happen. This fearful diſpoſition is an unceaſing torment. By being indulged, it continues with increaſing violence, and the mind which ought to brave the moſt tremendous danger, now trembles at a ſhadow. Hence that imaginary ſpecies of unhappineſs, ſo prevalent among the multitude. It creates a variety of complaints, gives birth to diſcontent, and realizes miſery by the powerful operation of fear.

How different is the mind endued with the heroic quality of fortitude. Superior to misfortune, he manfully deſpiſes its utmoſt force. He never anticipates calamity, but cautiouſly endeavours to avoid its power. If it come, he wiſely conſiders it as the lot of humanity, and bears its incumbent preſſure without repining. This prudent conduct alleviates the load, and not unfrequently removes it altogether. The timid and inconſiderate contemplate this deportment with ſurprize, not reflecting, that to dread a diſaſter

diſaſter before its arrival, is to create a real evil. Experience demonſtrates the truth of the obſervation. Many events in life, which would overwhelm thouſands in diſcontent and anxiety, if met with magnanimity, and oppoſed with fortitude, loſe all their malignant power, and drop harmleſs by the ſide of him, who ſmiles at the accidents of chance, or prudently endures the machinations of envy.

After the laſt interview with his Lordſhip, Miſs Gray reflected ſeriouſly on her critical ſituation. She ſaw the imminent danger to which ſhe was hourly expoſed. She deliberated with herſelf, on the poſſibility of an eſcape, and ſaw it attended with inſurmountable difficulties. No perſon was admitted into her preſence, and Mrs. Lowman was the only female ſhe was permitted to ſee. She maturely weighed the infamous innuendoes of this very worthy lady, and was at no loſs to divine the nature of her office. She plainly perceived from the whole tenor of her behaviour, ſhe had nothing to expect from her humanity. She ſuſpected her to be hackneyed in the paths of infamy, a willing adherent to vice, and an able advocate for the ruin of innocence. She ſaw the conduct of Mrs. Lowman in its real colours. She had endeavoured to inflame her vanity, by an artful repreſentation of the gingling pomp, and uſeleſs pageantry attendant on the nod of an opulent individual; and ſkilfully pourtrayed that eminence of diſtinction, appended to the character of affluence, as though her employer had been in the actual poſſeſſion of all the boaſted honors of his ancient family. Perceiving theſe efforts ineffectual, ſhe had ſcandalouſly deſcended to excite her fears, and in this inhuman attempt, ſhe was ſeconded by the brutal behaviour of his Lordſhip.

Theſe neceſſary reflections added nothing to her preſent peace. She clearly penetrated into the villainy of their deſign, and perceived herſelf to be the intended victim of their malevolent contrivance. She knew the inſenſibility of his Lordſhip's diſpoſition, and that no perſuaſions would induce him to relinquiſh

quiſh his aſſumed power. She was not convinced of the reality of his paſſion. Love was never inhuman. It never ſteeled the breaſt againſt the ſofteſt ſenſibility, nor taught the lover induſtriouſly to torment the object of its deſires. This conſideration compelled her to believe, there was ſome other motive which regulated his conduct, and this muſt undoubtedly be the poſſeſſion of her fortune. She felt the baſeneſs of his conduct, and determined to watch his deſigns minutely, to reject with courage, every propoſal for a matrimonial alliance, in hopes that ſome propitious exigence might once more reſtore her to her liberty and friends.

Whilſt Miſs Gray was contemplating her unfortunate ſituation, Mrs. Lowman entered. She ſeated herſelf by her with the utmoſt familiarity, and taking her by the hand, ſaid, 'I think, my dear, you look 'very ſerious. What cauſe have you for all this 'concern, and why this determined oppoſition to a 'propoſal which has no other motive than the aggran-'dizement of your rank, and conſequently the con-'firmation of your happineſs.' Miſs Gray ſmiled at the aſſertion, and ſhook her head at the futility of the obſervation, but made no reply. 'I hope, my 'dear, this ſilence is not the effect of obſtinacy, but 'rather the conviction of your former error. I am 'happy, exceedingly happy, to perceive this agreea-'ble change in your diſpoſition, and augur the event 'will be propitious to us all. I ſhall haſten to apprize 'his Lordſhip of the felicity that awaits him, and 'that you approve.'—'Stop, Madam, this precipitation 'is altogether unneceſſary. I poſitively avow, that I 'approve of none of your proceedings, and abſo-'lutely proteſt againſt his Lordſhip's ſuit.'—'Away, 'my dear, with this ſullen proteſtation! It is the 'effect of a refractory temper, and no good can ever 'reſult from its continuance. I know you only mean 'to tantalize his Lordſhip, and try the duration of 'his patience. This behaviour, to be ſure, is per-'fectly congenial to the caprice of the ſex. We love 'to torment the monſters, to laugh at their ſufferings,

'and

'and ſport with their humble reſignation. There is 'often a real pleaſure in this temporary triumph, but 'it is ſometimes ill-judged, and too long continued. 'Becauſe, as in your caſe, where the object of our 'tyranny is to be our partner for life, he is apt in 'after times, to recollect our hard-heartedneſs, and 'probably repay it with intereſt. Wherefore, to 'give no further occaſion for any future retaliation, 'it is certainly moſt eligible for you to concede im-'mediately to his Lordſhip's requiſitions, and make a 'virtue of that choice which neceſſity impoſes.'— 'Cruel neceſſity! You require me to chuſe, yet arbi-'trarily deprive me of the power. Your opinion of 'my preſent deportment is abſolutely falſe. I act 'from a determined reſolution never to comply with 'his Lordſhips requeſt, and whilſt I breathe will 'continue that reſolution. The idea of a future 'retaliation excites a ſmile. If the laws of honor, 'of friendſhip, of hoſpitality are too weak to protect 'me, the laws of my country will infallibly afford 'me that aſſiſtance, which you in the wantonneſs of 'power, ſo unfeelingly refuſe me.'—'This appeal, 'Madam, to a legal tribunal, in which you ſeem to 'confide, is an imaginary phantom, and will aſſuredly 'deceive you. You muſt proſecute, but remember 'you will proſecute non-entities. There is a variety 'of methods to elude detection in the midſt of the 'glorious uncertainties of the law.'—'But can you, 'Madam, elude remorſe, can you eſcape the corrod-'ing anguiſh of a wounded conſcience?'—'Conſci-'ence, my dear, is to many, an unwelcome intruder. 'Fools may acknowledge its power, but a perſon of 'wiſdom will laugh at its trivial ſuggeſtions.'— 'What incorrigible impenitence! this internal moni-'tor, placed in the breaſt of every individual by the 'finger of the divinity, to act as a never-failing judge, 'is dethroned by a wilful perverſion of the human 'intellect, and its ſalutary dictates rejected by the 'ſovereign influence of vice.'—'Come, come, my 'dear, theſe fooliſh exclamations are of no avail in 'the preſent exigence. They may have been deemed

'pretty in thoſe circles of friends, who wiſhed to 'applaud, what they did not underſtand, and to 'praiſe with adulation, whatever expreſſion had the 'leaſt tendency to ſentimental nonſenſe. You are, 'my dear, an everlaſting talker, and can diſpute with 'ſome degree of reaſon on any ſubject. You ſeem 'to take a particular delight in the exerciſe of this 'talent, but be aſſured, we are not to be talked out 'of our determination.'—'This inhuman ſneer, Ma-'dam, is unbecoming a woman of your age, and this 'ſavage threat is calculated to intimidate, not to con-'vince my judgment. Time generally brings wiſdom, 'and grey hairs a crown of glory to thoſe, who can 'with pleaſure take a retroſpect of their paſt life.'—'It is rather inſolent, Madam, to inſult me in my 'own houſe. But depend upon it, my grey hairs 'ſhall triumph over your flowing locks. I am not to 'be braved, much leſs deſpiſed with impunity. This 'proud ſpirit, in which you exult with confidence, 'may be ſo humbled, that you may repent of this 'boaſted haughtineſs.'—'However. I am humbled, 'Mrs Lowman, however I am reduced from my 'preſent imputed elevation, I will never be that 'abject creature, to become familiar with infamy, 'and aſſociate with vice. Power, unfeeling power, 'may render me unhappy, but it ſhall never make 'me wicked. I am here forlorn and helpleſs, de-'prived of every human aid, and threatened by the 'voice of outrage, but my will is free, and ſhall 'continue its independence.'—'Your will, Madam, 'may loſe this exulting prerogative, and may grovel 'in the loweſt ſtate of ſervitude.'—'No, never, 'never! It is of a purer nature, than to welter in 'the loathſome filth of vice, merely to gratify the 'puerile deſire of obtaining liberty. No, before I 'acquieſce with your imperious demands, theſe eyes 'ſhall cloſe in this hated apartment. I fear not death. 'I prefer thee, dread king of terrors, before one mo-'ment of infamy! If you are to ſport with my honor, 'and load me with ſhame; my life, that valuable gift 'of my creator, is firſt to be deſtroyed, and I ſup-

'poſe,

'poſe, you will not heſitate to be the daring inſtru-
'ment of ſo horrid an action.'—'No, no, Miſs Gray,
'I have never yet condeſcended to be a murderer,
'though I have frequently humbled as proud a mind,
'as you are in poſſeſſion of, and accuſtomed it to
'crawl in the duſt. And ſince you thus provoke me,
'inſultingly provoke me, I will teach you to dread
'my power, though you reverence not my advice.'—
'Woman, I know the utmoſt of your malice, and
'though I may dread your power, your tyranny ſhall
'never pollute my ſoul.'—'So, ſo, my pretty young
'virago, you dare me with becoming courage. But
'the tongue that bluſters moſt, is not always prompt-
'ted by the boldeſt mind. My lovely heroine, his
'Lordſhip is a proper man, and a very eligible bar-
'gain. So, before the expiration of many days, I
'hope you will be glad to acknowledge him.'

Mrs. Lowman left the room with this inſulting language, while Miſs Gray was utterly confounded at the inſolence of a woman, who could thus with an unbluſhing forehead, boaſt of her proficiency in vice. She was now thoroughly convinced what ſhe had to expect from the villainy of her ſhameleſs keepers. She ſaw them prepared for the commiſſion of any enormity, and adepts in the darkeſt deſigns of treachery. Though not unacquainted with the infamy of the world, ſhe was abſolutely aſtoniſhed at the depraved diſpoſition of a woman, who ſeemed to have grown grey in the practice of iniquity. She dreaded this infernal ſorcereſs, as the principal agent in the buſineſs. She ſaw ſhe was capable of undertaking, and eager to accompliſh the baſeſt crime. She revolved in her mind her unhappy condition, reviewed every circumſtance of her unfortunate caſe, and perceived no poſſibility of an immediate emancipation. At a loſs how to determine, in order to obtain ſecurity, fretted with the importunities of thoſe, who ſought their own intereſt by the accompliſhment of her miſery, and inſulted by the ſhameleſs language of inſenſibility; ſhe ſat down overwhelmed with grief, and burſt into a flood of tears.

In the midſt of her ſorrow, his Lordſhip entered. He expreſſed his contrition at this lamentable ſight, and endeavoured to conſole her by many expreſſions of tenderneſs. 'Why, my Lord,' ſays the grieving fair one, in a tone of riſing indignation, 'why is there 'this apparent contradiction between your words and 'actions? Can I believe you are ſorry to behold my 'ſufferings, when you inflict them by deliberation? 'Can I ſuppoſe you relent, and are aſhamed of that 'conduct, which has precipitated me from the pinna-'cle of happineſs, into the deepeſt gulph of wretch-'edneſs, while you continue to oppreſs me with 'rigour, and obſtinately refuſe me my natural privi-'lege? O my Lord, conſider the tenderneſs of my 'parents! They always loved me, and were not 'forgetful of your peace. I am their only child. 'They looked on me with delight, and treated me 'with tenderneſs. I never willingly created them 'one unhappy minute. It was my unceaſing care to 'comply with all their requeſts, and I never reward-'ed their kindneſs by my filial diſobedience. I was 'happy in my parents, and they were happy in me. 'But, alas, you have wantonly deſtroyed this deſir-'able ſcene of bliſs. You have thoughtleſsly broken 'that chain which united parent and child in the 'reciprocal bond of amity. What anxiety, what 'ſolicitude, what pain, have you not heaped on the 'heads of my innocent parents! They loved their 'child—I am conſcious of their love. Every action 'of their lives declared it. You have bereaved them 'of their child, their only hope—their chiefeſt ſolace, 'and by this unpardonable tranſgreſſion againſt the 'ſacred laws of friendſhip, have bent their honoured 'heads to the duſt. Can you with a ſmile of impeni-'tence, continue this enormity? Can you behold them, 'grieving and weeping for a loſs, deploring an abſent 'child, who you can reſtore to their embraces? Let 'this act of generoſity now preponderate in your 'breaſt, and my dear parents will embalm the deed by 'ſome ſignal and laſting memorial of their kindneſs.

'O remember,

'O remember, you owe them much. I will plead 'in your behalf, and warmly aſſert the integrity of 'your deſign. The turpitude of your intention ſhall 'be buried in oblivion. It ſhall never be remem-'bered, but with praiſe, ſince it afforded you an op-'portunity of diſplaying your friendſhip to a much in-'jured family. O come, my Lord, let us go—let us 'haſten from this ſink of depravity, where vice, rank, 'hardened vice, diſplays her brazen front, and virtue 'ſeems to be unknown. Why do you heſitate—re-'ſolve, and the action is already done.'—'O my 'love,' replies his lordſhip, 'you plead with the 'perſuaſion of an angel. I am not ſo loſt to the feel-'ings of gratitude, as not to acknowledge the truth of 'your obſervations. But were I even to acquieſce 'and comply with the utmoſt of your demands, can 'your parents forget what is already done, and for-'give me for the wilful violation of their boundleſs 'confidence? No, no, it will ever be remembered to 'my ſhame, and though in the moment of exultation, 'their munificence may confer ſome trifling largeſs, 'my penitence will be forgotten, whilſt my imputed 'ingratitude will be recollected with horror. I value 'the friendſhip of your parents, I eſteem their good 'opinion as an ineſtimable treaſure, but in the preſent 'unlucky train of circumſtances, there is but one me-'thod to ſecure this invaluable friendſhip and eſteem. 'Let us be immediately married. Then what they 'cannot forget in their former friend, they will eaſily 'forgive in their newly-acquired ſon.'—'Ah, my 'Lord, what a remedy you ſuggeſt! Can you expect 'to be happy by compelling the inclination, and re-'ſtraining the will of your partner? Will ſhe not al-'ways recollect the force which reduced her to the 'neceſſity of compliance, and will this recollection be 'productive of your mental peace? Will it not rather 'engender perpetual animoſities, and diſturb that do-'meſtic repoſe, which is the ſweeteſt bleſſing in the 'matrimonial yoke? O retract your determination, 'revoke your ill-judged deſign, and prove yourſelf a 'generous, diſintereſted acquaintance.'—'Madam,

'you

'you ſolicit impoſſibilities. You may as well adjure 'me to tear my ſoul from my body, as to aſk me to 'reſtore you to your parents, before you are tied to 'me by the indiſſoluble bond of marriage. I have 'reſolved, and this reſolution ſhall never be rendered 'abortive by any ſqueamiſh ſuggeſtions of honor. 'That, and that only, is honor, which is crowned 'with ſucceſs. Let the world cenſure, and they, 'who eſteem themſelves wiſe, condemn me; if I 'poſſeſs the treaſure, for which I have ventured ſo 'bravely, I ſhall laugh at their folly, and deſpiſe their 'reprehenſion'—'You may, my Lord, be diſap-'pointed. Events are not always beneath our guid-'ance. There is a ſuperior power who directs their 'tendency, and not unfrequently averts their evil from 'the intended victim, but daſhes it with redoubled 'fury on the head of the unſuſpicious aggreſſor. Let 'this conſideration convince you, that diſappointment 'is ſometimes the portion of the beſt-concerted 'ſchemes.'—'I am not to be convinced, Madam, 'by a world of ſuch childiſh arguments. You are 'mine—you are irrevocably mine, and all the fiends 'of hell ſhall never tear you from me.'—'O mon-'ſtrous impiety! Revoke the exclamation, leſt the 'ſudden vengeance of heaven—'Let heaven thunder '—it ſhall thunder unheeded, while I gently ſtroke 'the beauties which bluſh upon that cheek.'—'May 'they wither and turn cold, ere they be polluted 'with ſuch a contaminating touch.'

His Lordſhip walked acroſs the room, viſibly agi-tated and convulſed, with the violent perturbation of his mind. He frequently darted a glance of horror upon the lady, who calmly viewed all the fury of his motions. With a compoſed and ſerious dignity, ſhe continued ſilent, nor vouchſafed to interrogate him on the cauſe of his unneceſſary paſſion. He ſaw her con-temptuous ſilence, obſerved the gravity of her coun-tenance, and grinned out vengeance for this cool, de-liberate oppoſition to his will. 'Madam,' ſays he, ſpurting through his teeth, and foaming with rage,

'you

'you wiſh to inſult me—you ſeem to take a pleaſure 'in the deſtruction of my peace—you wiſh, you de-'ſign me to be miſerable—but, by the heavens, you 'ſhall not eſcape me—you are my wife, or you are 'my'——he made a full pauſe, and ſtaring her horri-bly in the face, he trembled with the violence of his ungovernable rage. She made him no reply, but con-tinued ſedate and collected, while the ſettled gloom of his countenance ſtruck terror to her ſoul. 'Am I, 'Madam, beneath your notice, and not worthy a re-'ply? Do you deſpiſe me by this contemptuous ſul-'lenneſs, or do you ſmile at my miſery? Provoke me 'not by diſdain. The honorable houſe of Owen—'the blood that flows in theſe veins from a pure, an-'cient, and uncontaminated lineage, were never ac-'cuſtomed to degrade their dignity, by ſoliciting 'the hand of any plebeian.' Miſs Gray ſmiled at his inſatiable vanity. 'What,' exclaims he, 'a ſmile! 'It is inſufferable! I have ſued long enough—that 'proud diſdainful ſpirit muſt, and ſhall be ſubdued.' He muttered, as he flung out of the room in the vio-lence of enraged diſappointment.

She aroſe, and ſhut the door, and dropping on her knees, ſhe fervently poured out the feelings of her ſoul to him, who alone could ſee her diſtreſs, and protect her from the outrage of her incenſed perſecutor.—'To thee, O Father of mercies, to thee I fly in this 'ſeaſon of affliction. Behold my oppreſſion, and let 'not the hand of violence prevail againſt me. Thou 'art my only guard—ſhield me with thy might, and 'vain will be the fury of man. In thee is my confi-'dence, and I ſhall not be diſappointed. In thee is 'my ſure hope, and I ſhall not be deceived. Thou 'ſeeſt the many dangers, with which I am threatened, 'but whilſt I truſt in thy aſſiſtance, they ſhall not ap-'proach to hurt me.'

CHAPTER XLVII.

THOUGH ſurrounded with dangers, and threatened by the tongue of violence, Miſs Gray very deliberately ſecured the door of her chamber, and retired to reſt. Sleep, though a welcome viſitant, did not always cloſe her eyes in a ſweet forgetfulneſs, and baniſh from her mind, thoſe troubles which embittered her preſent moments. She ſeriouſly reflected on her alarming ſituation, revolved every circumſtance which occurred to her memory, and perceived the whole to be replete with oppreſſion. She ſaw herſelf deprived of all human aid, a prey to the artifice of thoſe, who exulted in her ſufferings, and the marked victim of the moſt daring villainy. She ſuffered not her fortitude to forſake her, but reſolved to meet danger with a ſteady, unſhaken mind. She knew that fear was a timid, ſuſpicious inmate, dreading what might never happen, and creating a variety of chimeras to terriſy the imagination. She remembered her former deliverance, and Hope bid her look forward with exultation. This ſovereign antidote for all human woe, never forſook her in the hour of diſtreſs. It often whiſpers peace to the afflicted. It often cheers the oppreſſed, and not unfrequently brings relief to the ſinking ſoul. Its ſuggeſtions are not always certain. It ſometimes buoys up the miſerable, only to plunge them more deep in the bottomleſs abyſs of ſorrow. This cruel diſappointment, the genuine reſult of a too ardent hope, accumulates the preſſure of misfortune, and adds to the pang of woe

This delineation of a probable diſappointment, ſhe poized in her mind. She neither ſuffered herſelf to be too much exalted by the flattering ſurmiſes of hope, nor depreſſed beyond meaſure, with the threatening aſpect of fear. She knew there were quickſands on either ſide, and ſhe prudently endeavoured to avoid them

them both. Though deploring the hardſhips of her preſent fate, ſhe determined not meanly to ſink beneath their weight, but cautiouſly to withſtand them, and gradually attempt to diſincumber herſelf from their oppreſſive violence. With this reſolution, confirmed and ſtrengthened by her pious reſignation to that power, on whom ſhe ſolely truſted, ſhe fell into a profound ſleep.

Miſs Gray accuſtomed herſelf to riſe early, and being dreſſed, Mrs. Lowman entered at her uſual hour. The gloom of diſcontent ſeemed to have ſettled on her countenance, and ſhe deigned not to addreſs her lovely gueſt with her wonted familiarity. She was diſtant and reſerved, though not very reſpectful. She looked through the apartment with a cautious circumſpection, and ſeemed to be ſuſpicious, though ſhe knew not what to arraign. Miſs Gray perceived her motions with the cooleſt indifference, and occaſionally glanced a ſmile at the prudential folly of the old lady, who looking at her, ſaid, 'I ſuppoſe, my dear, you 'have duly conſidered your former obſtinacy, and are 'ſorry for its effects.' 'What you term obſtinacy, Ma'dam, I dignify with the epithet of fortitude.'—What 'ſtill in your inſulting mood! This, my dear, is not 'prudent. Common ſenſe ought to teach you a dif'ferent behaviour. People endowed with power are not 'to be braved with impunity.'—'This boaſted power, 'Madam, with which you daily threaten me, inſtead 'of prompting you to inſult, ought to cover you with 'ſhame. A natural and a legal power ought always 'to be obeyed; a tyrannical oppreſſive power, aſſumed 'for the worſt of purpoſes, ought always to be op'poſed with the collective might of every individual 'who is injured by its baneful force.'—'You may 'rail, my pretty dear, you may oppoſe our preſent 'power, with all your collective might; but I am 'afraid it will be found to be weak, very weak, againſt 'the united force of your vigorous aſſailants. Let 'me adviſe you to make a merit of neceſſity, for de'pend upon the truth of my aſſertion you muſt and 'ſhall comply.'—'This, Madam, is very peremptory.

'and though you attempt to deprive me of the prerogative of my will, you will certainly allow me to manage my own cauſe according to the dictates of my own judgment.'—'That privilege, my dear, ſhall not be granted. I have told you, that I have humbled as proud a ſpirit as yours, and I am abſolutely determined to bring your pride in ſubjection to my will.' —My pride, as you chuſe to term it, Madam, was never of any diſſervice to me. I mean to cheriſh this imputed pride, and I hope it will ever prompt me to abhor a baſe action.'—'Cheriſh it to your ruin,' ſays Mrs. Lowman, and ſhe left the room.

Miſs Gray heard her departing threat, but being accuſtomed to this unbecoming language, it made no impreſſion on the ſteadineſs of her mind. She took up a book, and calmly ſat down to read. This was her ſole amuſement. Devoted from her infancy to the peruſal of the beſt authors, ſhe endured her confinement without much apparent ſolicitude, while indulged with this mental recreation. The volume which now engaged her attention, was Locke's Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding. By a cloſe and unwearied application to the abſtract reaſoning of this metaphyſical philoſopher, ſhe clearly apprehended the abſtruſe deductions of his able and elaborate treatiſe. She admired the wonderful depth of thought, the ſtrength of the argumentation, and the preciſion of the concluſions, which pervaded the whole of this invaluable production.

By her attention to her ſtudy, ſhe totally forgot, for ſome hours, that ſhe had not breakfaſted; ſhe looked towards the table, but ſaw no preparation for her uſual refreſhment. She roſe to touch the bell, but ſtopping ſhort, withdrew her hand from the ſtring, already ſtretched out, to require immediate attendance. A ſudden thought prevented her from aſking what ſhe certainly had a right to demand. She recollected without much concern, the many inſinuations of her bluſtering hoſteſs, wherein ſhe threatened to humble her refractory ſpirit, and reduce her to a ſtate of the moſt abject ſervility. From this conſideration, ſhe concluded

cluded her breakfaſt was not forgotten, either by miſtake or inattention. She was convinced it was the effect of deſign, and a preconcerted engine of oppreſſive malevolence. She ſmiled at the futility of this contrivance, and thought if they proceeded no further in their miſchief, ſhe could endure this trifling diminution of her daily allowance, without cenſuring the abſurdity of the action. She felt no immediate want, and ſuppoſed they could never be ſo loſt to the feelings of humanity, as to reduce her to ſuch cruel neceſſity. She perceived this to be the commencement of ſome operations, which ſhe reſolved to watch minutely, ſo taking up her book, ſhe again forgot her unhappy ſituation in the peruſal of her favourite author.

While ſhe was thus attentively abſorbed in the contemplation of arguments which excited her admiration, and convinced her judgment, his Lordſhip entered. He was accoutred with his favourite inſtrument, from whoſe delightful tones he extracted ſuch ineffable delight: Whether he ſuppoſed the harmony of his muſic, might have ſome ſalutary effect on the mind of his miſtreſs, by gradually ſoothing her contumacy into a compliance with his wiſhes; or he meant to inſult her in this ſeaſon of affliction, by an unwarrantable affectation of intruſive gaiety, is altogether uncertain. He placed himſelf directly oppoſite to her, whilſt ſhe continued reading, without ſuffering herſelf to be interrupted by his preſence. He waited for ſeveral minutes in anxious expectation of ſome queſtion from the lady, but in this he was ſadly diſappointed. He frequently coughed as an intimation of his preſence. He aroſe from his ſeat, and walked over the floor, while he hemmed aloud to induce her to notice him. Perceiving theſe efforts ineffectual to attract her attention, he aſſumed his original poſition, and immediately ſtruck up one of his martial airs. This had the deſired effect. The lady compoſedly laid down her book, and was obliged to liſten to his Lordſhip's melodious performance, to the diſtraction of her ideas, and the manifeſt regret of her loſt time.

He

He continued the entertainment, which never failed to give him the higheſt pleaſure, beyond the bounds of his uſual viſit. As ſoon as his Lordſhip diſcontinued playing, and expected ſome compliment on the excellence of the execution, Miſs Gray took up her book, and again began to read. Provoked at this apparent contempt of his muſical powers, he immediately commenced another tune. She again deſiſted to read, and ſeemed to liſten with compoſure. His countenance brightened at this ſuppoſed alteration, and he played with redoubled vigour. When he ceaſed, ſhe ſtill was ſilent, nor dropped a ſyllable in praiſe of his dexterity, but again applied to her volume. Irritated beyond expreſſion at her provoking inſenſibility, he determined to deſtroy the pleaſure of her preſent amuſement, ſince ſhe was ſo inattentive to all his endeavours to entertain her ſolitary hours. With this reſolution he recommenced his delightful harmony, and continued it without intermiſſion, for the ſpace of one hour. She ſat with the utmoſt patience, nor expreſſed her diſſatisfaction at the abſurdity of his conduct. He had imbibed a variety of imaginary notions, concerning the omnipotent power of muſic. Whenever this ſubject was diſcuſſed, he never failed to ſubject himſelf to the ſhafts of ridicule, from his boundleſs credulity. He gave up his reaſon to the legends of antiquity, and ſwallowed with incredible belief whatever was reported of his favourite art.

Poſſeſſed with the fanciful idea of the all-ſubduing influence of harmony, he aroſe from his ſeat, when he perceived Miſs Gray cloſe her book, and advanced to ſalute her. She repulſed his boldneſs with a calm, but modeſt dignity. Surprized at this unexpected reception, he began to prepare for a repetition of his performance. 'Deſiſt, I beſeech you, my Lord,' replies the lady, 'from this diſcordant, croaking noiſe. I 'proteſt, I am almoſt deaf with the ſcreaming din.' '—Deaf, Madam, deaf,' replies his Lordſhip, in a tone of riſing indignation, 'what are you inſenſible 'to the delightful ſympathy of muſic!'—'O my 'Lord, this is no time for me to liſten to a ſerenade

'of

'of any kind, much leſs to be pleaſed with the horrid 'ſqualling of that odious inſtrument. Its tones are 'peculiarly calculated to produce diſguſt, but in no 'wiſe to give delight.'—'Madam, this preſumption 'is unpardonable, and beſpeaks your ignorance in a 'divine art, at once the admiration and the praiſe of 'every human being. But I perceive the tendency of 'your cenſure. You are determined to oppoſe me in 'every attempt for your happineſs and aggrandize-'ment; but take heed, that your oppoſition does not 'coſt you dear.'—'I act, my Lord, from the dictates 'of an unbiaſſed judgment, and if I cannot commend 'the perfect excellence of your melody, I mean not 'to provoke your wrath.'—'That is your ſole inten-'tion, Madam. You have already provoked my 'wrath, and without an immediate expiation, you 'may relent, when it is too late. My patience is 'nearly exhauſted. Take this hint, and let it ope-'rate with due effect on the obſtinacy of your tem 'per.'

The ſucceeding morning convinced her ſhe was not miſtaken in her conjectures. The regular omiſſion of her breakfaſt was continued for one week. This inſult ſhe bore without a murmur. She deigned not to mention it, either to Mrs. Lowman, or his Lordſhip. She knew, if ſhe complained of this treatment, it would be the only means to encourage them to perſevere in their preſent proceedings. She even affected to be more cheerful than uſual, and received their viſits with more than her wonted familiarity. This trifling change did not eſcape their penetration. They immediately concluded it to be an auſpicious omen, and ſuppoſed ſucceſs would ſoon terminate their labours. Though always complaiſant, except when they irritated her by their odious propoſals of a matrimonial connection, or provoked her by their ſhameleſs inſinuations; yet now ſhe occaſionally relaxed from her ſettled reſerve, and converſed with them in a ſtyle of unreſtrained freedom.

Encouraged by this viſible alteration of conduct, which they imputed to their own wiſdom, they became

came more urgent for a ſpeedy termination of the buſineſs. Mrs. Lowman again aſſumed her former cheerfulneſs, and delineated the ecſtacies of a married ſtate, in the moſt animated and glowing colours. She eagerly importuned Miſs Gray, who ſeemed to liſten with complacency, to appoint the day, which ſhould unite them in the ſilken bonds of matrimony. 'You 'ſolicit me, 'Madam,' replies the fair priſoner, 'to 'comply with impoſſibilities. My determination is 'fixed, and no earthly power ſhall compel me to alter 'it.'—'Ha, ha, ha! A woman's determination, my 'dear, is as brittle as the ſtraw before the wind. It 'was taken in haſte, and unworthy of being kept one 'moment longer. I know this is your opinion, but 'you are too proud to recede.'—'No, Madam, it is 'poſitively not my opinion, nor am I too proud to 'acknowledge an error.'—'This is a conceſſion, my 'dear, I little expected from you. Come, come, I 'ſhall acquaint his Lordſhip, you are ready to meet 'him at the altar of Hymen.'—'There will I never 'meet him, nor plight my vows to a man I can never 'love.'—'So, ſo, how fine, and how ſentimental! A 'little time will alter your opinion.'

The weather was now very cold, and the mornings chill and bleak. When ſhe aroſe, ſhe obſerved no fire in her chamber. She murmured not at this freſh inſtance of their inhumanity. She perceived they were determined to proceed from one gradation of cruelty to another, in hopes of ſubduing what they termed her refractory diſpoſition. This was a hardſhip, which required ſome bodily efforts to counterbalance its diſagreeable effects. When ſhe trembled with cold, ſhe was obliged to continue walking about the room, to acquire, by the conſtancy and quickneſs of her motion, that vital warmth, which the cruelty of her perſecutors unfeelingly denied her. The ſerenity of her mind was not ruffled, nor the compoſure of her countenance changed, by this act of deſigned inhumanity. She ſtill continued cheerful, and they wondered at her heroiſm. She was indefatigable in her endeavours to ſupply the want of artificial heat, and was

not

not unſucceſsful. She was determined, if poſſible, to defeat their malevolence, by a magnanimous perſeverance in what ſhe concluded to be right.

This unfeeling act of rigour was continued, though ſhe neither expoſtulated, nor complained. She read with unremitting ardour, and her perſecutors concluded, that if ſhe were deprived of this conſolation, ſhe would be glad to accept of any terms, which their malice might propoſe. Wherefore, refining upon cruelty, they not only removed every book out of her apartment, but carefully excluded every ray of light.

In this ſolitary and dreary confinement, ſecluded from all ſociety, ſave the occaſional viſits of her two tormentors, deprived of every amuſement, and ſubject to the daily inſults of petulance and vice, ſhe lived ſome weeks without attempting to remonſtrate againſt their ſavage conduct. Her affliction, the reſult of diabolical contrivance, ſhe found to be grievous, but not inſufferable Her fortitude was yet unſhaken. She often reflected on the happy ſtate which lately bleſſed her days, and could not always oppoſe the ſorrow which ſometimes overwhelmed her aching mind. She wept in ſilence, and was cautious in the concealment of her grief. She lamented, but her lamentation was unheard by the liſtening ear of intruſive ſavageneſs.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

IN this dreary ſeclusion from all ſociety, deprived of every comfort which could make life ſupportable, importuned and inſulted by the petulance of power to acquieſce in a propoſal, which her ſoul abhorred, ſhe paſſed ſeveral weeks. The cruel excluſion of light from her apartment, made it difficult for her to diſtinguiſh betwixt day and night. The only ſignal by which ſhe was able to regulate her time, was the diſtant ſound of noiſes, which ſometimes arreſted her attention. There was, in general, a ſullen ſilence in the houſe of her confinement, and though ſhe often liſtened with caution, ſhe ſeldom could perceive the voice of a human inhabitant. Her ſole amuſement was walking acroſs the floor, and this ſhe was impelled to by the moſt urgent neceſſity, in order to preſerve herſelf from freezing. It was now the midſt of winter; the froſt was intenſe, and the ſnow lay thick upon the ground. It was long ſince ſhe had been indulged with a fire. Her apartment grew damp, and ſhe frequently ſhivered with the intenſeneſs of the cold. To add to her affliction, ſhe was carefully deprived of a part of that ſupport, which was requiſite for her daily ſubſiſtence.

This inhuman oppreſſion ſhe bore with heroic fortitude. She was thoroughly convinced, it could only be temporary. Her life muſt either pay the penalty of her virtue, or ſome unforeſeen contingence would reſtore her to her liberty. Theſe were her concluſions, which ſhe daily made, after a ſerious deliberation on her very unfortunate caſe. The improbability of a releaſe from her horrid dungeon, was never ſufficient to deſtroy her expectation. She knew there were many events, in no wiſe dependant on human prudence, which often diſappointed the ſagacity of man. That fawning deceiver, Hope, was all her preſent pleaſure,

pleaſure, and frequently whiſpered comfort to her drooping ſoul. She was ready to attend to its cheering ſuggeſtions, though days rolled away, and one week followed another, while ſhe experienced no real conſolation. Yet ſhe ſcorned to complain, and expoſtulate with her infamous oppreſſors. Her ſteady diſpoſition never forſook her, and though ſhe ſuffered much, ſhe ſuffered in ſilence. She knew the inefficacy of lamentation, and was too compoſed to ſubmit to its weakneſs.

When ſhe aroſe one morning, and felt the cold ſo very pinching, that all her exerciſe was inſufficient to preſerve her in a moderate degree of warmth, ſhe could not help reflecting on her very unfortunate caſe. She recollected with anxiety, the happineſs of her former days, of which ſhe had been ſo unjuſtly deprived, and this never failed to extort a ſigh. She compared the miſery of her preſent condition with the tranquility ſhe had loſt, and could not refrain from ſome tranſient exclamations againſt the impenitence which ſought her ruin. But when ſhe conſidered the affliction of her beloved parents, ſaw them overwhelmed in the depth of ſorrow, and bewailing their unhappy child, ſhe melted into woe. 'Alas, to what am 'I doomed! O my father, I am no ſtranger to your 'love, and I know the poignancy of your preſent ſuf'ferings. You loved your child, and in return for 'this love, ſhe never will diſgrace the honoured head 'which gave her being. Though perſecuted by all 'the inſidious arts of malevolence, and attempted to 'be enſnared by the covert deſigns of infamy, I will 'ſtill endeavour to approve myſelf worthy of ſuch a 'parent. My mother, thou ornament of thy ſex, 'who haſt tutored me with ſuch unceaſing care, and 'trained my tender mind in the paths of religion, 'how heavy, how afflictive, muſt my abſence ſit on 'thy waning age! I know thou haſt wept for me— 'were I by thee, I would kiſs away the tear, and con'ſole thee in thy ſorrow. Alas, the fleeting viſion is 'even pleaſing! Where is now that maternal tender'neſs, that fond attention which ſoothed away my

'anguiſh

'anguiſh in thoſe days of happineſs, which have 'eluded my graſp as the ſhadow on the ſurface! 'How oft have I repoſed my head on thy panting 'boſom, and liſtened with delight to thoſe inſtruc-'tions which were calculated to make me virtuous! 'O let not ſuſpicion, that fell deſtroyer of domeſtic 'peace, whiſper to your affection, your Lucy is un-'grateful! Whilſt theſe eyes are open, though now 'denied the privilege of light, I will reverence my be-'loved parents. Welman, thou art fixed here—my 'throbbing heart owns thy power. It ſcorns another 'maſter. Little doſt thou know what I endure for 'my invariable attachment! Yes, Welman, I am 'thine, and if I be doomed to death, thy image ſhall 'conſole me in my lateſt moments. It now ſpeaks 'comfort to my ſoul, and I want it much.'

During this apoſtrophe to the affection of thoſe who were at a diſtance from the ſcene of her miſery, ſhe ſtood upon the floor—her arms were folded, and the tear of ſorrow bedewed her pallid cheek. She became ſilent, and whilſt ſhe continued in this mournful attitude, his Lordſhip entered. He brought a candle in his hand, and ſhutting the door behind him, he ſet it on the table. She took not the leaſt notice of her unwelcome viſitor, but was rather chagrined to be ſurpriſed in tears, which ſhe cautiouſly endeavoured to conceal. She turned from him, and walked to the other ſide of the room. He perceived ſhe was ſolicitous to avoid him. He advanced towards her, ſaying, 'I hope, Madam, your amuſive farce is at an end. 'What avails this obſtinate foolery! I know you 'muſt be miſerable, and by heaven this miſery ſhall 'never terminate, till Miſs Gray be exalted to the 'Counteſs of Owen.' She darted a look of indignant virtue, in the face of her oppreſſor, but made no reply. 'This ſilence, Madam, ſhall avail you nothing. You 'muſt, you ſhall ſpeak. Have I not been patient! 'Have I not danced a painful attendance theſe many 'weeks, in a fooliſh compliance with your feminine 'caprice! Shall I ſtill be oppoſed by a woman's 'whim! No, my reſolution, mark that, my reſolution,

'Madam,

'Madam, is finally taken, and you are mine, yes, my 'wife, in ſpite of all the legions of hell.'—'I have 'long been convinced, my Lord, you have been in 'cloſe league with theſe infernal aſſociates. You 'ſeem to be particularly fond of your colleagues. But 'be aſſured, I defy their power, and claim no aſſiſt-'ance from their interference. There is a ſuperior 'influence, who ſuperintends all our actions, and who 'takes cognizance of all our thoughts; on him, and 'him alone, I have a firm reliance.'—'Have done 'with your preaching, Madam, I have liſtened too 'long to this whining cant of yours. I will poſitively 'allow you no longer reſpite. Determine this mo-'ment, and remember, you determine your future 'fate.'—'I am not to be awed by the peremptory be-'haviour of any individual. I have a right to judge 'for myſelf, and no human power ſhall deprive me of 'this privilege. It is ineſtimable, and I mean to aſ-'ſert it. You have long braved, threatened, and ill-'treated me. You have uſed me worſe than the cri-'minal in the dungeon, and I have never remonſtrated 'againſt your cruelty. O what a requital for all the 'benevolence of my parents! A day of retribution 'will come, probably in this mortal ſtate, then what 'will be your portion of infamy and puniſhment!'—'Ceaſe your prating, Madam, and let my ſins reſt 'upon my own head,' he exclaimed, as he ſeized hold of both her hands, and by mere brutal force impreſſed a kiſs upon her lips. 'Shall I intreat, or ſhall I in-'ſiſt!'—'Unhand me—I am not your ſlave. You 'know my reſolution, and whilſt I live it ſhall be un-'alterable.'—'This obſtinacy is inſulting, Madam. 'You provoke your fate—a minute longer and it is 'unavoidable. Truſt not to my clemency, that, you 'have often defied. Truſt not to my patience, that, 'you have totally exhauſted. Truſt not to my honor '—it ſtands not in competition with my love. Truſt 'not to any human aid, or you will lean on a broken 'ruſh. You are mine'—and he cloſely enlocked her in his embraces.—'Yours I am not, or yours I will 'never be. In your honor I have no confidence.

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'Yet in this moment of ſevere diſtreſs, my virtue is 'untainted, and my will is free. I truſt in him, who 'is able to deliver me from your violence, and who 'has promiſed he will not ſuffer the oppreſſor of the 'innocent to go unpuniſhed.'—'I ſcorn, I laugh at 'all temporal and future puniſhment. Let ſucceſs 'crown my attempts, happineſs is certain here, and 'miſery is only probable hereafter.'—'O Father of 'heaven, hear, and have mercy on this poor ſon of 'perdition!'—'Thank you Madam, for your peti-'tion,—and again he ſaluted her by mere ſavage force. She kindled at this familiarity, and attempted to diſentangle herſelf from the rudeneſs of his embraces. Her attempts were in vain. He endeavoured to repeat his unwarrantable freedoms, which ſhe oppoſed with the utmoſt efforts of her ſtrength.

Irritated to madneſs by her ſtrenuous oppoſition, he daſhed her from his arms with the moſt brutal fury, and ſhe fell headlong upon the floor. 'There obſti-'nate, perverſe wretch, lie, till thou breathe thy laſt!' She fell upon her face, and the blood guſhed from her mouth. She wiped it away, as it dropped upon her breaſt, and raiſing herſelf upon her elbow, beheld him with the ſoothing aſpect of complacency.' 'This act 'of determined cruelty, was certainly unmerited. I 'never injured you, I never injured a fellow creature, 'in thought, word, or deed. If I oppoſed your de-'ſigns, it was becauſe I was right.'—'Riſe, Madam, 'nor teaze me any longer with a vindication of your 'conduct.'—'No, here let me lie. Theſe boards 'ſhall be my couch—if you ſeek my life, let not my 'torments be lingering.' The blood ran upon the floor, while ſhe continued ſpeaking. He eyed her with a malignant ſneer, and again commanded her to riſe. 'I feel I am unable to comply with your re-'queſt'—'By what artifice do you mean to ſcreen 'your folly? Riſe this moment,' and he ſeized her rudely by the arm, in order to raiſe her from the floor. She required him to deſiſt, but he refuſed to comply with her wiſh. 'Leave me, I am unwell'—'No 'Madam, I am not to be duped by any pretended in-

'diſpoſition,

'diſpoſition.'—'It is not pretended. That blood, 'with which I am ſtained—'let it flow—it will cool 'your obſtinacy.'—'It ſhall flow to the laſt drop, be-'fore you ſatiate your vengeance.—'This moment's 'mine, the next is in futurity,'—and he approached her with a ſavage ferocity.—'Stand off, villain! 'The moment of danger, is the moment of courage' —and ſhe preſented a drawn penknife to his breaſt. He ſtarted at the ſight, and trembled with indignation. 'I am the victim of your fury—approach, and 'glut your revenge.'—'O thou artful, but daring 'woman! This feeble weapon ſhall not free thee 'from thy power. My life I value not, it is of no 'import, in competition with my love. I muſt, I 'will poſſeſs thee—thou canſt not, thou dareſt not 'ſpill the blood of him who adores thee,'—and he boldly approached to ſeize her. With a courage prompted by immediate danger, ſhe ſteeled her heart againſt compaſſion, and made a furious ſtroke at her brutal aſſailant He dexterouſly avoided the blow, and ſtood aghaſt at her daring intrepidity. 'What, 'Madam, do you mean to act the aſſaſſin!'—'No, I 'ſhudder at the thought. But I mean to defend my 'honor. Leave me in poſſeſſion of that, and let my 'life pay the forfeit of my raſhneſs Deprive me of 'exiſtence, that is of little value. Purſue not my ruin 'with ſuch perſeverance, for be aſſured, I mean to 'preſerve my innocence, even in the jaws of death.'—He beheld her with a gloomy horror, which marked the perturbation of his mind. His teeth gnaſhed by an involuntary motion, and his whole frame ſhook with convulſive fury. He ſtole towards the door, eyeing her with a fearful agitation, and meanly ſkulked away, as dreading an impetuous attack from the enraged lady.

When his Lordſhip had retired, Miſs Gray continued motionleſs, wondering at her own violence, and his unparalleled baſeneſs. She ſaw that treachery and force were both employed to effectuate her deſtruction. She ruminated for ſome minutes on her deplorable condition, then burſt into a flood of tears. She

wept

wept immoderately, but ſoon recollecting the importance of her determination, ſhe wiped away her tears, and falling on her knees, gave thanks to her Creator for her preſent deliverance, and earneſtly implored his aſſiſtance in her future endeavours to preſerve her innocence.

Before ſhe aroſe from her devotional exerciſe, Mrs. Lowman entered. She ſtarted at the appearance of Miſs Gray, and expreſſed her horror at the ſight of the bloody garments. She eagerly enquired the cauſe, and proteſted her abhorrence of ſuch unnatural behaviour. She condemned, in unequivocal terms, the ſhameleſs conduct of his Lordſhip, ſaying, 'I was 'ignorant of his abominable deſign, and though I 'have droped ſome fooliſh inſinuations, I only meant 'them to operate on your fears, and thus compel you 'to a voluntary compliance with our requeſt' Miſs Gray heard her with a patient attention, and hinted her diſbelief of thoſe expreſſions which aſſerted, that Mrs. Lowman aſſured her, this ſuſpicion of her integrity was unfounded. She confeſſed ſhe had been induced from the perſuaſions of his Lordſhip, to be guilty of ſome indecencies towards her, but ſhe wiſhed Miſs Gray to believe, ſhe was ſorry for her ſimplicity. She promiſed to be leſs ſevere, ſaying, 'I ſhall regu-'late my future conduct by my own judgment, and not 'ſuffer myſelf to be miſled by the impetuoſity of a 'head-ſtrong man. I feel, Madam, for your preſent 'ſufferings. The day is very cold, but I will order 'a fire to be kindled immediately. This very dark-'neſs is afflictive. It is the ſole contrivance of your 'imperious lover. You ſhall endure this puniſhment 'no longer. I admire your conſtancy, my dear, and 'though you finally refuſe the honor of his Lordſhip's 'hand, I ſhall ever recollect with pleaſure the day 'which brought me acquainted with ſo much excel-'lence.'—'I thank you Madam,' replies Miſs Gray, while Mrs. Lowman was opening the ſhutters of this window, 'for this favourable opinion. You have 'promiſed to ſtand my friend, and aſſiſt me with your 'counſel againſt thoſe deſigns, which are ſo diſguſting

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'to a virtuous ſenſibility, that I accept the offer with 'the warmeſt gratitude.'—'Truſt me, my dear, truſt 'me. Had you thoroughly confided in me at firſt, you 'never ſhould have endured thoſe hardſhips, of which 'you were too noble to complain. Some buſineſs of 'importance requires my attendance. I will wait 'upon you in the afternoon, when over a diſh of 'coffee, we will deviſe ſome means to dupe his Lord-'ſhip, and teach him, a lady's affection is not to be 'gained by force.'

After Mrs. Lowman had left the room, Miſs Gray began to ruminate ſeriouſly on this ſudden change of behaviour. She was not ſuch a novice to the human character, as not to perceive that ſuch an alteration, was more inſidious than amicable. She prudently ſuſpected the integrity of her novel friend, and reſolved to attend minutely to her deportment. Thoſe profeſſions of pity, which ſhe uttered with a ſeeming ſenſibility, might poſſibly be feigned. They might be the effect of ſome ſiniſter deſign, contrived to lull her ſuſpicion aſleep, and complete her deſtruction with the greater expedition. This idea excited her alarm, yet the enjoyment of a good fire, and the happineſs of once more beholding the ſun, demonſtrated there was ſome degree of ſincerity in her profeſſional friendſhip. This voluntary advance to a connection, which ſhe never expected, raiſed ſome faint hopes in the mind of the drooping fair one, that one day ſhe might obtain ſufficient influence over the artful Mrs. Lowman, as to be able, by her connivance, to accompliſh her liberty. Poſſeſſed with this pleaſing thought, ſhe anxiouſly waited for the hour of her promiſed interview.

When Mrs. Lowman came, ſhe was remarkably cheerful and communicative. 'I have, my dear,' ſays ſhe, 'a long time commiſerated your oppreſſion. 'I have promiſed to aſſiſt you in this emergency, and 'you may depend on my fidelity. I aſk no other re-'compence, than your future eſteem, and an inviola-'ble ſecrecy. His Lordſhip will be abſent to-morrow. 'We muſt not ſlip this opportunity. I will provide 'ſome means of conveyance, by which you will, be-

'fore

'fore his return, be effectually beyond his purſuit.'—'This propoſal Madam, is certainly the effuſion of a 'genuine friendſhip. I embrace it with tranſport. I 'will remember your kindneſs to the lateſt moment of 'my exiſtence. I will petition the throne of grace 'for your welfare, and'—the door opened, and Mrs. Lowman was requeſted to walk down ſtairs.—'I 'know the occaſion of this call, my dear, I will be 'with you in a few minutes.' Miſs Gray waited for ſome time, and Mrs. Lowman not returning, ſhe drank two diſhes of coffee in her abſence. When ſhe came, ſhe was profuſe in her apologies, excuſed herſelf on the ſtale plea of indiſpenſable buſineſs, and became very jocular on the execution of their intended project. After a variety of unmeaning compliments, mixed with expreſſions of unalterable kindneſs, ſhe took her leave, ſaying, 'I go, my dear, to provide 'the means, which will infallibly enſure your peace.'

She had not been gone above a quarter of an hour, when Miſs Gray felt herſelf ſeized with a very unuſual languor. She had an inſuperable propenſity to ſleep She ſtruggled againſt this pervading ſlumber, and often when her eyes were juſt cloſed, and her ſenſes enlocked in the pleaſing trance, ſhe ſtarted from her chair, endeavouring in vain to re-aſſume her wonted cheerfulneſs. At length, perceiving all attempts ineffectual to ſhake off her preſent drowſineſs, and being totally overcome with laſſitude, ſhe ſunk into an uneaſy ſleep.

She preſently awoke. But what was her horror, when ſhe found herſelf in the arms of his Lordſhip! She began to ſtruggle furious, and ſcreamed in an agony of fear. 'Huſh, huſh, my pretty warbler,' ſays his Lordſhip, while he held her faſt in his arms, 'your notes will not be attended to. Your dreadful 'inſtrument of death I have ſecured, and now'—his rudeneſs beſpoke the brutality of his deſign, when the affrighted lady called out, 'my Lord, my Lord, I 'comply with your requeſt—I will attend you to the 'altar.' This exclamation arreſted his Lordſhip's attention, who replied, 'ſwear, or I will not believe 'you.'

'you.' The trembling fair one dropped upon her knees, and raiſing her hands to heaven, ſaid, 'I call 'my God to witneſs, that I will attend you to the 'altar of Hymen.' His Lordſhip raiſed her from the floor, and careſſing her with the wildeſt tranſports of joy, aſſured her of his unalterable love.

CHAPTER LI.

IN all the tranſactions of life, in that common intercourſe which ever exiſts in ſociety, diſſimulation is a quality which ought to be exploded. It is ſo various and problematical, ſo fallacious and deſtructive, that the utmoſt caution is ineffectual to elude its deſigns. The more arduous the undertaking, the more daring the action, and the more difficulties which preſent themſelves to the eye of the diſſembling villain, the more artful are his contrivances for the accompliſhment of his purpoſe. He concerts with prudence, proceeds with caution, and executes with promptitude. The open, unſuſpicious conduct of the majority of mankind, is an alluring proſpect for the attempts of hypocriſy. They are not apt to ſuſpect, before experience has taught them the leſſon. Suſpicion, though an uneaſy inmate, is ſoon huſhed by the ardor of profeſſion. This coſts the hypocrite nothing. It is only the genuine emanation of a dauntleſs aſſurance. Of this impudent, but obtruſive quality, ſo diſguſtful, and ſo odious, he knows the proper utility. He either advances by degrees, if he perceive that a gradual advance is neceſſary, or he approaches with precipitation, and executes his project, before the object of his deſign could poſſibly be aware of his artifice.

There is no action too mean, no contrivance too baſe, which the hypocrite will not gladly undertake, if any emolument can be obtained from the performance. Honor is an empty bubble, and chaſtity a chimerical folly, with a perſon of this deſcription. The former he knows only by name, the latter he will always endeavour to corrupt, if opportunity favour his deſign.

The hypocrite is an envious character. He ſees the proſperity of others, and meanly repines at their happineſs.

happineſs. Their enjoyment excites his ſpleen, corrodes his peace, and provokes him to embitter it by a variety of dark intrigues, ſuggeſted by envy, and performed by deceit. If ſucceſsful in theſe covert, but diabolical attempts, he enjoys no other pleaſure, than what reſults from the ſolitary joy, of rejoicing at the pain of a fellow creature. To be thus depraved, beſpeaks a mind, not only perverted, but ſunk into the loweſt abyſs of iniquity and corruption. To deceive, is always infamous, becauſe it is a wilful deſtruction of that confidence, which ought to be preſerved immaculate and pure.

His Lordſhip having expreſſed his rapture at the eager declaration of Miſs Gray, and vowed unchangeable affection, he left her, to communicate his joy to his ſage inſtructreſs. She was no ſooner left alone, than ſhe immediately felt herſelf overpowered by a benumbing torpor. She had the precaution to ſecure her chamber door, and notwithſtanding all her efforts, ſhe preſently ſunk into a profound ſleep.

She was awaked next morning, by a noiſe which aroufed her from her lethargic inſenſibility. She ſoon perceived it to be Mrs. Lowman, who was ſoliciting admittance, and earneſtly entreating her to open the door. With this requeſt ſhe thought proper to comply. 'O my dear, Miſs Gray,' exclaimed Mrs. Lowman, 'how long you have ſlept to-day! This 'is the third time I have attempted to awake you.'— 'It is very unuſual with me, Madam, eſpecially ſince 'I became an inhabitant of this houſe, to be taxed 'with the torpidity of the ſluggard, I have generally 'ariſen before the ſun.'—'How grave you are this 'morning, my dear, I am afraid, I have awaked you 'too ſoon, though it is now near mid-day.'—'I am 'rather ſurprized at your information, and ſhould 'certainly blame myſelf for this unaccuſtomed indulgence, but I believe, I am not altogether reprehenſible.'—'This ſerious mood, my dear, and this 'ſolemn, but becoming dignity, is rather forbidding, 'than agreeable, between friends.'—'A friend, Ma'dam, is a ſacred character.'—'Nay, upon my word,

'Miſs Gray, this ſolemnity of deportment ſhould now 'be laid aſide. I came to congratulate you on your 'approaching happineſs, and you receive me with all 'the apparent coldneſs of a ſuſpected enemy.'—'If 'you, Madam, are not conſcious of any deception— 'Nay, nay, my dear, this diſtance, this reſerve, 'would almoſt prompt me to conclude, you are ſuſpi- 'cious of my conduct.'—'Have I not reaſon, Ma- 'dam?'—'You may, to be ſure, ſuſpect me, to be 'in the intereſt of your lover.'—'That, I am per- 'fectly convinced of, notwithſtanding the cunning of 'your yeſterday's declaration. Then your profeſſions 'were open, and ſeemingly ingenuous—but at the 'ſame time they were deceitful, and actually infa- 'mous'—'Miſs Gray, you aſtoniſh me with this im- 'putation!'—'Be not aſtoniſhed, Madam your hel- 'liſh contrivance has ſucceeded. I have promiſed, 'and I will not retract.'—'This accuſation, my dear 'Miſs Gray, hurts—No apology, Madam; I am 'confident of your intention, and the effects of it are 'ſtill manifeſt. I am ſcarcely yet awake, I feel a 'lifeleſs torpor pervade my whole frame.'—'Your 'watchfulneſs, or rather your indefatigable caution, 'is not eaſily to be overcome. But, believe me, I 'had no other motive, than the completion of your 'temporal peace'—'Is not this acknowledgment, 'Madam, attended with compunction?'—'Not one 'iota, my dear. I have this conſolation, that good 'will reſult from the action, and this is more than 'ſufficient to quiet all my qualms of conſcience.'— 'This, Mrs Lowman, is a pernicious doctrine. To 'do evil, that good may enſue, is eradicating the very 'foundations of morality, and effectually overturn- 'ing the ſalutary principles of the chriſtian religion.' —'Ha, ha, ha, my dear, you are far too grave. 'You know that all artifices are warrantable in love. 'it is an impetuous paſſion, it ſpurns at morality, and 'laughs at religion. My project has ſhortened your 'affliction. For this kindneſs you owe me many 'thanks.'—'On this ſubject, there may be ſome dif- 'ference of opinion. My honor is ſafe, my chaſtity

'unſtained;

'unſtained; but certainly it was your intention to de-
'prive me of theſe invaluable companions. I pre-
'vented your deſign by coaleſcing with your requeſt.'
—'Ha, ha, ha, you are an admirable caſuiſt. I will
'not diſpute with you the merit of the action. To
'be certain, it was my contrivance—to be ſure, I
'cajoled you into ſome little confidence of my inte-
'grity—but after all, your compliance was all your
'own.'—'What I more than ſuſpected, you have
'openly confeſſed; therefore I hope, you can have
'no objection to apprize me of the means which your
'ingenuity deviſed to effect your determined purpoſe.'
—'O, my dear, the ingredient was very innocent,
'and ſimple. Only a little tincture of thebaic infuſ-
'ed in your coffee. It was perfectly harmleſs, and
'I hope, in after times, you will thankfully acknow-
'ledge its ſalubrious quality.'—'What after times
'may bring forth, Madam, I cannot divine; but of
'this, I am certain, you have proved yourſelf an
'adept in the art of duplicity, and extorted a com-
'pliance, which virtue beholds with abhorrence. But
'I have ſworn, and my oath is regiſtered in heaven,
'To fulfil that oath, is now my firſt and only conſi-
'deration.'

His Lordſhip entered, as Miſs Gray pronounced theſe laſt words, and hearing them diſtinctly approached her with an air of tenderneſs, taking her hand, he ſaid 'when, O, when, my angel, is the happy day,
'which you have appointed to fulfil your oath?'—
'The ſooner, my Lord, I am acquitted of this ſolemn
'vow, the ſooner ſhall I arrive at the ſummit of my
'wiſhes. There are yet five days betwixt this and
'Sunday. On that ſacred morning, if I may be per-
'mitted, I will attend you to the altar of Hymen.'—
'Happy determination, but why not to morrow?
'This delay is unneceſſary, and tantalizing. To be
'ſtretched on the rack of expectation for five days—
'You, my Lord, in the ardour of your paſſion, have
'ſtretched me on the rack of deſpondency for many
'weeks. This ſmall interval which I requeſt, you
'will never deem unreaſonable. To oppoſe me in

'this

'this opinion, would argue a want of that true po-
'liteneſs, which every real lover ought to pay to the
'will of his miſtreſs.'—'I wholly approve, my dear,'
ſays Mrs. Lowman, 'of this ſhort delay. I hope you
'will excuſe me, when I remark, as you have been
'long here, and your wardrobe very ſcanty, ſome
'faſhionable preparations will abſolutely be neceſſary
'for your matrimonial appearance.'—'That is a con-
'ſideration, Madam, with which I am little troubled.
'The glitter of external ſhow, has no charms for
'me. The true reaſon of my requeſt, is this. I am
'a member of the church of England, have been
'educated in its principles, and mean to conform to
'its eſtabliſhed rites. As marriage is a divine and ſo-
'lemn inſtitution, appointed by the decrees of the
'almighty governor of the univerſe, I think it is a
'falſe ſhame, for any of his rational creatures to en-
'ter within the pale of this honourable ſtate in a ſe-
'cret, or illicit manner. This is no peculiarity of
'opinion. Wherefore, my Lord, I propoſe to meet
'you at the altar on Sunday firſt, during the perfor-
'mance of divine ſervice, in the neareſt epiſcopal
'chapel, and before the face of the whole congrega-
'tion.'—'Whatever you propoſe, my angel, in this
'inſtance meets with my cheerful approbation,' re-
plies his Lordſhip, and he wiſhed to expreſs the fer-
vor of his tranſport on the lips of the reluctant fair
one. He extorted the favor, and the bluſh of deli-
cacy ſuffuſed as lovely a countenance, as ever nature
formed.

When his Lordſhip retired from the apartment of
Miſs Gray, he ſent for his faithful Patrick to attend
him in his own room. Patrick, whoſe attention was
unremitting, entered with his uſual ceremonious bow,
and took his accuſtomed ſtation on the midſt of the
floor. 'Patrick,' ſays his Lordſhip, with an air of
dignity, which he always aſſumed when he had any
matter of importance to communicate to his honeſt
domeſtic—'you muſt know I am going to enter with-
'in the pale of matrimony.'—'Egad, your honor,'
replies the enraptured Patrick, 'I ſmell a rat. She
'has

'has the face of an angel, the religion of a ſaint, and 'what is more preferable, your honor knows, ſhe has 'a good eſtate.'—'That laſt qualification, Patrick, 'is an excellent ingredient for enſuring happineſs in 'the marriage ſtate.' 'Upon my modeſty, your ho-'nor, it is worth both the other two. Beauty with-'out riches, you know, is only a ſnare for chaſtity. 'Religion without riches, you muſt confeſs, is no-'thing more than a lure for hypocriſy. Get wealth, 'your honor, get wealth, that neceſſary article to pro-'cure eſteem in every ſtation of life, and you imme-'diately acquire, what poverty may long wiſh for in 'vain.'—'Upon my word, Patrick, you are a practi-'cal philoſopher.'—'A philoſopher your honor, I was 'always reckoned a wiſe man, and I believe the beſt 'of your philoſophers could never boaſt of being more. 'But being poor, my wiſdom was always overlooked. 'Let a man have the knowledge of Solomon, and if 'he have no money in his purſe, not a ſingle ſoul will 'move his hat to him. If his purſe be full, and his 'head empty, he will meet no more men, than he 'will ſee bare pates.'—'A true remark, Patrick. 'This concluſion is the genuine reſult of an accurate 'obſervation of life and manners.'—'Give me leave 'to obſerve, your honor has obſerved life and man-'ners to much more advantage, than your honeſt Pa-'trick. But, my Lord, there is a hint ſtrikes me, 'it is the ſuggeſtion of this very moment, and I am 'ſure it will make my fortune.'—'What hint is now 'perplexing thy noddle, Patrick? Speak, and let me 'ſee, if I can realize the vagaries of thy troubled 'imagination. Be conciſe, for I can think of little 'elſe than the accompliſhment of my own happineſs.' —'Your honor recollects the reward you have long 'promiſed to my fidelity. Now, as it may be ſome 'time before your honor is reſtored to your family 'eſtate, you know I muſt continue all this time in a 'ſtate of diſagreeable expectation. As you are going 'to marry the rich heireſs, Miſs Gray, the land ſtew-'ard at Stanner-caſtle, is an old ſuperannuated, unne-

ceſſary

'ceſſary clod, and is of no more uſe to the eſtate than 'the rotten trunk of an old oak tree; let your honor 'remove this piece of wheezing lumber, and I think 'you will be at no loſs to ſupply his place.'—'Pa-'trick, thy ſagacity is wonderful, thou ſhalt have his 'office.'—'Eh, by the noſe of my grandmother, I 'am a gentleman! I always thought I was to be a 'great man. My mother uſed to ſay to me, when I 'was a boy, Patrick, mind thy book, and thou wilt 'certainly be the honor of thy family. Thou haſt an 'air in thy walk, and a ſomething in thy countenance, 'which tell me, thou wilt one day make thy fortune. 'My mother was a propheteſs, as wiſe as the witch 'of Endor—my fortune is made. I will immediate-'ly buy a gold-headed cane, and I will walk thus, 'and thus. I paſs by the people of the village—off 'goes a hat on that ſide—down drops a curtſey on 'this ſide—good morning, Mr. Harle, ſays another. 'I ſhall juſt move my head, ſo and ſo, to theſe civi-'lities. Then, for the tenants, whenever they come 'into my preſence, they will ſtand bare-headed. 'When they want a new leaſe, or any repairs to 'their farms, they will accoſt me, your worſhip knows, 'we would aſk nothing but what is abſolutely neceſ-'ſary. Then I look at them with this ſolemn coun-'tenance, and anſwer them in a grave tone, I will 'conſider of your requeſts another time, at preſent 'I am buſy. Then ſcraping and making an awk-'ward bow, they retire, delighted with their recep-'tion. As for your honor's rental, I will aſſuredly 'raiſe it one thouſand pounds a year. I know every 'acre of it, and can inform you, that every farm is 'far too cheap. Sir Archibald is a good landlord, 'and never diſtreſſes a tenant, but when he hears my 'reaſons, he will immediately be convinced of their 'force, and they will bring a clear thouſand per an-'num into your honor's pocket.'—'Patrick—'Mr. 'Harle, if your honor pleaſes, I am now land-ſtew-'ard at Stanner caſtle.'—'Mr. Harle,' ſays his 'Lordſhip ſmiling, 'you will remember to have my

'elegant

'elegant ſuit of clothes well aired on Sunday mor-
'ning.'—'Eh, Sunday morning, your honor, is
'that your wedding day?'—'That is the day, Pa-
'trick, which makes me the happieſt of mortals.'—
'Mr. Harle, if your honor pleaſes.'—'Well well,
'Mr. Harle, you will remember the duties of your
'office, and let my yellow coat be well aired.'—'By
'your honor's honeſty, it ſhall be as warm, as a roaſt-
'ed apple, and when you are dreſſed in this delight-
'ful ſuit, you look exactly like a plumb-tree—nay,
'you are more engaging than the withered leaf of
'a winter cabbage.'—'Out upon you, ſimpleton,
'what a compariſon! Ceaſe your prating and bring
'me my pipes. I wiſh to ſerenade my empreſs with
'ſome of the moſt alluring melodies that human ears
'ever liſtened to.'—'Ah, your honor will throw
'her into raptures by the ſweetneſs of your heavenly
'performance. Never man touched the chaunter of
'a bag-pipe with half the delicacy of your honor.
'This inſtrument in the hands of any other perſon,
'is a noiſy, ſcreaming, yelling, droning horn, and
'puts me directly in mind of the croaking of a frog,
'or the braying of a Jack-aſs.'—'Patrick, Patrick—
'Mr. Harle, if your honor pleaſes—'hold your abo-
'minable jargon, Mr. Harle, and do not prophane
'the divineſt inſtrument that ever mankind was bleſſ-
'ed with. It was undoubtedly the gift of the divi-
'nity. But Mr. Harle, if you underſtand the office
'of a land-ſteward, no better, than this celeſtial
'ſcience, you will never add one farthing to my rent
'roll.'—'But your honor did not ſuffer me to con-
'clude my obſervation. When your honor deigns to
'play, the tones of your muſic are not like the croak-
'ing of the raven, or the ſcreaming of the peacock;
'but they are as ſweet as the nightingale, or the ſong
'of the morning lark. I could liſten with rapture
'till I fainted, and always liſten with freſh admi-
'ration.'—'Very well, Patrick, I—'Mr. Harle,
'if your honor pleaſes—'Mr. Harle, I have often
'ſeen the wonderful effects of my performance on

'your ſenſibility. I have not the leaſt doubt, but if
'if we ſhould arrive at the ſame degree of excel-
'lence, of which antiquity can boaſt, we ſhould
'as eaſily perform the ſame wonders. But modern
'folly laughs at my wiſdom.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER LII.

NO incident of importance happened in the intermediate time. His Lordſhip was all joy, and could not refrain from declaring his rapture on every trifling occurrence. He piped with unremitting ardor, and the houſe reſounded with the melody of his inſtrument. His whole time was devoted, either to an obſequious attendance on his miſtreſs, or to the performance of his heavenly muſic. He ſuppoſed, Miſs Gray, ſince ſhe expreſſed no diſlike to his tones, was become enamoured with his incomparable execution. In this ſuppoſition he redoubled his diligence. He no ſooner left her apartment, than he immediately ſaluted her with a pleaſing ſerenade. He no ſooner ceaſed, or diſcontinued his performance, than he inſtantly obtruded himſelf into her apartment, and thought he perceived her complaiſance increaſe in proportion to the length of his tune. He was inceſſant in the praiſe of his favourite art, extolled it as the completion of human excellence, and often hinted, it was the influence of his melody which had ſoftened the lady's aſperity. She heard him with compoſure, and could not help ſmiling occaſionally at the abſurdity of his remarks.

Patrick from an honeſt, plain domeſtic, was metamorphoſed into the conceited, primming coxcomb. The thought of his future elevation induced him to forget his preſent condition. He ſuppoſed himſelf already elevated above the level of his equals, and while Mrs. Lowman was adjuſting the important preliminaries of the marriage dreſs, he was inſulting the menials of the kitchen with his diſdainful behaviour. They laughed at his apparent folly, and not unfrequently retorted on his pride. When bidden with a ſupercilious

ſupercilious air to know their diſtance, they ſneered at the command, rebuking his vanity with ſome ill-natured reflection. They perceived this ſudden alteration of conduct, but could not divine the cauſe; and though he lately converſed among them with all the familiarity of an intimate acquaintance, he now objected to ſit in their company. They often deſignedly ſat down by his ſide, when he ſtarted from his chair amidſt the roar of laughter, and the ſhouts of convulſive merriment.

Miſs Gray, in general, was ſedate and calm, a compoſed dignity appeared in her whole behaviour. Leſs reſerved than formerly, ſhe conciliated the eſteem of Mrs. Lowman, who expreſſed herſelf captivated with the grace of her demeanour, and the charms of her converſation. Though not convinced of theſe aſſurances, ſhe liſtened to them with a ſweet complacency. The ſmile of joy, on her approaching nuptials, never brightened on her countenance. She ſaw the obſequious attendance of the old lady, and made no doubt, but ſhe was promiſed an ample recompence for the aſſiſtance ſhe had afforded to his Lordſhip in this unwarrantable exigence. She ſaw with unconcern, and yet without pleaſure, the preparations of Mrs. Lowman, which were deſigned to decorate her perſon on her marriage-day. Though conſulted on the beauty and propriety of the minuteſt article, ſhe ſeldom diſſented from the opinion of the officious lady. This acquieſcence was not only agreeable, but pleaſing. Miſs Gray examined her whole paraphernalia, and expreſſed no diſapprobation at what was provided. She rather wiſhed to indulge, than contradict the inclination of her preſent governeſs; and though ſhe perceived the unneceſſary gaudineſs of her apparel, ſhe thought it requiſite to ſtart no objection to its finery, as ſhe knew it was congenial to his Lordſhip's diſpoſition.

At length the fatal morn arrived. Miſs Gray aroſe betimes, and by the aſſiſtance of Mr. Lowman was preſently dreſſed in her nuptial attire. She was more cheerful than uſual. She received the complimentary

expreſſions

expreſſions of her lover with a ſweet affability. This he attributed to the joy of her approaching elevation. The ſerioufneſs of thought not unfrequently gave way to the placid relaxation of a ſmile, whenever ſhe perceived the buſtling anxiety of his Lordſhip. This did not eſcape his notice, but he aſcribed it to a wrong cauſe. It was the effect of ridicule, not of pleaſure. His yellow coat, with the other appendages of his perſonal decorations; his affected ſtrut, with which he inceſſantly paced the floor, in eager expectation of the happy moment of departure, contributed not a little to relax the gravity of the lady, who beheld her enamoured ſwain with no very partial eye. Of this, he was at preſent unconſcious, and thought of nothing but happineſs and wealth.

The bride and bridegroom were accompanied to church by Mrs Lowman and a gentleman who ſhe had procured for the purpoſe of ſtanding father, and giving the bride away. They juſt arrived as the morning ſervice began. According to the particular requeſt of the lady, the ceremony was to be performed at the concluſion of this ſervice. The officiating Miniſter complied with the requiſition. The parties took their ſtand before the rails at the communion table, and the clergyman immediately began the ſolemn ceremony. He pronounced the following words with the moſt awful ſolemnity. 'I require and 'charge you both (as ye will anſwer at the dreadful 'day of judgment, when the ſecrets of all hearts ſhall 'be diſcloſed) that if either of you know any impe-'diment, why ye may not be lawfully joined toge-'ther in matrimony, ye do now confeſs it. For—' Stop, Reverend Sir,' ſays the lovely bride, and the modeſt bluſh of confuſion tinged her cheek as ſhe ſpoke—'ſtop,' ſays ſhe, with a ſerious air of commanding dignity, which aroufed the attention of the whole congregation—'I know a juſt, a powerful, and 'a lawful impediment, why I never ſhould be joined 'to this man, in the holy eſtate of matrimony.'—'Proceed, Sir,' ſays Mrs. Lowman, and the flame of indignation ſparkled on her countenance—'let not

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'the ſervice be impeded by the folly of a ſqueamiſh 'girl.'—'No, Sir, no,' exclaims Miſs Gray, dropping on her knees before the aſtoniſhed clergyman, 'proceed not one ſyllable further in the awful ceremony. Here I implore your protection. I am a 'betrayed, and a perſecuted woman. I was ſeized 'by the treachery of this ungrateful man, and conveyed away by actual force from the care of my natural parents. I was borne to the houſe of this woman, where I have endured for many weeks, all the 'affliction of the moſt refined cruelty. To preſerve 'my innocence from the outrage of brutal violence, I 'was compelled to feign a compliance with his impetuous requiſition, and promiſed to attend him to the 'altar. I have virtually fulfilled my promiſe, I have 'attended him to the altar, but I never deſigned to 'marry him.'—'It is abſolutely falſe, Madam,' replies his Lordſhip, almoſt choaking with the vehemence of rage, 'you ſwore.'—'Yes, I ſwore, and I 'have performed my vow. 'Let me intreat you, Sir, 'to protect me from the infamy of theſe two people. 'I can convince you, and this congregation of the 'truth of my aſſertions.'—'Madam,' replies the Clergyman, 'what you have already objected, is ſufficient to convince me, the ceremony ought to be 'poſtponed. You claim my protection, as a ſafeguard 'to your innocence, and I am happy to afford it to ſo 'much ſeeming virtue. I hope it will be able to preſerve you from the violence of any further perſecution, till you have an opportunity of acquainting 'your parents with your preſent deplorable condition. 'Riſe Madam, your oppreſſors are not anxious to vindicate their conduct.'

The lady aroſe, trembling with fear, and agitated with the perturbations of her troubled mind. The ſymptoms of confuſion, and the glow of virtuous ſhame, were viſible on her countenance. She drew near to the miniſter, as fearful of a ſecond capture. But on looking round, ſhe was ſoon releaſed from this terror. Her perſecutors, conſcious of their guilt, had ſlunk out of the church amidſt the wonder and

aſtoniſhment

aſtoniſhment of the ſilent audience. Overjoyed at the diſappointment of her foes, and perceiving herſelf at liberty, ſhe took a ſeat amongſt the audience, and quietly attended to the remainder of the ſacred ſervice.

On the termination of the duty, ſhe accompanied the Clergyman to his own houſe. He introduced her to his wife, a woman reſpectable for her years, and beloved for the amiability of her character. To this worthy couple, Miſs Gray related without reſerve, every circumſtance relative to her unfortunate ſituation. The lady ſhed tears at the melancholy narration, while her huſband with the language of indignation reprobated the villainy by which ſhe had been betrayed. He renewed his aſſurances of protection, and promiſed her that his houſe ſhould be her inviolable aſylum. She thanked him with joy, while the tear of gratitude ran trickling down her cheek. She was ſolicitous to expreſs her feelings at this emancipation from the moſt ſtudied cruelty, but her ſighs often interrupted her ſpeech, while her ſilence was more expreſſive than all the efforts of elocution.

The remainder of the day was ſpent in thoſe conſolatory admonitions which adminiſter relief to the afflicted ſoul. The worthy Clergyman not only promiſed aſſiſtance, but was very aſſiduous in all thoſe little attentions, which operate moſt effectually towards the alleviation of diſtreſs He ſaid, 'he was not 'unacquainted with the character of Mrs. Lowman. 'She was a wicked, artful, and deſigning woman. A 'ſlave to the depraved paſſions of others, and lived in 'ſplendor by contributing to their gratification. She 'was not above the commiſſion of any enormity, but 'gloried in the ſucceſs of her iniquitous practices She 'was an avowed enemy to the innocence of her ſex, 'and endeavoured by a variety of ſcandalous contri-'vances to cloud with infamy the bluſhing face of 'virtue. She had long been accuſtomed to this in-'fernal purſuit, and was firmly attached to every ſpe-'cies of vice. Habituated by a ſeries of years to the 'deſtruction of virtue, ſhe was now grown grey in

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'an alliance with vice. Callous to every finer feeling 'of the human breaſt, obdurate to the cries of ſuffer- 'ing innocence, ſhe has long ſmiled amidſt the wreck 'of happineſs, and the ruin of domeſtic peace. She 'is well known to every debauchee, and particularly 'acquainted with all his propenſities. By the unre- 'ſtrained indulgence of theſe propenſities, ſhe has ac- 'cumulated affluence. The continuance of her pro- 'feſſion, has baniſhed ſhame from her boſom. She 'exults in the completion of her projects, and is even 'anxious to make them known. She triumphs in 'the ſeduction of a youthful female, and glories in the 'action, if ſhe reduce her to the turpitude of volun- 'tarily continuing in the paths of vice. The infamy 'of her life has more than once ſubjected her conduct 'to a legal cognizance, but ſo profound were all her 'ſchemes, and ſo artful her defence, that ſhe generally 'eſcaped with impunity. Happy was the thought, 'and fortunate the event, by which you outwitted this 'falſacious harpy. Oppoſition to her deſign, as you 'found by experience, only increaſed her vigilance. 'This inſtance of ſuch a fortunate eſcape from a com- 'bination of art and violence, excites my aſtoniſh- 'ment. It ſeems to declare the interpoſition of that 'power, who alone is able to ſave, and marks, that he 'may chaſtiſe the fury of the oppreſſor.'

On Monday morning, as Miſs Gray ſat at breakfaſt with her worthy and diſintereſted friends, a man of a ſhabby appearance, and ill-favoured look, knocked at the door, and demanded in a peremptory tone, if Miſs Gray were in the houſe. Being anſwered by the ſervant in the affirmative, he immediately came forward, and very unceremoniouſly entered the parlour. Miſs Gray changed colour, and trembled. The recollecon of her former ſufferings, from which ſhe had liberated herſelf by a ſimple device, now agitated her mind, and compelled her to dread a repetition of thoſe tremendous ſcenes. She eyed the ſtranger with a viſible trepidation, and while her worthy hoſt was encouraging her not to fear, the catchpole advanced with a countenance ſtern and ſullen, and clapping the

lady

ſady on the ſhoulder, ſaid, 'Madam, you are my 'priſoner.'

She heard this declaration with apparent confuſion, and before ſhe was able to calm the perturbation of her mind, and make any reply, the Clergyman ſaid, 'at 'whoſe deſire is this arreſt put in execution?'—'It 'is,' replies the catchpole, 'at the ſuit of Mrs Low-'man'—'What is the amount?'—'The bill which 'this lady owes to Mrs. Lowman is one hundred and 'fifteen pounds, but at preſent I arreſt her for theft.' —'O heavens,' exclaims Miſs Gray, 'how ſhall I 'eſcape from the infamy of this woman! arreſted for 'theft!'—'Yes, Madam,' returns the catchpole, 'Mrs. Lowman has ſworn, and ſays ſhe can prove the 'truth of the charge.'—'Impoſſible,' exclaims the frightened lady, it is utterly impoſſible! I neither 'owe her a farthing, nor have I purloined the moſt 'trifling article from her houſe. It is ſome villainous 'contrivance to reduce me a ſecond time beneath her 'power.'—'Be not afraid, my dear,' ſays the Clergyman, in a ſteady and determined manner. 'I know 'the character of your proſecutor, I know her malice, 'and am acquainted with your ſtory. She has been 'outwitted, and ſhe means to oppreſs you, but in me 'behold a friend, whoſe endeavours ſhall be employed 'in your behalf, and whoſe intereſt ſhall be exerciſed 'to obtain your honourable acquittal. Where is the 'inſtrument by which you attach this lady?'—'There 'Sir.'—'It is legally executed, and my dear, you 'muſt comply with its power. I will accompany 'you to the magiſtrate.'—'O Sir,' returns Miſs Gray, 'your kindneſs is truly paternal. I am not 'afraid of this malicious proſecution. Only preſerve 'me from the power of Mrs. Lowman, and the law is 'my protection.'—'You ſhall not, Madam, be op-'preſſed—Support your ſpirits beneath this freſh ca-'lamity, it will only be temporary, and I am confi-'dent will redound to the utter confuſion of your 'enemies.'

When they came before the magiſtrate, they found Mrs. Lowman in his preſence. The magiſtrate obſerving

ſerving Miſs Gray advance with a look of conſcious innocence, ſaid to Mrs. Lowman, 'Madam, is this 'the lady you accuſe of ſtealing your property?'— 'It is Sir, and I believe I can prove the theft.'— 'What proof can you adduce to ſubſtantiate this 'charge! It is heinous, and I ſhould hope from the 'appearance of the lady, a falſe accuſation.'—'She 'has, Sir, been a lodger in my houſe for ſome 'months. She abſconded yeſterday by artifice, and 'took along with her ſome ſmall articles of plate, 'which were appropriated to her own uſe.'—'Can you 'eſtabliſh the truth of this aſſertion?'—'I can prove I 'have loſt the plate, I can prove it was in my houſe a 'few minutes before ſhe left her apartment, and I 'can prove it was never ſeen after ſhe went away.'— 'Theſe circumſtances are very ſtrong, but they 'amount not to a direct proof.'—'As the lady, Sir, if 'I am not miſinformed, is a ſtranger in the city, and 'probably without accomplices, ſhe may have the 'property about her. It is neceſſary to ſearch her 'clothes. The articles being ſmall, may poſſibly be 'ſecreted in her apparel. There are two ſilver table 'ſpoons, the creſt, a lion rampant. Six ſilver tea 'ſpoons, with the letters M. L engraved upon them.' The magiſtrate looked at Miſs Gray, who heard the malicious charge without a change of countenance, and ſaid, 'Madam, the nature of this accuſation is 'ſuch, that by virtue of my office, I am reduced to 'the diſagreeable neceſſity of complying with the ri- 'gour of this demand. I hope you will excuſe the 'indiſpenſable freedom, and impute it to the proper 'cauſe, the diſpenſation of juſtice.'—'Sir,' replies the lady, with a voice in no wiſe indicative of conſcious guilt, 'your politeneſs requires my acknowledg- 'ment. I fear not the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny, I am cer- 'tain it will eſtabliſh my innocence.'

Miſs Gray ſubmitted with alacrity to the inquiſition of Mrs. Lowman. She ſearched with the utmoſt officiouſneſs, and examined every fold of her apparel. She ſeemed chagrined at her unexpected diſappoint-

ment,

ment, and was deſiſting from any further ſearch, when ſhe ſuddenly exclaimed, ‘ O, ho, What have ‘ we here! Let me have a pair of ſciſſars, I believe ‘ I have detected this immaculate innocent!’—She immediately began to rip open ſome of the folds of the ſatin ſacque, which Miſs Gray then wore, and to the utter aſtoniſhment of all preſent, a ſilver table ſpoon dropped upon the floor. Upon examination, it proved to be the property of Mrs. Lowman.—Miſs Gray uttered an involuntary ſcream at this diſcovery. The colour forſook her cheeks—her lips trembled, and ſhe was actually convulſed in a paroxiſm of horror.

Mr. Moore, the worthy Clergyman, approached her, and with a look of pitiable concern, deſired her to be comforted. She liſtened to the voice of conſolation, and endeavoured to ſummon her wonted fortitude. Then turning to the Magiſtrate, with a compoſed dignity, and modeſt aſſurance, thus addreſſed him, ‘ Sir, this ſeeming detection of my guilt, may ‘ invalidate my credibility, and induce you to believe ‘ me criminal. I am unfortunate, but not infamous. ‘ I was reduced to the neceſſity of prevarication, for ‘ which I hope the moſt rigid moraliſt will not con‘demn me, to free myſelf from the power of this ‘ woman, who ſought my ruin by every poſſible con‘trivance. Theſe are my wedding robes, provided ‘ by the ſole management of Mrs. Lowman. I never ‘ ſaw them, till ſhe produced them. They were made ‘ ſolely by her directions, and though I ſeemed to ac‘quieſce in all her humors, it was only with an inten‘tion to deceive her, who ſought to ruin me. I ne‘ver, and heaven is my witneſs, put one ſingle ſtitch ‘ in this apparel. I put it on, as it was preſented to ‘ me. I was careleſs of its neatneſs, and indifferent ‘ of its propriety. I looked upon it, as the robe of ‘ infamy, but was determined it ſhould never be the ‘ price of my virtue. That ſpoon, Sir, which you ‘ hold in your hand, has been ſecreted by helliſh art, ‘ in order to convict me of felony, if by any incident

‘ the

'the project of my marriage ſhould be fruſtrated. I 'am as innocent as the child, that is yet unborn, and 'to that innocence I truſt for my acquittal.'

After this ſolemn aſſeveration, Miſs Gray narrated in as conciſe a manner as poſſible, her melancholy ſtory. The Magiſtrate liſtened with attention, and even ſhuddered at the recital of ſome of the brutal circumſtances. When ſhe concluded, he turned to Mrs. Lowman, and ſaid, 'What have you to object againſt 'theſe ſerious, but abominable charges?'—'Ha, ha, 'ha! What have I to object againſt them? Why, 'they are all falſe. They are fabricated with the 'ſole view of exculpating herſelf from the charge of 'felony. Your worſhip will pleaſe to obſerve, ſhe is 'an artful culprit. When ſhe is thus openly detect-'ed, ſhe endeavours to excuſe herſelf, by boldly cri-'minating me. I am an honeſt woman, am known to 'be ſuch, and my character above ſuch a baſe inſinu-'ation. I can diſprove every ſyllable ſhe has aſſerted, 'and am determined to proſecute with all the rigor of 'the law.'—'This defence, Madam,' obſerves Mr. Moore, with a ſneer of contempt, 'of your character, 'is totally unneceſſary. Your reſpectability, your 'honeſty, nay, your virtue, are too well known in 'this city. From what this much injured lady has 'informed me, I am confident of her innocence. 'Your cruelty, and your artifice are apparent, but 'remember, juſtice ſhall overtake you. You have 'been defeated in your helliſh ſchemes of ſeduction 'by the ſuperior wiſdom of this lady, and in revenge 'you purſue her life. Your malice ſhall be diſap-'pointed in this horrid attempt. I will bail her from 'priſon, and her relations ſhall ſoon be apprized of 'that treachery, which ſhall cover you with ſhame 'and infamy.'—'Cover me, Sir, with ſhame and 'infamy! I defy your ſlander. If this young lady 'thought proper to elope, and put herſelf beneath my 'protection, am I to be bilked of a conſiderable ſum, 'and pillaged of my property, becauſe you chuſe to 'believe a lie? I poſitively refuſe your bail, and 'call upon this gentleman, to execute the duties of

'his

'his office.'—'Though I think,' obſerves the Magiſtrate, 'I perceive no myſtery in this tranſaction, 'yet, Madam,' addreſſing himſelf to Miſs Gray, 'You muſt ſubmit to temporary confinement. The 'law, in ſome inſtances, is rigid, and ſince the pro-'perty has been found in your poſſeſſion, you muſt, 'in conformity with the eſtabliſhed rules of court, 'undergo the formality of a trial.'

CHAPTER

CHAPTER LIII.

IN the midſt of ſurrounding dangers, it is difficult to avoid the breath of cenſure. We may deliberate with ſolicitude, and act with caution, yet probably may fall into an error. The human mind, when agitated with a variety of emotions, is ſeldom capable of its proper powers. It is embarraſſed with a multitude of diſcordant perceptions, and often determines with impropriety. It may ſuffer with magnanimity beneath the preſſure of incumbent misfortunes, but when perplexed between prevailing motives, there is a poſſibility of a wrong determination. This, though erroneous, is not criminal. It is often the effect of a perturbed imagination, wearied with the attacks of eternal oppoſition. To be oppoſed in the voluntary deciſions of the will, excites reſentment. To gratify this reſentment, induces the judgment to deviate from the path of rectitude. This is acting againſt conviction, or the cleareſt dictates of natural conſcience. To indulge what is acknowledged to be wrong, is a criminal propenſity. Yet intereſt, paſſion, and a variety of operative cauſes, will frequently corroborate the propenſity. This depravity of diſpoſition is ſometimes encouraged from a combination of circumſtances, which aid, what ought to be oppoſed, and approve, what ought to be condemned.

Of all the powers of the human mind, none is equal to fortitude, in the hour of danger, or the moment of diſtreſs. It is not depreſſed by misfortune, but ſuffers without that puerile lamentation, which always increaſes, but never alleviates the preſſure of calamity. A ſtranger to fear, it bears the weight of affliction without a murmur. It is always admired, but ſeldom imitated. It extorts applauſe, enſures approbation, and always deſerves that encomium, which the niggard voice of envy is ſo jealous

jealous to beſtow. If a conſciouſneſs of innocence ſupply the place of guilt, it is a difficult undertaking to ſubdue effectually the mind of magnanimity. It is a quality that is generally appended to virtue, but ſeldom aſſociates with vice. Virtue is not apt to fear, but vice will tremble, when no enemy approaches.

The Magiſtrate, though ſeemingly convinced of the innocence of Miſs Gray, yet, in compliance with the rules of law, was obliged to commit her to priſon. She peruſed the inſtrument of her commitment with a countenance ſedate and unchanged, and ſubmitted to its power with alacrity. 'This con-'finement,' ſhe ſaid, 'is a happineſs in compariſon 'with the puniſhment I have lately endured. 'Though unjuſt and unmerited, I ſhall not murmur. 'There are many incidents in our lives which we 'cannot prevent, and which too frequently deſtroy 'our peace. I have had my full ſhare of theſe un-'lucky incidents. But, Sir, I have one favor to 'aſk, which I hope you will not refuſe. Will you, 'by virtue of your official capacity, give orders that 'this woman have no admittance to my priſon, and 'that Mr. Moore, the only friend I can claim in 'the city, may be allowed the privilege to viſit me 'when he pleaſes?"—'Whatever favor, Madam, is 'in my power to grant, you may demand with con-'fidence. Your Keeper ſhall have particular in-'junctions relative to what you now requeſt, and 'a voluntary tranſgreſſion ſhall be puniſhed with 'rigor.'

Miſs Gray was accompanied to the priſon by the humane Mr Moore, and by his intereſt accommodated with a decent apartment. She looked around her with an eye of apprehenſion, beheld the iron rails which barricaded the windows with a glance of terror, and ſeemed for the preſent moment to feel all the horror of her preſent ſituation. Mr. Moore perceived her agitation, and kindly ſaid, 'Let not 'this dreary manſion, or any ideas which its dimneſs 'may ſuggeſt, fill your mind with unneceſſary fear.

'Your

'Your confinement ſhall be of ſhort duration.' The 'infamy of your proſecutor is ſo notorious, and the 'treachery by which ſhe wiſhes to eſtabliſh your 'guilt, ſo manifeſt, that ſhe will not dare to appear 'in the proſecution of her ſuit.'—'Your advice, 'your admonitions, Sir, are kind and conſolatory. 'I am not now prohibited from pen and ink; will 'you therefore undertake to convey a letter to my 'parents? Their preſence will be neceſſary, though 'it ſhould afflict their ſouls to meet their unfortunate 'child in this ſeat of horror.'—'Whatever you 'chuſe to write, Madam, and certainly a letter to 'your parents is indiſpenſably neceſſary, I will diſ-'patch to Stanner-Caſtle by a faithful, and ſpecial 'meſſenger.' She immediately wrote the following letter, and delivered it to Mr. Moore.

To Sir ARCHIBALD GRAY,

STANNER-CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

HONOURED FATHER,

'I will yet ſtyle you by that tender name, though 'probably you may ſuſpect me to have diſgraced the 'honourable alliance between father and child. I 'never was ungrateful, though misfortune has been 'my portion. I never was diſobedient, though I 'have ſuffered the kneeneſt ſcourge of affliction. I 'am innocent, though I have been perſecuted by all 'the unavailing efforts of ſeduction. I am at this 'moment the victim of atrocious malice, and write 'amidſt the horrors of a priſon. I have a tale to 'unfold, will harrow up your ſoul. But be not 'grieved above meaſure, nor anticipate affliction, for 'I repeat it again, your daughter is ſtill virtuous.

'You

'You have nouriſhed a ſerpent in your boſom, you 'have ſupported him by your bounty, and he has 'endeavoured to ſting you in the tendereſt part, the 'ruin of your daughter. Defeated of his horrid in-'tention, he now ſeeks my life. His deſigns 'are dark, and almoſt unfathomable. I want your 'paternal aſſiſtance. I want the tenderneſs of my 'Mama to conſole my mind in this ſeaſon of diſtreſs. 'O come, come to me, and comfort me with your 'wonted affection. I am accuſed of the fouleſt 'crimes, and now a priſoner on the ſuſpicion of be-'ing guilty. A conſcious innocence ſupports me in 'all my trials. What muſt the guilty mind feel in 'thoſe ſolitary moments which I have ſuffered! 'Let not ſuſpicion hint, I ought to have written 'ſooner. Inſuperable oppoſition prevented me, and 'I was guarded by the jealouſy of an Argus. To 'ſee you once more, to pour my ſorrows into your 'boſom, and to be received with the tenderneſs due 'to a long loſt child, throws a ray of conſolation 'on my mind, even amid the darkneſs of this 'ſolitary cell.

'I am, honoured Father,

'Your moſt unfortunate child,

'LUCY GRAY.'

When the meſſenger, who was diſpatched by Mr. Moore with this letter, arrived at Stanner-Caſtle, he met with Sir Archibald walking in the front, in a ſerious and contemplative manner. Having delivered the letter to the Baronet, he peruſed it with the utmoſt attention. He raiſed his eyes to Heaven, while a look of horrror diſtorted the mildneſs of his countenance, and ſaid, 'Lord preſerve my child! 'In thy chaſtiſements thou remembereſt mercy, and 'wilt reſtore my daughter to my arms in all the

'purity of her native innocence. I have been im-
'patient, I have even repined at the wiſdom of thy
'diſpenſations; but thou art all gracious, and never
'wilt forſake thy ſervants, who by faith and righ-
'teouſneſs implore thy aſſiſtance.'

The worthy Baronet requeſted the meſſenger to follow him. He entered the drawing-room, where Lady Gray and Miſs Welman were ſitting. Lady Gray immediately perceived the agitation of his mind, and obſerving the letter in his hand, was afraid to enquire into the cauſe of his apparent trouble. After a pauſe of a few minutes, he approached her with a look of concern, and preſenting the letter, ſaid, 'Let our ſorrows ceaſe, I hope 'the day of bitterneſs is paſt.' Miſs Welman heard the expreſſion, and ſpringing from her chair, ran directly to Sir Archibald, ſaying, 'O where is my 'dear Lucy? I am conſcious that letter is from 'her.'—'She is ſafe,' replies the Baronet, 'and 'in a place of ſecurity.' The letter dropped from the hands of Lady Gray—her cheek grew pale, and fixing her eyes on the face of Sir Archibald, cried, 'alas, my child!'—'Be not afflicted,' ſays Sir Archibald, 'returning happineſs begins to dawn.'—'O it has long been a ſtranger to this boſom! 'Thou ſayeſt thou haſt a tale of horror to unfold. 'The expreſſion chills my ſoul. To be lodged in 'the dungeon of a priſon! O my child, what haſt 'thou done to merit ſuch a puniſhment! Thou 'canſt not be wicked! I know the integrity of thy 'heart too well. To be a companion with the ſons 'of iniquity, to liſten to the uproar of incenſed 'wretchedneſs, and be hourly inſulted by the 'language of inſolence, is an affliction thou haſt not 'deſerved. Yes, I will come, I will comfort thee 'in thy cell, and amidſt the darkneſs of thy loath-'ſome priſon will ſooth the ſorrows of thy drooping 'ſoul.'

Mr. Bruce was immediately ſent for; who being come, and having peruſed the letter, was ſhocked at its melancholy information. 'Pray, Sir Archi-

'bald,'

'bald,' ſays he, 'who is the perpetrator of this 'horrid action?' The queſtion, though natural, ſtartled the Baronet. He heſitated before he replied. He looked ſeriouſly at Mr. Bruce, ſaying, 'I am at 'a loſs to conjecture, my worthy friend, who has 'been the cauſe of this domeſtic affliction.'—'I 'think, Sir,' obſerves Mr. Bruce, 'there are ſome 'particular expreſſions in Miſs Gray's letter, that 'elucidate this myſtery.'—'It is evident,' exclaims Miſs Welman, 'that that ungrateful Scotchman is 'the actor of all this infamy.'—'I hope, my dear,' returns Sir Archibald, 'that is impoſſible.'—'There 'is no impoſſibility in the action,' remarks Lady Gray, 'but I ſhall ſuſpend my belief, as human 'nature ought not to be branded with ſuch a horrid 'degeneracy.'—'We may, Madam,' returns Mr. Bruce, 'regret the depravity of the human mind; 'but our regret will never change a depraved diſpo-'ſition.'—'A moment's ſerious reflection,' ſays Sir Archibald, 'will overturn theſe inſinuations. No 'man can be ſo baſe. His Lordſhip may be ungrate-'ful—he never can be ſo infamous, as to repay my 'friendſhip by endeavouring the ruin of my child. 'I mean, Mr. Bruce, to ſet out immediately for 'Edinburgh, can I have the pleaſure of your com-'pany in this diſtreſsful journey?'—'To comply with 'your requiſition, in this inſtance, is my peculiar 'happineſs.'—'I hope, Sir Archibald,' ſays Lady Gray, 'you mean not to debar me from the pleaſure 'of flying to the relief of my child!'—'I think, 'Madam, it would be more expedient for you, con-'ſidering the inclemency of the weather, to forego 'that pleaſure, till her arrival beneath this roof.'—'Raiſe no impediments, Sir Archibald, to fruſtrate 'my intention. If you leave me, I ſhall be miſerable 'every moment of your abſence. The weather ſhall 'be no obſtruction to my will.'—'Nor to mine,' ſays Miſs Welman. 'Let me intreat you, Sir, and let 'me not intreat in vain, that I may make the fourth 'perſon in this agreeable expedition. I call it agree-'able, becauſe it is undertaken to reſtore an amiable

'child to the arms of her injured parents.' Sir Archibald aſſented, and they began to prepare for their immediate departure.

They arrived in the city of Edinburgh without any incident of importance happening in the journey. They were brought to the houſe of the good Mr. Moore, by the guidance of his faithful meſſenger, who had accompanied them on the road. After the firſt congratulations were over, he joyfully went along with them to the priſon. They were immediately admitted. Mr. Moore was the firſt who entered the apartment where Miſs Gray was confined. She was reading, but ſhe no ſooner perceived him, than ſhe aroſe, and ſeemed ſtartled at the unexpected introduction of ſo much company. Before ſhe recovered from her ſurprize, Sir Archibald ſtepped towards her—ſhe ſcreamed 'O my father!' and fell into his arms.

The diſtreſs of Lady Gray, in this ſorrowful interval, when the ſenſes of her lovely daughter were ſuſpended by the violent operations of her joy, was viſible and afflictive. She expreſſed her grief by inceſſant ſighs, and whilſt the tear of affection bedewed her maternal cheek, ſhe kiſſed her child with all the tenderneſs of ſorrow. Miſs Welman, whoſe feelings were alive, and wrung with the keeneſt anguiſh, held the hand of her lovely friend, and bathed it with the tear of ſympathy. Her emotions were tumultuous, and whilſt the grief of Lady Gray was calm and placid, ſhe exclaimed againſt the perfidy, which had reduced the mind of innocence to this deplorable ſituation.

Miſs Gray revived, and ſeeing her Mama, ſhe ruſhed into her arms, and weeping immoderately, ſhe poured her ſorrows into her throbbing boſom. She tenderly embraced Miſs Welman, ſaying, 'My 'dear, how ſhall I repay this kindneſs! Mr. Bruce, 'your preſence adds to my joy. It is long ſince I 'enjoyed ſuch a happy moment, and to this worthy 'gentleman we are ſolely indebted for this auſpicious 'meeting. O Mama, I have ſuffered much ſince I

'was

'was forcibly ſevered from your protecting care. 'But the deſigns of the moſt infernal treachery have 'been totally diſappointed, and you ſee your child, 'though lately devoted to deſtruction, again reſtored 'to your arms, in all the purity of her native inno-'cence. I hope the goodneſs of all my friends will 'excuſe this flagrant egotiſm. I think the peculia-'rity of my unhappy caſe abſolutely demands it.'—'We have,' ſays Sir Archibald, 'only heard a little 'of your melancholy ſtory from Mr. Moore, whoſe 'kindneſs I ſhall ever remember with the warmeſt 'gratitude. If you have fortitude to narrate the 'whole, you will greatly indulge the curioſity of 'your grieving parents, and gratify the wiſh of your 'faithful friends.'—'The requeſt of my father, I 'always eſteem as a command. That fortitude 'which has borne me through ſuch a multitude of 'trials, will never ſhrink at the bare recital of the 'hardſhips which they produced.' She then began, and enumerated with accuracy every circumſtance which had befallen her, from the moment of her ſeizure at Newcaſtle, till the inſtant of their fortu-nate arrival.

When ſhe finiſhed her aſtoniſhing narration, they looked upon one another with an awful ſilence. 'O 'the horrid wretch,' exclaims Miſs Welman, 'what 'ingratitude! Will not the laws of his country, 'Sir Archibald, puniſh him for ſuch deteſtable 'treachery?'—'He deſerves, Miſs Welman, a 'ſeverer puniſhment than the laws can poſſibly 'inflict.'—'He is a monſter, Sir. The man that is 'ungrateful, is capable of any enormity.'—'Your 'obſervation, Miſs Welman,' ſays Mr. Bruce, 'is perfectly juſt. The ungrateful man is always an 'immoral, and a vicious character. But this in-'ſtance of ingratitude is ſo baſe and unparalleled, ſo 'unexpected, and ſo abominable, that it even defies 'the ſevereſt cenſure.'—'Yes,' obſerves Lady Gray, 'language is too feeble to condemn its turpitude. 'But let us not waſte our time in ineffectual reproaches '—let us fly from this hated dungeon, the very

'walls

'walls of which ſeem to be infected with the loath-
'ſome contagion of his infamy.' Miſs Gray, who during this converſation. ſat between her mama and Miſs Welman, no ſooner heard the propoſal, than ſhe roſe from her ſeat, and ſhewed her ready inclination to depart, by moving towards the door. Mr. Moore obſerved her movement, and tenderly remarked, 'there are ſome obſtacles, my dear, to 'your immediate departure.' She ſtopped ſhort at this judicious obſervation, and looking ſeriouſly, reſumed her former ſituation. She ſeemed abaſhed, and though unconſcious of any guilt, the pearly tear gliſtened on her cheek. Sir Archibald perceived the poignancy of her preſent feelings, and deſired her to be comforted, ſaying, 'you ſhall no longer, my dear, 'endure this hateful confinement. I will offer a 'bail of ten thouſand pounds for your enlargement, 'and if that be deemed inſufficient, I will cheerfully 'double the ſum. Mr. Moore, will you be ſo 'obliging as to accompany me to the magiſtrate who 'granted the commitment?' Mr. Moore readily aſſented, and being joined by Mr. Bruce, they took their leave of the ladies, aſſuring them, that nothing ſhould be left undone, which might facilitate her immediate liberation.

The magiſtrate politely attended to the earneſt requiſition of Sir Archibald. He ſaid, he was perfectly ſatisfied of the infamy of the lady's accuſers, and would ſummons Mrs. Lowman before them.

The meſſenger who was diſpatched on this errand, preſently returned, and informed his Worſhip, that the gentlewoman was not to be found. That her houſe was ſhut up, and it was rumoured in the neighbourhood, ſhe had clandeſtinely packed up all her moveables, and left the city. This report being confirmed, the magiſtrate was deſirous of complying with the requeſt of the Baronet; and after having conſulted ſome of the Lords of the Seſſions, on the legality of releaſing the lady, he accepted of a trifling bond for her appearance at the next court of Juſticiary,

and

and diſmiſſed them with an order for her immediate enlargement.

They continued with the good Mr. Moore only till the next day. They took their leave of him with the moſt grateful acknowledgments of his kindneſs. They preſſed him to accompany them, which he politely declined for the preſent, but promiſed to viſit them the enſuing ſummer. They ſet forward with joy, and without any material interruption, arrived ſafely at Stanner caſtle.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER LIV.

OF all the vices, to which the human mind is ſubject, ingratitude is the moſt odious. It receives with avidity, whatever benevolence will confer, and retorts the favour with the moſt baleful malignity. An utter ſtranger to any generous ſenſation, it beholds with anxiety the happineſs of any individual, and determines, if poſſible, to deſtroy that ſource, whence reſults the moſt ſalutary ſtreams of all human enjoyments. Eager in the purſuit of this adopted project, and ſolicitous to accompliſh what cannot beſtow felicity, it delights in the diſſemination of miſchief, and takes a peculiar pleaſure in deſtroying the peace of him, who vainly expected a far different return for a variety of acts of diſintereſted kindneſs. This grating diſcovery, to the mind of ſenſibility, not only provokes reſentment, but corrodes the felicity of the preſent moment. That confidence, which unſuſpecting benevolence had beſtowed on an ungrateful object, is baſely betrayed by that conduct, which a generous mind never believes to exiſt, till experience demonſtrates the poſſibility of the fact. Aſtoniſhed at the credulity, which induced generoſity, and amazed at that turpitude which could be guilty of ſuch deception, the man of real virtue wonders and compaſſionates the degeneracy of human nature. He heaves the ſigh of pity, and fondly hopes that ſuch glaring depravity is ſeldom to be met with in the buſtling walks of life.

The ungrateful man is always conſcious of his own baſeneſs. He wiſhes to avoid diſcovery, he ſkulks from detection, and when upbraided with his ſhameleſs deportment, he has the unparalleled effrontery to deny the commiſſion of the fact. Hence the univerſality of the opinion, that ingratitude is a vice of the deepeſt ſtain. So heinous does it appear to the majority

majority of mankind, that whenever an individual is branded with the infamy of the act, he always meets with that degree of cenſure which is due to the moſt enormous of crimes. A conſciouſneſs of his own delinquency effectually prevents him from the acknowledgment of his error. He perceives the atrocity of his own behaviour, and frequently attempts to palliate its meanneſs, by alledging the ſtale plea of expediency. He generally miſtakes the term, and what adds to his culpability, the miſtake is wilful.

Few men are averſe to the ſocial influence of friendſhip; but a diſintereſted friendſhip is ſo rare and invaluable, that it is ſeldom to be met with among the ſons of men. The term is as frequent as ever, but the union is nearly annihilated. Ingratitude, that monſter, which deſtroys the genial intercourſe of mankind, whoſe influence is baneful, and whoſe touch is blighting, has almoſt extinguiſhed the very name of friendſhip. When a man is once betrayed, ſuſpicion ſucceeds benevolence, and diſintereſtedneſs gives place to a ſordid cautiouſneſs.

It was no ſooner rumoured that Miſs Gray was returned to the caſtle, than many of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood eagerly flocked to bid her welcome to the place of her nativity. They were informed by report, by what means ſhe had been betrayed. They reprobated in uncouth terms, the perpetrator of this ſhameleſs action. Her freedom of acceſs, her condeſcenſion, and eaſy carriage towards her inferiors, conciliated their affection, and won their eſteem. She never treated the loweſt, or the pooreſt with diſdain. She heard their complaint with becoming affability, liſtened to their murmurs with unwearied patience, and directed their conduct with a winning complacency. She felt, what ſhe expreſſed, and not unfrequently mingled her tears with theirs, when they wept at the recital of their ſorrows. She not only adminiſtered the balm of conſolation to the aching heart, but pitying the many diſtreſſes attendant on a life of poverty, ſhe conſtantly

relieved the neceſſitous, wherever ſhe was ſo fortunate as to meet them. She always thought, and ſhe thought rightly, that poverty ſhould never endure the contemptuous inſults of ſuperiority. She ſaid, it was cruel to treat the children of want with the ſneer of diſdain. She practiſed more than ſhe profeſſed, and gained the eſteem of more than ſhe ſuccoured by her beneficence.

From this conduct, ſhe ſeldom moved abroad, but ſhe was followed by the bleſſings of a thankful multitude. In her abſence, her parents did not mourn alone. Many lamented her loſs, becauſe that comfort, which was ſupplied by her charity, was now withdrawn. It is therefore, no wonder, they were eager to expreſs their joy on this fortunate occaſion. She received their congratulations with a cheerful affability, and while they lamented the paleneſs of her countenance, as fearful of indiſpoſition, ſhe thanked them for their kindneſs, and hoped her native air would ſoon reſtore her to her priſtine health.

Ever ſince the departure of her brother, Miſs Welman had ſpent the greater part of her time at the caſtle. Lady Gray found much conſolation from her company. She began to look upon her as another daughter. And while ſhe regretted the loſs of her favourite child, ſhe experienced ſome relief by unboſoming her ſorrows to her youthful friend. And though Miſs Welman's viſits to Roſehill were frequent, in order to regulate thoſe affairs which were ſubmitted to her ſuperintendence, her return to the caſtle was expected and regular. She had no pleaſure in her native manſion, which ſeemed ſolitary and deſerted. The happineſs ſhe had long enjoyed from a reciprocal intercourſe with her amiable neighbours, was greatly impaired by the ſorrowful abſence of her lovely friend. Finding no conſolation in ſolitude, ſhe ſought it in converſation, and paſſed much of her time with Lady Gray, in the mutual interchange of lamentation and woe.

One

One morning after Miſs Gray's return, they were ſitting by themſelves in the drawing-room, when Miſs Welman, ſaid, 'you are really, my dear, the devoted 'victim of love. This paſſion, implanted in the human breaſt for the nobleſt purpoſes, is often impetuous and unruly. You have felt its outrageous force. 'And though I believe, Lucy, you are no ſtranger to 'its pleaſing influence, yet the oppreſſion it has occaſioned you to ſuffer, may induce you to wiſh it were 'annihilated in the human conſtitution.'—'This inſinuation, my dear Miſs Welman, I perfectly comprehend. You have long known the ſtate of my 'heart. It was always above diſguiſe. A virtuous 'love is an agreeable paſſion. It will inevitably be 'attended with many uneaſineſſes; but theſe are inſeparable from this faſcinating weakneſs. The turbulence of this paſſion is no argument for its annihilation. It is the province of reaſon to controul its 'violence, and were it kept under due regulations, 'inſtead of embittering, as is too often the caſe, it 'would gild the paſſing hours of mortality with the 'ſweeteſt of human enjoyments, tranquillity, and 'peace.'—'So, ſo, Lucy, I believe you hug this 'bewitching phantom with true heroic fortitude. 'You talk as rationally on the ſubject, as if you were 'diſcuſſing a philoſophical queſtion. I wiſh your 'fidelity may be rewarded in proportion to its ſufferings. But had I endured the tenth part of what 'you have undergone, I ſhould poſitively have wiſhed 'all the male-monſters at the bottom of the red-ſea.' —'Would not this ſavor of inhumanity, Miſs 'Welman? Is it not involving the innocent with the 'guilty? Is it not throwing indiſcrimate cenſure, and 'branding all with the criminality of a few? Though 'I have been ſo unfortunate, as to fall twice beneath 'the power of violence, I am not yet ſo illiberal, as 'to conclude that the diſpoſitions of the whole ſex, 'are ſimilar to thoſe of my brutal oppreſſors. This 'would be as uncharitable, as it is unjuſt.'—'Heigh 'ho, Lucy, what a beautiful apologetic have you 'delivered on theſe ſtrange, unaccountable creatures!

'I really

'I really believe you have forgiven the ſavage treat-
'ment you received from them already.'—'I am not
'altogether confident, whether I have forgiven it;
'but of this I am certain, it is my duty to do ſo. I
'hope I ſhall arrive at this virtue, and perfectly for-
'give an injury, though memory be not capable of
'oblivion.'—'I ſhall not trouble myſelf about theſe
'diſtinctions, but this I know, my virtue is not ſo
'paſſive. I would not only vow, but ſeek my revenge.
'I would poſitively kill my injurer with ſcorn.'—
'Would you ſo, Fanny? if ever you try the experi-
'ment, you will find it a moſt difficult undertaking.
'The human heart is not eaſily broken'—'Is it not?
'Then I never will be in love. For I think all the
'ſport in ſo much whining, and ſobbing, and ſighing,
'and crying, is to ſee a broken heart—nay the poor
'ſouls ſeem ſo very obliging, that they cannot refuſe
'to cloſe their eyes, whenever we make the requeſt.'
—'Really I am not in a laughing humour, or I could
'be very merry at this rhodomontade.'—'You may
'laugh as you pleaſe, Lucy, but my ſwain ſhall feel
'my malignant influence.'

Mr. Gardiner entered, and heard diſtinctly the concluſion of the laſt ſentence. He ſmiled, and ſaid, 'indeed Miſs Welman, I did not think there was ſo 'much tyranny in your diſpoſition.' At this remark, the bluſh of confuſion overſpread her cheek, ſhe caſt her eyes on the floor, and ſeemed embarraſſed at this detection of her cruel reſolution. Miſs Gray obſerved her preſent agitation, and ſaid, 'I hope, Miſs Wel-
'man, you are not aſhamed of this determination?
'This gentleman will be ſo officious, as to publiſh the
'terms, on which your affection is to be obtained.'—
'Yes, Madam,' replies Mr. Gardiner, 'I ſhall wil-
'lingly undertake the office you aſſign me, and notify
'to the world the ferocious cruelty of this lady's
'temper. But I am afraid, it will do her injuſtice.
'There are very few dying ſwains in theſe degenerate
'times. Lovers are become more obdurate, and
'rebelliouſly value their own lives above the tyrannic
'whim of any capricious fair one.'—'What a pity,

'Sir,'

'Sir,' returns Miſs Gray, 'that the glorious days of 'chivalry are no more! Otherwiſe we might have 'had the pleaſure of ſeeing Roſehill beſieged by the 'unconquerable proweſs of a dozen knights errant, 'who after they had ſtormed the enchanted caſtle, 'and the goddeſs, arrayed in her celeſtial charms, 'condeſcended to favor them with one glance of her 'immortal beauty, would inſtantly commence a terrific 'encounter and heroically ſacrifice themſelves at the 'ſhrine of this tutelar deity.' Miſs Welman burſt out a laughing at this ſarcaſtic raillery, and obſerved, 'ſhe was ſorry to remark, nay, it even excited her 'envy, that all the modern Quixotes had entirely 'miſtaken the place of their deſtination.' Miſs Gray ſmiled at the keenneſs of the reply, and ſaid 'though, 'my dear, you really envy the miſtake, I am not ſo 'malevolent, as to wiſh my friend involved in any 'part of the miſery reſulting from this error.'— 'Thank you, my dear. I hope your noble diſinter- 'eſtedneſs will one day influence my conduct. Then 'I may probably relax a little of my ſeverity—' and, 'Madam,' returns Mr. Gardiner, 'I hope your affec- 'tion may be gained without a broken heart.'—'I pro- 'miſe, Sir, to re-conſider the ſubject. Till which 'time, I requeſt, Sir, you will poſtpone the duties 'of your office.'

It was one of thoſe calm, mild days, which ſometimes enliven the latter end of February. The ſun ſhone with inviting luſtre, and expelled for a few hours the ſternneſs of horrific winter. The thruſh, that gentle harbinger of ſpring, was perched upon a bending ſpray, and the groves re-echoed with the melody of his tone. The pleaſing tranquillity of the day, ſo unuſual at this inclement ſeaſon, was obſerved by Mr. Gardiner, as he came to the caſtle. He propoſed a walk to the ladies, which they cheerfully complied with, and immediately accompanied him to enjoy the beauties of the rural ſcenery.

The fields were not yet arrayed in the freſhneſs of their green attire. A ſallow brown overſpread the ſurface. The lively refreſhing garb of the coming

ſpring,

ſpring, ſo cheering, ſo delightful to the raviſhed eye, had not yet thrown its modeſt tinge o'er the grateful face of nature. The trees, ſtripped of their foliage by the autumnal blaſt, were bare and naked. The ſwelling bud had not oped its treaſures, or ſpread to the ambient air, the beauty of the indented leaf. The paſſing breezes, warmed by the genial influence of the mid-day ſun, whiſtled through the branches of the hawthorn-hedge. Bleak were its boughs. The ſilver bloſſom which ſweetly unfolded its lovely boſom, to the gentle morn of May, was hid from the piercing ſight. The little choriſters, which ſwiftly flitted from twig to twig, were mute and ſolitary. The lambent flame had not yet impaſſioned their faithful boſoms, or taught their harmonious throats to pour forth the untaught melody of the groves. The fleecy inhabitants of the field, fenced from the winter's cold, by the warm profuſion of nature, grazed peaceably on the level lawn. Harmleſs creatures, how ſeldom are you ſheltered by the protecting fold, from the fury of the ſtorm, or the chillneſs of the long winter night! Patient of the howling blaſt, and the rigour of the inclement day, you bear the fury of the northern gale, while with induſtry you ſearch for the ſhrivelled pile of graſs. The woolly robe, which ſkreens you from the violence of the pinching cold, is not yet to be ſhorn from your humble ſides. The ſummer's heat muſt advance, before you are ſtripped of your wealthy covering. The ſilver fleece now becomes an unneceſſary load. It is ſeized as an annual recompence for inceſſant care, and ſent as a ſpecimen of Britain's wealth to the fartheſt ſhores of India.

Even at this ſeaſon of the year, when the operations of nature ſeemed to be ſtill, a fertile imagination could obſerve many beauties. The ladies were profuſe in their praiſes of the winter ſcenery. They expreſſed their delight at the calm tranquillity which reigned through the whole, and thought it a beautiful contraſt to the lively buſtle of a ſummer day. In the midſt of their admiration, they came to the banks of a little rivulet, and wiſhing to get over, eſpyed a

narrow

narrow plank laid acroſs the ſtream. It had a rail only on one ſide. A quantity of rain had fallen the preceding night, and ſwelled the humble ſtream beyond its accuſtomed bounds. The muddy tide ran with a wondrous rapidity, and ſeemed to diſdain the confinement of its graſſy margin. The board was ſlippery from the rain which had fallen on it. Mr. Gardiner, handed Miſs Gray along, while Miſs Welman contemning all aſſiſtance, came tripping after. Her foot ſlipped, and down ſhe plunged into the ſtream. The water was deep, and the waves rapid. She inſtantly diſappeared, and roſe above the ſurface at the diſtance of ſeveral yards from the unlucky bridge. She was borne down by the ſtream with great velocity. Miſs Gray ſcreamed vehemently. Mr. Gardiner ſaw the imminent danger to which Miſs Vanman was expoſed, and boldly jumped into the flood, to reſcue her from inſtant death. Being an expert ſwimmer, he bravely combated with the turbulence of the tide. After a variety of unſucceſsful attempts, he fortunately caught hold of the lady's hand, with which he ſtruggled in vain againſt the impetuoſity of the waves. He dragged her to the brink, and having aſcended the margin, ſupported her in his arms. Her face was diſcoloured, and her countenance bloated. Her head dropped on his boſom, while the cold drops of water courſed down her gelid cheek. Miſs Gray wrung her hands, crying, 'alas, ſhe is gone! her eyes are ſhut—ſhe breathes 'not, and her pulſe has ceaſed to beat! unhappy 'circumſtance! poor Miſs Welman, why was I a 'witneſs to thy untimely fate!'—'Be comforted, 'Madam,' ſays Mr. Gardiner, 'the few minutes ſhe 'was under the water, will not deprive her of exiſt-'ence. See, ſhe moves already! Her pulſe begins 'to beat—ſhe will revive in a few minutes.'—'O, 'Sir,' replies Miſs Gray, 'be not too ſanguine in 'this opinion! Why would you deceive me in ſo 'tender a point? It is ſo! Her eyes open—thanks 'be to gracious heaven, her ſenſes will ſoon return!' Miſs Welman gave a deep ſob—her boſom heaved,

and

and the deadly purple hue which was ſettled on her cheek, became gradually more pale. Her lips quivered, and their pallid ghaſtly colour began to glow with increaſing redneſs. She opened her eyes, which ſwam in a dim, watry liquid, and inſtantly cloſed them, as flying from the unwelcome light.

Miſs Gray, with the utmoſt anxiety, and moſt watchful ſolicitude, attended minutely to every motion. She beheld with ineffable joy, the firſt ſymptoms of returning life. She ſaw with pleaſure, the dimneſs of her ſwimming eye, yet frequently expreſſed her fears at the tardineſs of her recovery. Miſs Welman heaved a heavy ſigh, which was inſtantly ſucceeded by an involuntary ſhudder. She gently raiſed her head from the boſom of Mr. Gardiner, and looking wiſhfully around her, ſaid in a faultering accent, 'O, I am cold, very cold.' Miſs Goldy in a burſt of rapture, threw her arms about her neck, and tenderly embraced her ſaying, 'thrice happy moment; now I ſee ſhe lives!' Miſs Welman returned her embrace, and affectionately preſſed her rejoicing friend to her chill, but panting boſom. 'My eſcape,' ſays ſhe, 'was narrow, and Mr. Gardiner, I owe 'my life ſolely to your fortitude. My acknowledgments are a trifling recompence for ſuch an act of 'heroiſm.'—'Your acknowledgments, Madam, are 'more than ſufficient to reward me for this ſimple 'performance of my duty. I could not poſſibly have 'done leſs, had you been a perfect ſtranger, and I, 'by chance, a witneſs to the unfortunate accident; I 'muſt have been callous to the dictates of humanity, 'had I heſitated a moment in deliberating on the preſervation of your valuable exiſtence.' The riſing bluſh now crimſoned Miſs Welman's cheek. She fixed her eyes on the face of her deliverer, and from her viſible agitation, ſeemed conſcious of what ſhe owed to his courage. Miſs Gray took her by the hand, and diſpelled her agreeable reverie, by ſaying, 'come, my dear, it is abſolutely requiſite that we 'return to the caſtle immediately, leſt the premature 'death you have juſt now eſcaped, be acquired by

'our

'our preſent inadvertency. I perceive you are trem-
'bling, and Mr. Gardiner believe me, your heroiſm
'is not proof againſt a ſuit of clothes'.

When they arrived at the caſtle, Sir Archibald, Lady Gray, and Mr. Bruce were in the drawing-room, wondering at the length of their unexpected abſence. The appearance of Miſs Welman excited their ſurprize. Being informed of the diſaſter, they were ſolicitous for her ſafety, and earneſtly requeſted her to retire. She was conſcious of the propriety of this requiſition, and inſtantly obeyed with the utmoſt complacency.

Mr. Gardiner was ſenſible of the hazard of his preſent ſituation, and when on the point of taking leave, was vehemently oppoſed by Sir Archibald. He remarked the manifeſt imprudence of walking home, and deſired to have the pleaſure of accommodating him with every article of apparel on the preſent exigence. He obſerved, 'it was very inconſiderate
'to brave danger unneceſſarily, and there could be no
'greater danger to human exiſtence, than the effects
'of a violent cold. From this ſingle ſource many
'evils accrue, which are not only prejudicial to
'health, but which are actually the real harbingers
'of death. The frequency of catching cold, is ever
'uſed by the injudicious, as an argument againſt its
'noxious conſequence. The intelligent, and thoſe
'who have acquired a little knowledge of the human
'conſtitution, are ſenſible that more diſeaſes reſult
'from this neglected cauſe, than the moſt ſkilful of
'the faculty are willing to confeſs.'—'I acknow-
'ledge, Sir,' replies Mr. Gardiner, 'the truth of
'your obſervations, and ſhall not be ſo inconſiderate
'as to act in contradiction to the juſtneſs of a palpa-
'ble fact.'

CHAPTER LV.

ENVY is an odd, unaccountable paſſion. It creates much uneaſineſs to the human breaſt, and few minds are totally free from its baleful influence. Proſperity excites its operation, which is often reduced to a calm by an adverſe change of affairs. Any misfortune, which preſſes heavy on the head of an innocent neighbour, gives the envious man the higheſt zeſt of pleaſure. He beholds with delight the ſevereſt diſaſter, and glories in the downfall of thoſe, who he has no right to account in the liſt of his enemies. He has little true enjoyment. He voluntarily barters his peace of mind, for the ſordid gratification of triumphing in another's wretchedneſs. Content is a total ſtrangel to him. He carefully ſeeks for objects, on whom to exerciſe his fatal paſſion. He eyes their proceedings with a malignant curioſity, and if ſucceſs attend them, he is tortured with the keeneſt anguiſh. If unſucceſsful, or diſappointed in thoſe projects which they fabricated for their own emolument, the envious ſoul, though no advantage accrues to him from the miſcarriage of the others, exults in their unhappineſs, and rejoices in their ruin.

Of all the paſſions which perturb the human mind, envy is one of the moſt deteſtable. It often creates an inſupportable load of torment, but never enraptures with the ſprightly cheerfulneſs of real pleaſure. It ſtretches its poſſeſſor perpetually on the rack of expectation, and whenever an unexpected incident intervenes, afflicts him with the keeneſt anguiſh. He actually perverts the eſtabliſhed order of nature. Misfortunes which corrode the tranquillity of others, or precipitate them into an abyſs of miſery, give the higheſt guſt of tranſport to this wretched mortal. He expreſſes his ſatisfaction at that ſource of diſcontent, which

which pours the inceſſant ſtream of woe on the heads of his fellow creatures. He is a being who is void of every finer feeling, and a ſlave of the moſt ſelfiſh gratification. He is not above ſuffering; for rather than not enjoy the pleaſure of his neighbour's affliction, he will maliciouſly partake of the deepeſt wretchedneſs.

Ever ſince the unfortunate abſence of Miſs Gray, the family at Tulip-houſe had exulted at her ſuppoſed indiſcretion. This ſecond diſappearance, which they attributed ſolely to her own imprudence, confirmed, in their opinion, the fallacious report of Captain Corner. Mrs. Tulip was more than ordinarily jocular at this improper conduct in a lady, whoſe behaviour had hitherto been extolled as exemplary and meritorious. It was no ſooner rumoured, that his Lordſhip was the happy man, than her raillery became inceſſant, and ſhe laughed at the folly of the Captain, whoſe cowardice had ſuffered him to be deprived of ſo valuable a prize. 'Her propenſity to elopement,' ſays ſhe, 'is 'now apparent, and though previous to this incident, 'I doubted of the truth of your aſſertion, I am now 'perfectly convinced the lady was the aggreſſor. To 'be ſure, ſhe appears ſimplicity itſelf. She is as de-'mure as any female ſaint in all the Romiſh legend. 'She is perpetually haranguing about religion, mo-'rality, and propriety of behaviour, and yet the little 'cunning urchin is the ſlyeſt ſinner among my nume-'rous acquaintance.'

By ſuch inſinuations, and ill-natured remarks, this jocoſe family entertained themſelves, and drew an inexhauſtible fund of merriment from the imputed folly of their long envied neighbour. They always heard her praiſes with a ſneer, and liſtened to the candid opinion of the public with apparent inattention. Her fortunate return, and ſimple repreſentation of the treachery by which ſhe had endured ſo much real miſery, were ſolemnly concluded by this ingenuous family to be the mere fabrications of artifice. They believed what they pleaſed, adopted what was congenial to their own diſpoſitions, and ſelected from the prevailing report, whatever accorded with the partial

deciſions

deciſions of envy. There was no diſagreement in their concluſions, and the Rev. Mr. Taylor, from a ſimilarity of temper, was a ſtrenuous advocate for all their determinations. He laughed when they laughed, ridiculed whatever they condemned, and cheerfully joined in every ſarcaſtic reflection, which had the leaſt tendency to reduce a ſuperior character to a level with their own By this accommodating conduct he had ingratiated himſelf with this merry family, who ſeldom regretted his abſence, but when they deſigned to ſtigmatize the conduct, or the character of ſome innocent acquaintance.

The day after the late accident happened to Miſs Welman, Mr. Taylor was at Tulip-houſe. 'Well, 'Sir,' ſays Mrs. Tulip, 'have you ſeen the immaculate ſcape-goat, ſince ſhe returned to her native 'home?'—'No, Ma'am, I have not yet, experienced that happineſs. I hear from the buſy voice of 'fame, that ſovereign force, with the ſoaring pinions 'of an eagle, ſnatched her off the ſtreet in a dark 'night, and dropped her very ſafely within the walls 'of a ſeraglio in the city of Edinburgh.'—'This, Sir,' obſerves Miſs Tulip, 'is the propereſt place in the 'world for the retirement of a religious lady. As 'there is not the leaſt fear, that ſhe would lapſe into 'vice, ſo her virtue would be ſo conſpicuous and exemplary, ſo engaging and perſuaſive, there was 'more than a probability, that the whole frail ſiſterhood might become proſelytes to her attractive deportment.'—'This obſervation,' returns Mr. Taylor, 'is both ingenious and ſolid. But, as the lady 'is returned without a ſingle proſelyte, I am afraid 'her demeanour has not been ſo captivating as to arreſt attention.'—'O, Sir,' exclaims Mrs. Tulip, 'it is very poſſible, that the nymphs of this virtuous 'habitation may have been converted by her moral 'precepts, but as they wanted the ſacred interference 'of a conſcientious parſon, they were obliged to continue in the place where ſhe found them.'—'Ha, 'ha, ha! Upon my honor, Madam, that is a moſt 'lucky thought! The conſcientious parſon! O the 'ſly old rogue! She had undoubtedly become enamoured

'moured of his ſolemn twang, and determined to 'let him know how greatly ſhe admired his excellent 'manner of performing the functions of his office.'— 'But how unfortunate it was,' ſays Miſs Tulip, 'that the old gentleman had a crone of his own. This 'would be a ſorrowful diſappointment; for as the 'lady loves variety, and the elderly gentlewoman not 'being willing to forego her prior claim, ſhe was re-'duced to the neceſſity of her uſual artifice, and claim 'protection when ſhe meant to beſtow her favours.' —'Bravo, excellent!' roars Mr. Taylor. 'There 'is nothing equal to a woman for illuſtrating the in-'tentions of her erring ſiſters. Miſs Gray's cunning 'is an admirable ſhield for her infirmity. It never 'lacks an avenue to convey her innocence ſafely off 'from the violent attacks of outrage.'—'But, Sir,' ſays Mrs. Tulip, 'don't you know, there can be no 'virtue without temptation, and as this wonderful 'lady delights to ſtruggle with difficulties, her virtue 'is now ſublimated to ſuch a degree of perfection, 'that there is no poſſibility of its falling into the 'ſnares of vice. It has bravely withſtood the at-'tacks of Mars, and the impetuous aſſaults of nobili-'ty. It glitters by this refinement, and continues 'ſo inviolate, that it is poſitively more diaphanous and 'impenetrable than the diamond.'—'Incomparable, 'Madam,' cries Mr. Taylor, 'your wit is actually 'inimitable. It is peculiarly calculated to expoſe 'ſuch flagrant hypocriſy. To gratify the weakneſſes 'of humanity, and then poſitively deny the fact, is 'adding to the crime, by endeavouring to extenuate 'the guilt by a deliberate lye.'—'O, Sir,' replies Miſs Tulip, 'a lye is of no conſideration with this 'intelligent lady, for ſhe makes nothing of the brit-'tleneſs of an oath. She can ſwear upon her bended 'knees, and when ſhe finds the performance to be ac-'companied with ſome impediments, ſhe ſmiles at 'the folly of him, who was ſo credulous as to be-'lieve her, and breaks her vow with the ſame eaſe, as 'ſhe would crack a wallnut.'—'Upon my word, 'ladies,' ſays Captain Tulip, who had been a patient

auditor

auditor of all this calumny, 'you are very unmerci-
'ful. Suppoſe Miſs Gray, as criminal as your envy
'has made her, it is your duty as women and ſiſters
'in iniquity, to have palliated with care, what you
'expoſe with ſuch apparent ſatisfaction. I am very
'far miſtaken, if ſhe is not as virtuous, as any of her
'ſex.'—'What an odious compariſon,' replies Mrs. Tulip. 'Facts, Sir, are incontrovertible, and ſuſ-
'picions may be groundleſs.'—'The obſervation,
'Madam, is very juſt,' returns Captain Corner. 'I
'have long been branded with the epithet of infamous,
'for aſſerting the truth; but I am now happy, that
'the lady has been ſo conſiſtent, as to exculpate me
'from the imputation, by her late indefenſible con-
'duct.'—'What, Sir,' ſays Captain Tulip, 'are
'you endeavouring an extenuation of yourſelf, by
'condemning a treaſure which you could not poſſeſs?
'I perceive you are all aſſociated in the cauſe of ſlan-
'der, but ſuch well known calumniators are the beſt
'advocates for virtue.'—'Inſufferable impudence!' ſays Mrs. Tulip. 'Pray, Sir, will you inform me,
'how long you have been a proſelyte to the cauſe of
'affected virtue?'—'Ever, my dear, ſince I was
'enamoured of you.'—'By cutting too keen, Sir,
'your ſatire loſes all its force.'—'Never heed him,
'Madam,' ſays Captain Corner, 'his ſingularity is
'affected. On the preſent ſubject of debate, there
'is a perfect coincidence of opinion, but for the ſake
'of contradiction, you know he will diſpute with ve-
'hemence againſt the evidence of his own ſenſes.'
The Captain was about to reply, when the attention of the party was arreſted by another object. It was a poor old man, who, looking through the window, ſolicited in a tone of all poſſible diſtreſs, ſome temporary relief. 'Poor, venerable father,' ſays Mr. Taylor,
'I think you have once been a baker, for your beard
'ſtill retains the hue of your original calling'—'I
'hope, Sir,' returns the old man, 'that your charity
'is more valuable than your wit; at leaſt, of this I
'am certain, it would be more agreeable to me.'—
'You are ſaucy, you tattered wretch,' ſays Miſs Tu-

lip.

lip. 'You ought to govern your tongue, when you 'ſpeak to a gentleman.'—'If I am tattered, my pret- 'ty lady, it is not my fault. Theſe hands have toiled 'theſe ſixty years, and old age has rendered me inca- 'pable of toiling any longer. Should you ever be ſo 'unfortunate as to be reduced to the hard hand of ne- 'ceſſity, to ſubſiſt on the benevolence of others, you 'will find by experience, that your garments will ſoon 'be as tattered as mine.'—'Filthy vermin, is there 'no difference betwixt you and me?'—'Yes, Miſs, 'there is a difference of fifty years. Old age and 'poverty, have always a ſufficient weight of miſery, 'without being aggravated by the inſults of opulence, 'or the overbearing ſneers of pride.'—'Ceaſe your 'impertinent prating, you old carl,' ſays Mr. Tay- lor, 'or I will tweak you by your ſilver mane. It 'well behoves you, indeed, to inſult a lady with your 'inſolent alluſions!'—'Off, rags, off,' cries Cap- tain Corner, 'nor offend us any longer with thy 'odious appearance. There is infection on thy face, 'and putrefaction in thy breath.'—'What a hateful 'thing it is,' obſerves Miſs Tulip. 'An old beggar 'ought not to be allowed to breathe the ſame air with 'us, for ſuch a rotten carcaſe will aſſuredly pollute 'us with ſome contagious diſorder.'—'Good peo- 'ple, however humiliating it may be to your pride, I 'am a man, formed by the ſame creator, and of the 'ſame materials with yourſelves. I have known bet- 'ter days. My induſtry preſerved me from want, 'and I have ſeen the day, when I little thought, that I 'ſhould have been reduced to the hard neceſſity of 'aſking for a piece of bread. My old face, which 'excites your diſguſt, and ſerves you for laughter, 'though now furrowed by the hand of time, was once, 'Miſs, as freſh, as healthy, and as gay as yours. You 'may ſmile at the compariſon, but when you have 'toiled through three ſcore years and ten, your cheek 'will probably be as wrinkled as mine. You are 'young, Miſs, and the bloom of health ſparkles in 'your eye; but ſhould the ſallow touch of ſickneſs 'blight that bloom, and the tinge of beauty wither

'before

'before its time, that forehead may then be rough 'with wrinkles, and you may with a ſigh remember 'me. My days that are paſt are many, but thoſe that 'are to come, can only be few, and when your head 'and mine ſhall be laid beneath the turf; the worm, 'that ſiſter of corruption, will pay no more reſpect to 'the beauty of your cheek, than to the wrinkles of 'mine.'—'Off, off, thou croaking raven, or this dog 'Keeper ſhall augment the tatters of thy garments.'—'Do, Mr. Taylor, do,' cries Miſs Tulip, 'ſet Keeper upon this boding owl. He will teach him more 'complaiſance, than to preach to his betters.'—'You 'need not drive me from your door by this inhuman 'treatment. Call this ſnarling dog away—I am unable to defend myſelf againſt his attack. You laugh 'at my perplexity. It is very cruel to torment a poor 'old man. O when your eyes are dim, and your 'limbs weak; when age has unnerved your arm, and 'bent your grey heads to the ground, may you never 'meet a perſon, but who pities your infirmities, and 'endeavours to ſoothe your ſorrows, by the lenient 'balm of conſolation.' The tears trickled down his aged cheeks—the roar of laughter echoed through the hall, while the growling maſtiff drove him from the door.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER LVI.

IT often happens, that the beſt-concerted ſchemes, and the moſt prudential deſigns are totally rendered abortive by ſome unforeſeen occurrence. The plan may be laid with caution, the execution may be prompt and accurate, yet the concluſion may be directly oppoſite to what was originally intended. The moſt prolific invention is not always certain of the iſſue. The moſt trivial action is often dependent on a multiplicity of incidents which will effectually overturn the profoundeſt deſign. Were it otherwiſe, man with an imagination ſo productive, and a judgment ſo ſolid, would reduce every action to an abſolute certainty. But the Almighty Diſpoſer of events, in his government of affairs here below, has wiſely contrived, that man, from the uncertainty of the general courſe of events, ſhall always acknowledge a ſuperior power. He clearly perceives, from a variety of hidden movements, that a certain wiſdom, infinitely above his own, directs thoſe cauſes, and rules thoſe events, which he ſometimes vainly imagined were ſolely beneath his own guidance. When any project is fruſtrated, he wonders at the cauſe of his own diſappointment. If he cautiouſly examine the matter, he perceives himſelf thwarted by ſome trivial occurrence which he never ſuſpected, or if he foreſaw it, he deemed it wholly beneath his own direction.

Thus conſtantly rolls away the tenor of man's life. He deſigns this hour with the moſt prudential reſolution, projects with the utmoſt care, and determines to act with the profoundeſt caution, but in the bare revolution of a ſingle hour, ſome unexpected exigence intervenes, and totally deſtroys the elaborate project. Aſtoniſhed, but not confounded, he acknowledges the folly of his own contrivance, and

firmly imagines he ſhall be more ſucceſsful in the completion of his next deſign.

The chagrin of his Lordſhip at his late diſappointment, and the total prevention of his matrimonial views, now fretted, and corroded his peace. Notwithſtanding the aſſurances of Mrs. Lowman, who confidently aſſerted, that ſucceſs ſhould ſtill crown her endeavours, he was not to be conſoled. He perceived all his hopes were fruſtrated by a ſingle aſſeveration, he ſaw himſelf completely duped by a ſimple expreſſion, which he too eaſily believed, and in the bitterneſs of his preſent anguiſh, he curſed his own ſtupidity. That worthy friend who with an unequalled benevolence, had patronized him for ſeveral years, had ſheltered his youth from the impending ſtorms of affliction, and been to him more than a father, he had requited with the moſt unprecedented ingratitude. He now beheld his conduct in all its native turpitude, he ſaw himſelf the object of general deteſtation, and knew not how to conclude, in order to extricate himſelf from his preſent deplorable ſituation. The aſſurances of Mrs. Lowman only added to his unhappineſs. The invaluable prize, which ſo lately he thought within his graſp, he ſaw himſelf deprived of by an inſuperable oppoſition. Not a ſingle ray of hope now illumined his deſponding mind, while the heavieſt gloom of diſcontent ſat brooding on his thoughts, and depicted in its proper colours the infamy of his atrocious behaviour.

Patrick's preſent ſilence, and uncommon length of face, ſufficiently beſpoke his deſpair. His wonted hilarity had wholly evaporated, and the ſullenneſs of his demeanour was apparent to every individual. The hopes of one ſtewardſhip were altogether vaniſhed, and the other ſeemed to be altogether forgotten. Patrick, though aſſiduous and reſpectful, was ſedate and thoughtful, and he never heard Stanner caſtle mentioned, but his boſom heaved with an involuntary ſigh.

After the arreſt and confinement of Miſs Gray, Patrick was deputed by his employer to watch for ſome days

days the houſe and movements of the worthy Clergyman, Mr. Moore. Suſpicion made them anxious for the termination of their preſent proceedings. They were fearful of detection, and dreaded the arrival of the benevolent Baronet, who they had injured by ſuch a train of unparalleled treachery. This they knew would effectually defeat all their deſigns, and they determined to await the event. They had ſome faint hopes, that Sir Archibald would reject any application from his daughter, on the bare ſuppoſition of her criminality. Should this actually be the caſe, they were reſolved to attempt to elude the decrees of juſtice, and finally compel her to ſubmit to the moſt humiliating terms.

In the midſt of theſe conſultations, when his Lordſhip and Mrs Lowman were fabricating a variety of ſchemes for the ſpeedy accompliſhment of their purpoſe, what was their aſtoniſhment, when Patrick came bounce into the room where they were ſitting, all-breathleſs, and pale, while the glare of terror was evidently depicted on his countenance. He ſtood bolt upright on the midſt of the floor—his eyes rolled, and his mouth was wide open. They perceived that his ſilence foreboded them no good. After panting and wheezing for ſome minutes, whilſt fear kept the two ſpectators mute, he ſtammered out, 'ah, woe's 'me, your honor, we are all undone! There is no-'thing for poor honeſt Patrick Harle, but a rope and 'a gallows.'—'Who Patrick,' replies his Lordſhip, faultering as he ſpoke, 'who is to be your execution-'er?'—'Why, your honor, Sir Archibald is come—'I ſaw him with theſe eyes—he certainly had a halter 'in his hand, for this heart which never knew what 'it was to fear, had almoſt jumped out at my 'mouth.'

This information was electrical to theſe agents of infamy. They aroſe, and immediately determined to fly to Glaſgow, leſt the officers of juſtice ſhould call them to a ſeverer account for their late procedure, than they were willing to undergo. The preſent moment was their own, they were in full poſſeſſion of perſonal

liberty, and were anxious not to forego ſuch a favourable opportunity. They inſtantly agreed on the place of their future meeting, and Mrs. Lowman left his Lordſhip to provide for her own ſecurity.

The officiouſneſs combined with the fear of Patrick, ſoon procured a couple of horſes. On theſe his Lordſhip, and his deſponding attendant were preſently mounted. As they proceeded through the ſtreets of Edinburgh at a gentle pace, they met a party of ſoldiers parading for recruits. The drum was beating, and the fife playing. The recruiting Sergeant perceiving his Lordſhip's regimental attire, and the cockade at his hat, immediately ordered his companions to halt, and ſalute him as he paſſed along. The drum beat ſlow, and the fife whiſtled in its proper time. His Lordſhip's charger was not of that high-mettled breed, as to pay much attention to this honorable ſerenade. He rode leiſurely by, though his Lordſhip's heel frequently attempted to arouſe his ſpirit, nor deigned to give a ſingle prance to this martial ſalute. But the Bucephalus of Patrick was of another ſtock. It was a gray galloway of the true highland race. It immediately began to caper, and to dance with all the elaſticity imaginable, and while Patrick pulled one rein to make it deſiſt from its preſent uneaſy motions, it ran ſideways, with much impetuoſity againſt the Drummer, who was laughing immoderately at Patrick's awkward poſition. His feet had quitted both the ſtirrups—his knees were as high as the pummel of the ſaddle, while both hands were cloſely entangled in the feltered mane of his ſpirited courſer—his ſhoulders were drawn upwards—his neck was compreſſed, and he leaned forward, as if his noſe were deſirous of ſaluting the high-pricked ears of his galloway. Patrick was exhibiting in this elegant attitude, when the Sergeant ſtruck his courſer on the hip with the ſcabbard of his ſword. It was poſſeſſed of too much courage to receive a blow with impunity. It immediately ſet up a ſhrill neighing, and kicked with the utmoſt fury, whilſt one of its hind-feet burſt the bottom of the drum, and laid its terrified owner ſprawling upon

upon the pavement. The whole party, in defence of their fallen companion, now aſſailed this unceremonious quadruped, and gave it many a ſevere blow with the hilts of their ſwords. It was not to be diſcomfited by the violence of ſuch an attack, for inſtead of purſuing his Lordſhip in a regular direction, it ran backwards and ſideways, and for every ſtroke it received, it cheerfully returned a dozen. In this furious rencounter, Patrick kept his ſeat. He frequently admoniſhed the aſſailants to deſiſt, but the burſten drum, and ſeveral broken ſhins, induced them to continue the combat, till the wearied ſteed was completely defeated. It went off in a full gallop amidſt the ſhouts and huzzas of the populace, but it had not proceeded far, till it made a ſudden ſtop—away flew Patrick over the ears of his racer, and his head cruſhed with violence through the panes of a balcony window. The uproar increaſed, and it was ſome time before the poor terrified animal would again ſubmit its back to the preſſure of its former burden. Patrick rode with caution, ſaying, 'he would rather have attacked a battalion of Frenchmen, where ſome honor was to be acquired by their defeat, than thus to be exhibited to the gaping rabble, who were unable to diſtinguiſh the mere poltroon from the man of real courage.'

When they arrived at Glaſgow, they inſtantly repaired to the place of aſſignation. Here they found Mrs. Lowman, who impatiently waited their arrival. 'This, my Lord,' ſays the grumbling gentlewoman, 'has been an unlucky, and a perilous adventure.'—'Perilous, Madam,' exclaims Patrick, 'though to be ſure, I was unhorſed, and my face is rather diſfigured with the ſharp points of the broken glaſs, yet I avow there was no peril in it.—Perils, Madam, Patrick Harle knows no perils, and he ſcorns to be afraid of a Scotch pig.'—'What's the matter, Patrick,' replies the aſtoniſhed lady, 'you ſeem to be in a paſſion.'—'Paſſion, Madam! No, no, I am a ſtranger to peril. If ever you ſee this face change colour at any apparent danger, call me a

'long

' long eared aſs. If ever you behold me tremble,
' beat this pate of mine with a rotten parſnip. Though
' I got a tumble, is that a peril! Lord, Madam, I'm
' as hard as a brick-bat, and as brave as a weaſel'—
' Prithee, Patrick, hold thy inſufferable clack,' rejoins his Lordſhip' ' for if thy courage were equal to thy
' vanity, thou wouldeſt this day be the braveſt man in
' chriſtendom.'—' Ah, your honour knows that title
' is all my own. Whip me with a haddock, if I am
' not as bold as a ſparrow, and thump me with an
' oaten cake, if I am not as courageous as a unicorn.'
—' Peace, peace, thou boaſting oaf. Thou art a mere
' braggart, without the ſtrength of a rabbit, and as
' brittle as a dried ſtraw.'—' If your honor had not
' been heir to the houſe of Owen—but reverence ties
' my tongue, and ſo does duty theſe fiſts. Patrick
' Harle was never thus braved, and did not ſplit a
' jaw-bone.'

During the heat of this altercation between the boaſted proweſs of the ſervant, and the ſullen remarks of the maſter, Mrs. Lowman was totally at a loſs to conjecture what cauſe had given riſe to this indignation of Patrick. A ſignificant nod from his Lordſhip, which he perfectly underſtood, commanding his immediate abſence, was inſtantly obeyed with the moſt profound reſpect. An explanation now enſued, and Mrs. Lowman could not refrain from laughing at the recital of Patrick's curious exhibition.

After a pauſe of a few minutes, his Lordſhip ſaid,
' we have, Madam, been peculiarly unfortunate, and
' I can deviſe no expedient by which we may retrieve
' our ſhameful defeat.'—' Why, my Lord, do you
' now talk about expedients! Ingenuity is now of no
' avail, and perſeverance is actually thrown away upon
' you.'—' Why theſe aſperſions, Madam! I mi-
' nutely followed your directions—I regulated all my
' movements by your admonitions, and you confident-
' ly aſſured me of ſucceſs. If we have been unfortu-
' nate, if we have been outwitted, what can prompt
' you to traduce my conduct?'—' Outwitted, my
' Lord, it was you that was outwitted! I defy the
' whole

'whole of womankind to outwit me. You had the 'prize within your reach, and in pure ſimplicity, you 'ſuffered it to eſcape. My advice was, to laugh at 'her complaints, and to ſmile at her reſiſtance. Had 'you acted ſo, ſhe had this day been your own, and 'had long ſince forgotten the force which completed 'her felicity. Now, you regret the loſs, the irrepa-'rable loſs of what you might have poſſeſſed; you 'whine, when there is no poſſibility of retrieving the 'misfortune, and condemn that ſqueamiſh folly which 'induced you to liſten, when you ſhould not have 'hearkened; to pity, when you ought to have been 'callous to the fineſt ſenſibilities of the human heart. 'But thus it always happens, when ſtupidity is ſo 'fond of its own operations'—'Stupidity, Madam, 'ſtupidity! Do you know whom you talk to, or do 'you know whom you revile? Thank your ſtars you 'are a woman, and one to whom I owe ſome little 'obligations, otherwiſe I ſhould have lent theſe red 'chops of yours ſuch a douſe, they ſhould not have 'forgotten it againſt this time twelve months.'—'Harkee, my Lord, before you find fault with my red 'chops, I deſire you will pay me what you owe me.'—'Pay you, Madam, what I owe you! Did you not 'receive from me, only a few weeks ago, two hundred 'pounds? And can you now have the impudence to aſ-'ſert, that I am indebted to you one farthing?' Theſe 'two hundred pounds were all diſburſed in the purchaſe 'of your bride's matrimonial apparel, my Lord. I 'want two hundred more, and this ſum will ſcarcely 'reimburſe me for all thoſe expences which I neceſ-'ſarily incurred by your entertainment and accom-'modation.'—'Unconſcionable devil! Deceitful 'wretch! I will tread thee to dirt, this inſtant, if 'thou do not immediately refund my two hundred 'pounds.'—'Stand off, thou miſcreant, and pay me 'what thou oweſt, or rigid juſtice ſhall overtake thee 'in a moment.'

Mrs. Lowman left the room, as ſhe pronounced the laſt ſentence, whilſt his Lordſhip ſtood petrified with amazement and deſpondency. Recovering from his aſtoniſhment,

aſtoniſhment, he recollected her departing threat. He was afraid, leſt ſhe ſhould put it into execution. Wherefore to ſcreen himſelf from the fury of this enraged woman, he ſummoned Patrick to attend him, and they quitted Glaſgow with the utmoſt precipitation. They travelled on foot by eaſy journeys, and being anxious to avoid the direct road, they arrived at length at their former habitation, the hoſpitable manſion of Fenwick Tower.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER LVII.

THE experience of every day demonſtrates, that there is no friendſhip among the wicked. They only aſſociate for the accompliſhment of ſome iniquitous purpoſe, and when this is performed, they either ſeparate with the utmoſt indifference, or quarrel amongſt themſelves about the diviſion of the ſpoil. Hence information, and diſcovery are generally the reſult of their own indiſcretion. Were their ſubſequent conduct as prudential, as their plans are ſecret, and their execution daring, the ſtroke of juſtice would frequently be eluded. But, though theſe depredators of the human race ſet juſtice at defiance, they are frequently detected, and brought to condign puniſhment, by thoſe very means which reſult from their own imprudence. Since friendſhip can lay no reſtraint upon their inclinations, their common conduct is as careleſs, as if they were actuated in all their proceedings by the ſtricteſt rules of rectitude. This deportment, the genuine offspring of a mental indifference, frequently induces altercations, that finally terminate in their own deſtruction. Hence it often happens, that they who combine from the motive of peculation, fall victims to their own indiſcretion.

A few days after his Lordſhip arrived at Fenwick Tower, he made a viſit to the Tulip family. He was received with the utmoſt cordiality, and congratulated by every individul on the ſucceſs of his gallant expedition. 'But, my Lord,' ſays Mrs. Tulip, 'the 'lady has again reſorted to the ſtale plea of force. 'In this point, I think, her wonted ingenuity has 'forſaken her. A repetition of a lye is ſeldom be-'lieved.'—'Indeed, Madam,' replies his Lordſhip, 'force was totally unneceſſary. She agreed to an 'elopement, as ſoon as it was propoſed, and flew to 'the place of aſſignation, long before the hour of

'departure. No, no, Madam, I can aſſure you, 'force was an unneceſſary application in this in-'ſtance.'—'Yet, pray,' obſerves Captain Tulip, 'in 'the completion of your felicity, had you no com-'punction?'—'Compunction, Sir,' exclaims the Rev. Mr. Taylor, who happened to be preſent, 'do you 'ſuppoſe, that that intruſive weakneſs would have 'any effect on the mind of his Lordſhip, when he 'only condeſcended to comply with the requeſts of 'the lady? She is a little ſly ſinner, and I dare ven-'ture to aſſert, ſhe will aſſume a very demure face, 'and poſitively deny the fact.'—'It gives me ſome 'conſolation,' ſays Captain Corner, 'that the fair 'one has not proved herſelf altogether immaculate. 'My veracity has hitherto been called in queſtion, 'but certainly this indiſcretion will eſtabliſh that 'truth, which many have as yet diſbelieved. She 'is cunning, ſhe is artful, and inſinuating. By theſe 'requiſites ſhe wins the affections of the multitude, 'and I verily believe, the people of this neighbour-'hood would give their full aſſent to any improbabi-'lity which ſhe chuſed to propagate'—'This obſer-'vation, Sir,' replies Miſs Tulip, 'rather borders 'on ſeverity. The lady is undoubtedly a favourite 'with many people. I know ſhe gains the affections 'of the old women, by perpetually talking about 'religion. This is a never failing topic with this 'eſſence of purity.'—'And then,' rejoins Mrs. Tulip, 'ſhe wins the good will of all the young fellows in 'the country, by deſcanting on the duties of mora-'lity, bidding them read their bible, go to church 'every Sunday, be very attentive to the inſtructions 'which they hear from the pulpit, and finally, by a 'private whiſper, ſhe learns them, how to clap a ſpot 'on the innocence of their ſweethearts'—'Out upon 'ye, ye ſcandal mongers!' exclaims Captain Tulip. 'The faireſt reputation is not ſafe in your company. 'If your tongues move, they muſt move in ſlander. 'They ſcatter reproach and calumny in ſo liberal a 'manner, that in a little time, I ſhall begin to be 'afraid of my own character being tinged with the

'breath

'breath of this baleful contagion.'—'Mercy on the 'wicked! ſays one of the fraternity,' roars out Captain Corner. 'What a wonderful miſtake has fortune made in the deſtiny of this preaching ſimpleton! Why man, doff thy redcoat, and immediately array thyſelf in a gown and caſſock, when with a well-ſtarched band, and a demure countenance, thou mayeſt paſs for as grave a hypocrite, as any within the pale of the ſanctuary'—'An excellent remark, and moſt ſolid advice,' bawls out Mr. Taylor. 'A little ſage inſtruction from the immaculate parſon in petticoats, who reſides at Stanner-caſtle, and a few canting leſſons from that moving volume of antiquated divinity, Mr. Bruce, how to prim the mouth, and to ſhrug the ſhoulder, will make him as complete a dealer in clerical commodities, as ever toſſed a bumper, or propagated a lye.'—'This ridicule,' replies Captain Tulip, 'againſt the church militant, comes with a very bad grace from ſuch a ſhameleſs ſon of iniquity. I hope, ladies and gentlemen, you will deſiſt, and on a candid review of this ſlanderous topic, you will ingenuouſly acknowledge, that you have attempted to criminate, when probably you ought to have pitied, and endeavoured to affix the blight of ſcandal, where you ought to have ſpread the veil of commiſeration. But women in general are ſo addicted to this unamiable propenſity, that rather than not propagate what they know, they will officiouſly invent a deliberate falſehood, and retail it out as an eſtabliſhed fact.'—'Thank you, Sir,' returns Mrs. Tulip, with a ſarcaſtic ſneer, and a face colouring into rage, 'I cannot help thanking you in the name of the whole ſex, for this illiberal, and indiſcriminate cenſure. But had ſome of the ſex been as diſcerning as they ought to have been, a certain gentleman would never have had the effrontery to have offered a public inſult, where he ought to have ſhewed the greateſt reſpect, or to have behaved with audacity where he ought to have bowed with reverence.'—'Madam, I perfectly underſtand your malevolent inſinuation. I hope I have pene-

'tration

'tration enough, always to pay reſpect, wherever it 'is due, and to bow with reverence at the ſhrine of 'virtue. Whenever you perceive me deficient in 'theſe agreeable requiſites, you ought to conclude, 'that the object of my preſent diſeſteem, is abſolutely 'unworthy of any other treatment.'—'Inſufferable 'monſter,' exclaims Mrs. Tulip, as ſhe flanted acroſs the room, 'is this the return of my munificence! 'But I am right ſerved, I ought to have had more 'diſcernment. Common ſenſe will always inſpire 'gratitude.'—'Come, come,' ſays his Lordſhip, who obſerved the altercation was likely to become too ſerious, 'we have wandered from the original ſubject. 'I am very certain from my own perſonal knowledge, 'that the object of this diſagreement ought not to 'cauſe a moment's uneaſineſs to any individual in the 'company. Let her iniquities reſt upon her own 'head.'—'But pray my Lord, have you not been 'an acceſſary in the accumulation of theſe iniquities? 'If ſo, and your innuendos ſeem to imply as much, 'you ought in civility to relieve her of a part of this 'heavy preſſure.'—'That,' returns Miſs Tulip, 'is 'altogether unneceſſary. Her own ſanctity is more 'than equal to the taſk. If ſhe only double her 'cuſtomary devotion for the ſpace of one month, her 'conſcience will be as the driven ſnow, and her per-'ſon as immaculate, as the unſullied lily.'—'Believe 'me, Miſs Tulip, when I aſſert, ſhe will pray any 'perſon of common patience into hyſterics. So ſly, 'and yet ſo artful, ſo demure, and yet ſo inviting, 'that I aſſure you, it requires more than mortal pru-'dence to eſcape the ingenuity of her ſnares.'—'So, 'ſo, my Lord,' replies Miſs Tulip, tittering and laughing, 'I perceive that even nobility is not proof 'againſt temptation'—'A hopeful chick,' ſays Captain Tulip, 'and completely tutored by an indulgent 'mother.' Mrs. Tulip looked upon her huſband with a frown of the moſt ſovereign contempt, but continued ſilent and ſullen, while Captain Corner ſaid, 'but, my Lord, have you heard what has be-'fallen to that other walking ſtatue of morality, the

'upright

'upright owner of Roſehill, during your abſence?'—'O, I hope he is incapable of error. Pray, has any 'human infirmity attacked this quinteſſence of rectitude?'—'O, my Lord, a moſt ſcandalous infirmity! 'He has been guilty of a moſt egregious blunder; 'he has even had the ingratitude to attempt to cheat 'his benefactor, and deprive him of a conſiderable 'ſum of money. His nefarious attempt has proved 'ineffectual; his villainy is demonſtrable, and he is 'now cloſe priſoner in Newcaſtle jail. You muſt 'know, my Lord, when he was going abroad, on 'ſome pretended buſineſs in Italy, he was ſo infa'mous, that in paſſing through Newcaſtle, he nego'ciated a promiſſory bill, pretending to be drawn for 'five hundred pounds, by his old friend and intimate 'acquaintance, Sir Archibald. Some little time after, 'I went to Newcaſtle, and had occaſion to apply to 'the ſame Banking-houſe, where this miſerable ſon 'of perdition had tranſacted his iniquitous buſineſs, 'in order to receive ſome conſiderable remittances 'from the South of England. Here I was preſented 'with a bill, purporting to be drawn by Sir Archibald 'himſelf, in part of payment. I received it without 'the leaſt ſcruple. The day after I returned hither, 'I met with the Baronet at Vale Farm, and preſented 'him his bill for payment. The old gentleman ac'cepted it with the utmoſt chearfulneſs, and very 'politely requeſted me to call at the caſtle, the firſt 'opportunity, and he would diſcharge it with thank'fulneſs. Whether by good luck, or by the whiſper 'of ſome auſpicious angel, Sir Archibald clapped his 'ſpectacles upon his noſe, and began to pore upon 'the bill. I perceived his colour rather change, when 'looking up, and advancing towards me, he ſaid, I 'am heartily ſorry, Captain Corner, to be under the 'neceſſity of returning you this bill, it is abſolutely 'a forgery. I was very much ſurprized at this infor'mation, but immediately took the Bill. I knew 'from whom I received it, I knew the original nego'ciator, and therefore I had not the leaſt doubt of 'receiving my money, and bringing the ſhameleſs

'perpetrator

'perpetrator of this unprecedented villainy to con-
'dign puniſhment. When I returned to Newcaſtle,
'and apprized the Banker of the forgery, he could
'not expreſs his aſtoniſhment. After a multiplicity
'of unmeaning exclamations, he ſeemed determined
'to await Mr. Welman's return to England, when in
'all probability this atrocious affair might be compro-
'miſed, without bringing the culprit before the tri-
'bunal of juſtice. I applauded his lenity, and praiſed
'his diſintereſtedneſs, but at the ſame time remarked
'with ſome ſolemnity, that ſuch an ill-timed forbear-
'ance might ſubject his conduct to ſome legal ſtric-
'tures. He ſtartled at the obſervation, but ſeemed
'to fluctuate betwixt two opinions. At my earneſt
'inſtigation he reſolved to proſecute, and immedi-
'ately diſpatched two of the humbleſt retainers of
'the law into Italy, in purſuit of the immaculate Mr.
'Welman.

'Their firſt route was to London, where meeting
'with a veſſel that was bound to Nice, they went on
'board, and had a very expeditious paſſage. Here,
'they were ſo fortunate as to gain ſome intelligence
'of their prey. They followed him from place to
'place, and at laſt were ſo lucky as to meet with him
'at Bologna. When they were introduced into the
'apartment where he was ſitting, though by the by
'they entered very unceremoniouſly, they found him
'ſurrounded with a number of thoſe muſty antiquat-
'ed beings, called the Literati. Having ſome little
'knowledge of his perſon, they immediately arreſted
'him, to the no ſmall aſtoniſhment of his wondering
'aſſociates. Agitated and confounded, he aſked what
'crime he had committed. Being informed that he
'was accuſed of forgery, he vehemently proteſted
'that he was innocent. The catchpole obſerved, if
'he were innocent, his innocence would appear upon
'his trial. Sir Archibald Gray was the perſon who
'diſcovered the forgery, and he muſt accompany
'them without any delay to England. He aſked for
'a ſight of the inſtrument by which he was detained,
'and it was immediately preſented for his peruſal.

'One

'One of the company remarked in a very angry tone, 'and broken Engliſh, that a warrant which was exe-'cuted in England, could have no force in Italy. That 'obſervation I was well aware of, and had given the 'truſty meſſengers proper inſtructions how to proceed 'in the buſineſs. In whatever diſtrict they found 'their quarry in, if on application to the acting ma-'giſtracy, they could not obtain a legal authority to 'attack his perſon, one of them was to return imme-'diately, and the other was to remain in Italy to 'inſpect his motions. On the peruſal of the inſtru-'ment, by which he was arreſted, he ſaid, I cheer-'fully comply. The mind of innocence has nothing 'to fear. There muſt be ſome egregious miſtake in 'this diſagreeable buſineſs, but my preſence will 'elucidate the myſtery. On a recapitulation of the 'whole affair, firſt one, and then another of his com-'panions offered to become bail for him, and declared 'they would enter into any recognizance for his ap-'pearance. Theſe liberal and friendly offers were 'rejected by our prudent emiſſaries with the cooleſt 'indifference. They alledged their want of power, 'the improbability of receiving any proper inſtructi-'ons in due time, and a variety of other ſhuffling 'excuſes. Thus they brought away this inoffenſive 'milkſop, and arrived ſafe in England, even before 'we expected them. He is now a cloſe priſoner in 'Newcaſtle jail, where he muſt abide till the iſſue of 'his trial, at the enſuing court of Aſſize, though Sir 'Archibald has endeavoured by every poſſible means 'to quaſh the legality of the proceſs. He ſays, he 'was guilty of a moſt unpardonable miſtake, that the 'bill was juſt, and that his failure of ſight was the 'ſole occaſion of his not immediately recognizing his 'own hand writing. Theſe, with a multiplicity of 'other incoherent, and applicable excuſes, are the 'genuine reſult of the Baronet's good nature. 'Though aſhamed of the infamous conduct of his 'former friend, and enraged at his villainy, he yet 'wiſhes to ſave his neck from the halter. He de-'ſerves an ignominious exit, and probably he may 'meet with what he deſerves.'

'The

'The recital of this extraordinary ſtory,' ſays his 'Lordſhip,' 'has utterly confounded me. I always 'thought Mr. Welman, a very preciſe, but at the 'ſame time a downright honeſt youth. He was very 'rigid in his opinions, and exact in performance of 'what he deemed his duty. I muſt confeſs, he is 'one of the laſt men, I would have taken for a 'knave.'—'Hang him for a canting, ſnivelling 'whelp,' replies Mr. Taylor. 'All his pretended 'ſincerity was only a cover for his hypocriſy; his 'aſſumed uprightneſs a veil for his conſtant diſſimu-'lation, and his whining lectures on religion and 'virtue were only ſnares for the giddy, the thought-'leſs, and the unwary. His guilt is now apparent, 'and let him quit the ſtage without any other plaudits, 'than thoſe of infamy and vice.'—'This opinion of 'yours, Sir,' returns Miſs Tulip, 'though harſh and 'unfavourable, is partly eſtabliſhed by his recent 'criminality. Whilſt I live, I ſhall always ſuſpect a 'grave face.'—'And pray, Miſs Purity,' ſays Cap-'tain Tulip, 'is it not poſſible your ſuſpicions may 'be falſe? Though you are my child, I wiſh you to 'be leſs cenſorious.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER LVIII.

NO ſooner was Sir Archibald informed of the arrival of Mr. Welman at Newcaſtle, than he haſtened to viſit him in his dreary apartment. When he was announced, his unfortunate young friend aroſe from his truſs of ſtraw to receive him. The dim rays of light which ſcarce glimmered through the iron grates, were juſt ſufficient to enable the Baronet to diſtinguiſh the perſon of the unhappy priſoner. He advanced towards him with a haſty ſtep, and cloſely enlocked him in his arms. After a pauſe of a few ſeconds, during which interval, the feelings of the worthy Baronet which agitated his boſom, and entirely prevented him from uttering a ſyllable, he ſaid, in a faultering and broken accent, 'Alas, my dear friend, what evil deſtiny purſues you!' Mr. Welman continued ſilent, whilſt a heavy ſigh burſt from his boſom. 'I hear that ſigh,' ſays Sir Archibald, 'it is afflictive, it is piercing. But why this untimely ſilence?' —'Is there not a cauſe,' replies Mr. Welman, in a tone of riſing indignation, 'have I not a cauſe to be 'ſilent, when I know myſelf to be immured in this 'ſolitary dungeon by the artifice of a man, whom I 'not only deemed my friend, but always looked up to 'with reverence, as a father? Have I not a cauſe to 'reproach this man, who with a deep deſign, and deliberate malice, could beneath the maſk of friendſhip, not only abuſe my confidence, but even lay a 'ſnare for my life? Take it, Sir, take my life, 'I now value it not. But, my honour, you 'have deprived me of that invaluable jewel, and 'endeavoured to ſtamp me a villain. Your ſcheme, 'Sir, has been well laid, and my unſuſpecting innocence is baſely betrayed. But, when I am gone, O 'remember, I have a ſiſter—ſhe is an orphan—her 'father, her mother—they were kind, they were ten-

'der,

'der, they were affectionate—but they are dead—she 'had a brother—a brother who loved her—but soon 'she will want a friend.'—His grief choaked his utterance, he turned with haste from Sir Archibald, and leaned with his back against the damp dripping wall. In this attitude of woe, Sir Archibald beheld him, and frequently attempted to arrest his attention, by eagerly endeavouring to exculpate himself from this infamous accusation. But Welman was deaf to his intreaties, and steadily continued his present silence. Sir Archibald took him by the hand, exclaiming, 'O, Wel-'man, hear me. I am innocent of the charge you 'alledge against me.'—'Innocent, Sir Archibald, 'innocent! I once thought you the best of men. I 'beheld you with the profoundest respect, I listened to 'your precepts with attention, you frequently called 'me by the endearing name of son, and now you wish 'to render that son, not only an object of derision, 'but a spectacle of the foulest infamy. Ah, Sir Ar-'chibald, what have I done, that you pursue my life 'with such unheard-of dissimulation? When I waited 'on you, on the eve of my departure, I never dropped 'a syllable about my ability to prosecute my journey. 'I wanted no pecuniary assistance, thank God, I al-'ways had more than I deserved. With your accus-'tomed benevolence you frankly presented me a bill, 'which I heedlessly accepted. I negociated that bill, 'and though it was drawn by yourself, you boldly 'averred, when it was offered for payment, that it was 'a daring forgery.'—'O Welman, there is some impe-'netrable mystery hangs over this unhappy business.' —'Unhappy, indeed, Sir Archibald, but leave me, 'leave me to my own thoughts, and that cruel destiny 'which now awaits me. O, in after times, if ever you 'remember me, be kind to my sister—she is an or-'phan, and a woman—she may want assistance, but, 'alas, friendship is now nothing more, than a cover 'for destruction, and a snare for the seduction of inno-'cence.'—'Believe me, Welman, when I assert, you 'have sufficient reason for these heavy complaints. 'Still, I say some impenetrable mystery overclouds

'this

'this affair. The bill which I gave you, was a juſt
'one, it was of my own hand-writing, it was preſent-
'ed to you unſolicited, and without I had been an
'infernal villain, I could have no other motive, than
'your accommodation. The bill that was preſented
'to me by Captain Corner, was for the ſame ſum, but
'not of my writing. I perceived the forgery, and
'refuſed payment. But remark, I had not even acted
'thus had I known that you were the negociator of the
'bill. No ſooner had I received this information,
'than I endeavoured by every poſſible method to get
'the bill into my poſſeſſion. I avowed myſelf the
'drawer, and confeſſed I had been miſtaken in the
'examination of it and was anxious to pay the money.
'But Captain Corner, on my perſonal application to
'him for this purpoſe, told me with the utmoſt indif-
'ference, he had returned the Bill, and believed the
'Banker had taken ſuch legal meaſures, as would
'ſpeedily bring the delinquent to juſtice. I had im-
'mediate recourſe to the Banker, who obſerved to me
'with ſome aſperity, that ſuch crimes could not paſs
'with impunity. Public credit, he ſaid, was of too
'delicate a texture to admit of ſuch attacks. Were
'he to connive at ſuch unjuſtifiable proceedings, he
'might be ruined in a day, and though ſome individu-
'als might applaud his lenity, the majority would un-
'doubtedly condemn his imprudence. I offered him
'double, nay any ſum he pleaſed to mention, and
'would undertake to indemnify him for every damage,
'if he would reſtore me the bill. He ſaid, the ru-
'mour was not only gone abroad, but the buſineſs was
'likewiſe under a legal proceſs, and therefore he
'could not retract with honor. His character would
'infallibly ſuffer in the opinion of the public, and if
'his character, then his credit, wherefore he was un-
'der the neceſſity of proceeding, and bringing the af-
'fair, for the ſatisfaction of all parties, to a legal iſſue.
'From this true repreſentation of the caſe, Mr. Wel-
'man, and I have examined it with my utmoſt ability,
'I am thoroughly convinced there is ſome inſcrutable
'myſtery in the buſineſs. I have not the leaſt ſcruple

'about

'about your integrity, and of this, I am certain, that 'either you, or I, have been made the dupe of ſome 'dark helliſh artifice.'—'I have liſtened, Sir Archi-'bald, to every ſyllable you have ſpoken, with the ut-'moſt attention. I was lately loſt and confounded in 'a maze of conſternation. That maze is now evapo-'rated, and I begin to perceive there are ſome infer-'nal machinations going forward, which if I be un-'able to unravel and prevent, my life will fall a ſacri-'fice to ſome diabolical contrivances. Captain Cor-'ner was the holder of the bill. He is my mortal 'enemy, and capable of any atrocity. If he be in 'league with the Banker, and they continue ſteady to 'their purpoſe, I am certain of falling a victim to their 'malice.'—'Deſpair not, my much injured friend. I 'have been inſtrumental in bringing you into this ſor-'rowful juncture. But let us hope, that ſome auſpi-'cious moment will produce a diſcovery, which ſhall 'at once elucidate this myſterious iniquity, and ſuffi-'ciently clear your honor from the ſmalleſt ſtain of 'infamy.'—'Such a diſcovery, Sir Archibald, time 'itſelf will effectually prevent. The court of aſſize 'is nearly at hand; there I ſhall be arraigned, and 'poſſibly convicted of a crime which my ſoul abhors. 'Gracious heaven, how unſearchable are thy ways! 'In this trying ſcene of affliction, may I be ſupported 'by a ſure confidence. If I have erred in any in-'ſtance, and what child of mortality is free from er-'ror, thou knoweſt I am innocent of this heinous 'crime, with which I am now accuſed. I have a firm 'reliance in thy providential care, and though I ſuffer 'beneath the ſtroke of violence, my integrity ſhall con-'tinue unſhaken. In this inſtance the triumph of 'the wicked may ſucceed, but finally they ſhall 'not eſcape.'

Towards the concluſion of this exclamation, the door grated on its ruſty hinges, and ſeveral perſons were uſhered into the darkſome cell. 'Alas,' cries a wailing female, 'is this a habitation for my unhappy 'brother! O where is he!'—'Here, ſiſter, here 'ſtands thy brother—a brother who has been born to

'embitter

'embitter all thy days, and to fix the pang of ſorrow 'in thy youthful boſom.' She ruſhed into his arms, and wet his cheek with the affectionate tear of woe. During this paſſionate embrace, an affecting ſilence continued. By the dim glimmering of the lamp, by which they had been introduced, they beheld the unfeigned grief of the brother, and the pale wan cheek of the ſobbing ſiſter, which reſted on his ſwelling breaſt. Mr. Welman ſummoning all his fortitude, with a calm, and modeſt dignity, ſaid, 'Be comfort-'ed, my ſiſter. Whatever fate attends me, let this 'conſideration ſolace your drooping ſpirits, that your 'brother is perfectly innocent of the crime alledged 'againſt him. The good man has nothing to fear, 'let the guilty tremble beneath the preſſure of their 'crimes. I have brought much ſorrow to your bo-'ſom, but may you live long enough to forget my un-'happineſs. My life has been a chequered ſcene. 'But why ſhould I complain! I have thouſands 'whom I always deemed more miſerable than myſelf, 'and who am I, that I ſhould be exempted from 'affliction?'—'O brother, this calm, and tranquil 'diſpoſition may ſuit your preſent ſtate, but believe 'me, it brings little comfort to my afflicted breaſt. I 'know you are innocent, and that conſcious innocence 'will ſupport you in all your trials. May they be 'ſhort, may they terminate to our mutual happineſs! 'O my brother, what evil deſtiny overrules thy vir-'tue!'—Lady Gray approached, and tenderly raiſing her head, which was drooping on the boſom of her brother, ſaid, 'My dear Miſs Welman, be com-'forted. Your trial is afflicting, but happineſs may 'ſtill await you. Let us remember, there is a Pro-'vidence that regulates every event, he permits every 'evil to take its courſe, but he will not ſuffer it to go 'unpuniſhed; he commands the practice of virtue, 'and though here it may ſuffer perſecution, he has 'decreed, and his decree is irreverſible, it ſhall not 'finally loſe its reward.'—'O Lady Gray, I acknow-'ledge the juſtneſs of the obſervation, but is he not 'my brother? Can I meet him in this dreary dun-

'geon,

'geon, can I ſee his limbs fettered with theſe clank-
'ing chains, can I behold his cheek reſt againſt that
'damp green wall, can I ſee him thus, and bid my
'heart be ſtill? O Madam, he was a kind brother!'
—'Siſter, my caſe is not deſperate—though accuſed,
'I am not convicted—though perſecuted, I am guilt-
'leſs—let this conſolation ſhed a pleaſing ray of hope,
'and your preſent ſorrow will in part evaporate. But,
'who do I ſee here? O Miſs Gray, you are kind!
'Pardon my inattention'—taking her by the hand—
'this adds a gleam of pleaſure to diſſipate the gloom
'of this frightful dungeon. I little thought when we
'parted laſt, our next meeting ſhould be in the loath-
'ſome cell of a priſon. But you are kind, and this
'kindneſs I ſhall probably never be able to requite.'
Miſs Gray ſtifling her grief, ſobbed deeply, and while
the tears trickled down her cheeks, ſhe ſaid, 'I ſhould
'have been unfeeling, and inſenſible to your unme-
'rited ſufferings, had I not come to condole with you
'in this horrid place of confinement. Your durance
'can be but of ſhort duration, when you will be re-
'ſtored to your liberty, and your friends.'—'May
'your ſuggeſtion, my love, be prophetically true!
'Whatever I may endure, I hope, I ſhall endure it
'with fortitude. When danger is thus encountered,
'it is diſarmed of all its terrors.'

CHAPTER LIX.

MR. Welman, amidſt the horrors of his dungeon, was conſtantly viſited by his ſympathizing friends. Though compoſed beneath an accuſation of criminality, he often experienced conſolation from their friendly converſe. He occaſionally forgot his ſufferings, and frequently joined with his wonted cheerfulneſs, in cuſtomary debate of the moment. He diſcanted with much ſedateneſs on the inſtability of human happineſs. He commented particularly on thoſe misfortunes, which had befallen himſelf, and always concluded with a dignified compoſure, that he muſt have merited his afflictions, or Providence would not have diſpenſed them to him. The ſolidity of this opinion was generally combated by Sir Archibald, and Mr. Bruce. They endeavoured to convince him, that the virtuous were often viſited with afflictions in this life merely for a trial of their virtue. They requeſted him to examine the conduct of holy Job. He was an example of reſignation, which the Almighty had given to the world, to teach this leſſon to ſucceeding generations, that the righteous are not doomed in this tranſitory ſcene, to enjoy a ſtate of uninterrupted happineſs. There was a variety of events, which muſt inevitably happen alike to the good, and to the wicked, which would undoubtedly corrode the peace of the one, and diſturb the tranquillity of the other. Though he uſually acknowledged the juſtneſs of their obſervations, he ſtill ſeemed to be apprehenſive, he muſt have deſerved chaſtiſement, or the wiſdom of Providence would not have afflicted him with ſo much ſeverity. This reflection ſometimes ſpread the gloom of melancholy over his ſteady mind, which the intercourſe of friendſhip could not always diſperſe.

Sir Archibald was really unhappy. He cenſured his

his own indiſcretion as being inſtrumental to the accuſation of his friend. A momentary want of thought, he ſaid, in him, had occaſioned all his affliction. He endeavoured to conceal the agitation of his mind, but it was too apparent to every individual. Though conſcious of the rectitude of his intentions, in rejecting the ſpurious bill, had he been apprized in time, that Mr. Welman was the negociator, he would not have heſitated a moment in the acceptance of it. The uncertainty of the future event was no ſolace to his preſent diſcontent, and being determined to leave no means untried for the preſervation of his friend, he again went to Newcaſtle, accompanied by Mr. Bruce, to try once more, if he could diſſuade the banker from the impending proſecution.

When they came into his preſence, he was ſullen and reſerved. Mr. Bruce aſked him, if he had any perſonal enmity to Mr. Welman, ſince he ſeemed ſo averſe to mercy. 'No, Sir, Mr. Welman is al-'moſt a ſtranger to me, and this is the only tranſaction 'I ever had with him. It is no demonſtration of his 'probity, I aſſure you.' 'Sir,' replies Sir Archibald, 'Mr. Welman's probity before this circum-'ſtance, was always unimpeached.'—'But this de-'viation, Sir, will admit of no apology.'—'I hope 'I ſhall never become the apologiſt of criminality.'—'Did you not, Sir Archibald, avow the bill to be a 'forgery?'—'I did in an unguarded moment, but yet 'there is a poſſibility, I might be miſtaken. Though 'it did not appear to me at that time to be my writ-'ing, I know I write a variable and unſteady ſcrawl.' —'Admitting this, though not the ſhadow of an ar-'gument, did not Mr. Welman indorſe the bill? 'Has he not acknowledged the indorſement to be his 'own writing, and has he not confeſſed, that he re-'ceived five hundred pounds from me in exchange 'for this identical bill? His own words condemn 'him. And though you may in the warmth of your 'friendſhip attempt to exculpate him from the hein-'ouſneſs of the charge, I am afraid the fact is too 'glaring to be covered by any interference whatſoe-'ver.'

'ver.'—'But, Sir,' obſerves Mr. Bruce, 'if you are 'reimburſed the amount of your bill, with all its con-'tingent expences, you cannot poſſibly be any loſer 'by dropping the proſecution.'—'Bleſs me, Sir, how 'abſurdly you talk! Our credit, as bankers, depends 'ſolely on our integrity. Were we, in this particu-'lar inſtance, to omit the means, which the laws of 'our country have provided for the puniſhment of de-'linquency, we ſhould undoubtedly throw open a 'door for the commiſſion of every ſpecies of villainy. 'Our ſimple lenity being known, we ſhould immedi-'ately become the prey of every deſigning raſcal. 'No, no, the law muſt have its courſe, and juſtice 'ſhall not be impeded.'—'I hope,' returns Mr. Bruce, 'you will not be inexorable to our prayer. 'Mercy is a god-like attribute. It is poſſible, the 'moſt cautious, and they who are ever circumſpect 'in all their tranſactions, may through inadvertence, 'deviate from the path of rectitude. Whenever this 'happens, we ought to judge with candour, and if 'we are parties who have been injured by the unhappy 'action, we ſtill ſhould proceed with a tender for-'bearance. We ought always to remember, that 'forgiveneſs is our indiſpenſable duty, and revenge 'is no part of our creed. I ſpeak as if I ſuppoſed 'Mr. Welman guilty, but I am thoroughly convinc-'ed of his innocence. He could not poſſibly have 'any motive for the fraud. Sir Archibald preſented 'him with the bill, it is not augmented, and there-'fore every circumſtance in this unfortunate buſineſs 'declares, he has certainly acted with probity.'—'The obſervation of the bill not being augmented, 'rather ſtrikes me. I ſhall weigh the affair with due 'deliberation, and if I perceive any favourable cir-'cumſtance, I promiſe you, I ſhall uſe it in the favor 'of your friend. This is the utmoſt I can urge at 'preſent.' They ſeparated, Sir Archibald and Mr Bruce, were altogether diſſatisfied with the interview, and perfectly convinced they had nothing elſe to expect, but the moſt rigorous proſecution.

After maturely deliberating on the importance of

the buſineſs, they haſtened to the priſon. They found Mr. Welman employed in thoſe devotional exerciſes which were particularly adapted to his unhappy ſituation. He ſuffered himſelf to be interrupted by the arrival of his worthy friends. Sir Archibald informed him, in a very few words, of the ill ſucceſs of their preſent interference. 'I thank you Sir,' ſays Mr. Welman, 'for this unabating kindneſs. I 'hope it proceeds from a thorough conviction of my 'innocence. The inflexible behaviour of my proſe-'cutor, I ſhall not condemn. Juſtice muſt take its 'courſe. It is evident I have committed a crime, 'and if I be doomed to fall beneath the baneful in-'fluence of this crime, I ſhall patiently ſubmit, and 'bend with due reſignation to the power that corrects 'me.'—'I admire your fortitude,' replies Mr. Bruce. 'Your preſent ſituation is a trying one, and certainly 'requires that equanimity of mind which a truly good 'man will always diſplay in a critical, and afflictive 'conjuncture.'—'I hope Mr Bruce, I have little to 'fear. If I muſt go, I know the paſſage. It is 'to be ſure a ſtrait one, and attended with a certain 'degree of ignominy. That I will not long feel, 'though my friends may long endure the malignant 'ſneer for their invariable attachment to a man, who 'left the world with undeſerved infamy. Such ma-'lice will have no effect on my ſilent reſt.' Sir Archibald heaved a ſigh, and fervently recommended him to the mercy of the Almighty.

Notwithſtanding every effort for the liberation of Mr. Welman, the time for the holding of the Court of Aſſize approached, and he ſtill continued a cloſe priſoner. The evening before his trial, his ſiſter, with Sir Archibald, and Mr. Bruce, entered the dreary dungeon. They found him very ſolemnly employed. He was upon his knees, and the bible was open before him. Their preſence did not interrupt his reading, as he never turned about his head to aſk who intruded on his ſilence. He raiſed his eyes in the fervour of devotion, ſaying, 'O Father 'of Mercies, why ſhould I repine at thy chaſtiſe-'ment!

'ment! Thou alone, in the infinity of thy wiſdom, 'knoweſt what is fitteſt for me. If it be thy will, 'that I muſt die, enable me to bear the ſtroke, as be-'comes a chriſtian and a man. When I am gone, 'may thy ſuperintending providence, direct all the 'actions of my beloved ſiſter. She is young, and 'may want a friend. O may the imputed ignominy of 'her brother's death, bring no diſgrace on her future 'days. May ſhe live'—Miſs Welman ſobbed in the deepeſt agony, and careleſsly throwing herſelf on the damp floor beſide him, ſhe bedewed his boſom with her tears.—'Alas, my ſiſter, what brings you here!' 'O, my brother, why this unneceſſary queſtion! Am 'I to be debarred the poor ſolitary pleaſure of an occa-'ſional viſit? O chide me not, but here let me conti-'nue, till I can have the happineſs of once more ſee-'ing you reſtored to liberty and to honor.'—'Riſe, 'Fanny, here you cannot ſtay. This is no place for 'your continuance. I am aſſured of your affection, 'but ſtrive not to injure your health by braving the 'damps of this horrid cell.'—'O Brother, is not this 'unkind? Why repel me with ſuch coldneſs! Let 'not your care for the preſervation of my health, de-'prive me of the only conſolation I can have in this 'afflictive ſeaſon. I have not another brother, let 'this conſideration make its due impreſſion.'—'You 'afflict me, ſiſter, with theſe corroding remarks. 'Though you have no other brother, I hope you have 'many friends. I am certain, you deſerve a number. 'Some one of them, Fanny, will be your comforter, 'whenever the pang of woe becomes too heavy for 'your boſom. But why do I ſolace you with this 'unneceſſary remark? My time is not yet paſt, or 'the thread of my exiſtence drawn to its lateſt turn. 'I will yet be your comforter, your friend, and your 'brother.'—'Gracious heaven confirm the declara-'tion,' exclaims Miſs Welman, while her pallid cheek droped on his panting boſom. He tenderly embraced her, and kiſſed away the tears, as they ſtarted from her eyes, now ſwimming in expreſſive moiſture.—Sir Archibald approached, ſaying, 'I am

'ſorry to diſturb you in this moment of affection, but 'let not ſenſibility overcome your fortitude.'—'Alas,' replies Mr. Welman, 'I feel I am a brother. Her 'tenderneſs has been ſympathetic, and I hope it is no 'crime to indulge for a moment in the luxury of fili-'al ſorrow.'—'I wiſh not to reproach you, my wor-'thy friend,' replies Sir Archibald, 'It was a neceſ-'ſary, though probably a grating remark. This effu-'ſion of ſenſibility may unhinge your reſolutions.' Mr. Welman raiſed his eyes, and fixing them ſteadi-ly on the face of the Baronet, ſaid, 'Fear in the 'breaſt of innocence, can create no terror. I am pre-'pared.' On this hearty expreſſion, Miſs Welman ſtarted from her reverie, and ſolemnly conjured Mr. Bruce to prevail on Sir Archibald, that ſhe might continue with her brother. He endeavoured to con-vince her of the impropriety of the requeſt, and it was a late hour before they left Mr. Welman to the ſolitary ſtillneſs of his awful dungeon.

Sir Archibald being ſummoned upon the grand ju-ry, he attended from this benevolent motive, of being enabled, in honourable capacity, to convince his col-leagues of the innocence of his friend. When they were convened, and the bill brought before them for their deliberation, the Baronet obſerved, 'that the 'preſent accuſation was of a very extraordinary na-'ture. I mean not to exculpate Mr. Welman from 'the charge of negociating the bill. This he acknow-'ledges with the utmoſt frankneſs. He likewiſe in-'genuouſly owns the indorſement. I myſelf, I con-'feſs it with ſorrow, am chiefly inſtrumental to his 'confinement. It is not this conſideration which in-'duces me to plead for his enlargement, it is ſolely 'the conviction of his innocence. He only uſhered, 'what I gave him, and this he performed with the 'moſt upright intentions. If there be any crimina-'lity, it ſolely originates in my miſtake. It is evi-'dent to every gentleman preſent, that a man of Mr. 'Welman's reſpectability, fortune, and credit, could 'never condeſcend, for the paltry ſum of five hun-'dred pounds, to commit an action, that would ruin

'his

'his character, and bring his very exiſtence into the 'moſt imminent danger. It is impoſſible to ſuppoſe, 'that he, who is bleſſed with ſo affluent an income, 'would attempt a deception for ſuch an inconſidera-'ble addition to his opulence. It is impoſſible,'—'There is no impoſſibility in the matter,' retorts Captain Tulip, with a faſtidious ſneer, who had been ſelected as a juryman, and attended to diſcharge the momentous duties of his office; 'there is no impoſ-'ſibility in the matter. Mr. Welman has acknow-'ledged his guilt, the Banker has ſworn to his per-'ſon, and it is not in the power of ſophiſtry, to ex-'culpate him from the charge. How can we anſwer 'to our country, and our conſcience, if we through 'an ill-timed lenity, acquit a man, who voluntarily 'pleads guilty to the accuſation that is legally 'brought againſt him. Let us perform our duty, and 'if he be innocent, a jury of his peers will acquit 'him.' No gentleman made any reply, and the bill was immediately confirmed.

On the morning of the trial, ſome hours previous to his departure from the cell, Sir Archibald and Mr. Bruce waited upon Mr. Welman. They found him ſteady and compoſed. He talked with an air of indifference on the uncertainty of his caſe, and expreſſed himſelf with ſome cheerfulneſs, that the moment was now arrived, when his honor would be perfectly cleared, or his life would ſoon ceaſe to be a burthen to him. They admired his reſignation, which Mr. Bruce obſerved, 'was a duty incumbent on every man. 'But the peculiar harſhneſs of the preſent inſtance, 'required more than philoſophy to ſupport its afflict-'ing preſſure.'—'There is no caſe in life,' replies Mr. Welman, 'however injurious, however painful, 'but may be endured, if met with a true chriſtian pa-'tience. This virtue will teach us to look beyond 'the calamities of the preſent ſphere, to deſpiſe their 'terrors, and bid us hope for a juſt reward, where 'neither malice nor revenge can deprive us of the en-'joyment.' The jailor entered,—Mr. Welman underſtood

ſtood his errand, and he calmly requeſted his benevolent friends to accompany him to the bar of juſtice.

When they arrived at the court, the priſoner was ordered to ſtand forward. He took his poſition, and appeared with a dignified countenance. Sir Archibald ſtood at his right hand, Mr. Bruce at the left. Being arraigned, he pleaded not guilty. The counſel for the proſecution opened the caſe with a degree of unwarrantable acrimony. He expatiated with unbecoming virulence on the heinouſneſs of the crime, ſaying, 'language is too weak to expreſs my indignation, when I perceive a man of fortune, and ſome reſpectability, ſo far forget his ſtation which he holds in ſociety, as to condeſcend to the deſpicable practice of deception and fraud. What motive could ſtimulate a man to ſuch an action, who, far from having the plea of the horrors of want in his favor, is acknowledged by all, to be endued with opulence! What motive could prompt him to ſuch an undertaking when he already poſſeſſed more than he could enjoy, except the ſhameleſs deſire of purloining the envied property of another! Avarice is a paſſion capable of any atrocity. It will ſtoop to the utmoſt meanneſs, it will always condeſcend to the extreme of infamy, provided it ſees the leaſt hope of the accompliſhment of its purpoſe. What can be more atrocious, what more infamous, than this action which is now before the court! It is an acknowledged fact that Sir Archibald, with a warmth of benevolence ſo peculiar to his diſpoſition, did ever, till of late, eſteem the priſoner of the bar, as his boſom friend. He always treated him with a true and paternal affection; he led him, with unremitting care, from childhood up to manhood; he inculcated with aſſiduity the principles of virtue and religion, and pointed out that line of conduct, by which he was to regulate his future life. Behold the return of ingratitude for this unbounded kindneſs! The firſt opportunity that offers, with a heart depraved beyond redemption, the priſoner baſely endeavours to defraud his friend, and flies to a fo-

'reign

'reign country, there to enjoy, with impunity, the 'ſpoils of his abominable guilt. But juſtice is not al-'ways to be eluded; ſhe has purſued him, with un-'ceaſing induſtry, through all the deſiles of his cun-'ning and enormity. He now ſtands at her impartia-'al tribunal, awaiting that decree, which ſuch a cri-'minal proceeding ſo amply deſerves. The atrocity 'of the deception prevents me from expatiating any 'farther on that crime, which ought never to eſcape 'unpuniſhed. Were culprits of this particular deſcrip-'tion not brought to condign puniſhment, what unheard 'of evils would immediately overwhelm the commu-'nity! Individuals would be reduced, from a ſtate 'affluence, to beggary; public credit would be ruin-'ed, and confidence would be baniſhed from all ranks 'of ſociety. But let me hope, that the preſent ex-'ample will deter others from a repetition of this 'ſhameleſs crime.'

After he ſat down, the banker was called to identify the perſon, and prove the negociating of the bill. Mr. Welman's Counſel then roſe, and replied with much compoſure to the ſcurrilous aſperſions of his learned brother. He pointed out the futility of thoſe arguments, by which he attempted to criminate the priſoner, with much elucidation, and ſtrength of reaſoning. He ſeemed to convince the court of Mr. Welman's innocence, to exculpate him from the charge of deliberate fraud, and having delivered a learned and ingenious harangue in defence of his client, he ſubmitted the acquittal of his friend to the unbiaſſed deciſion of the jury.

The judge then aſked Mr. Welman if he had any thing to urge in his defence. Mr. Welman ſaid, 'my 'Lord, I am arraigned at this tribunal for a crime, 'which my ſoul abhors. If I have erred, my error 'was unintentional. I had no wiſh to deceive; I had 'no motive to practiſe a fraud; my own fortune was 'more than equal to all my deſires. I ſhudder at the 'infamy of a lye—I paſſed the bill for which I am 'now arraigned. I received it from a gentleman, 'whoſe integrity is unimpeached, and whoſe bene-

'volence

'volence is univerſal. Some fatal, and inſcrutable 'myſtery overſhades the buſineſs I wiſhed for an 'inveſtigation of the matter—what I have heard, has 'in no wiſe elucidated this dark affair. I ſubmit, 'with due reſignation, to the decree of the court, 'ſince impartial juſtice will dictate the verdict.'

The judge, in a candid and diſpaſſionate charge to the jury, pointed out in expreſs terms, the innocence of the priſoner. Though he acknowledged the fact, for which he was arraigned, there yet remained a principal part of the tranſaction to be elucidated. At preſent, he ſaw no poſſibility of this elucidation. Time alone could draw off the veil, which clouded the buſineſs with impenetrable darkneſs. He ſtrongly recommended the priſoner to mercy, and earneſtly conjured them to be diſpaſſionate and ſerious in their verdict, ſince it involved in the iſſue, not only the life of a fellow creature, but likewiſe the honor of a gentleman, whoſe innocence he believed, but whoſe acquittal he was not authorized to pronounce.

The jury retired, and after an abſence of half an hour, during which the court continued in the moſt anxious expectation, they returned, and to the utter aſtoniſhment of every auditor, pronounced the priſoner, guilty. The verdict was heard with an awful ſilence. The judge then proceeded to paſs the ſolemn ſentence, which Mr. Welman heard with a compoſure and dignity, which appalled the effrontery of his inexorable perſecutors. He bowed reſpectfully to the court, and retired from the bar amid the tears and ſighs of a numerous and grieving audience.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER LX.

WHEN Mr. Welman retired from the court, he was accompanied by his two ſorrowful friends. When they entered the dungeon, he threw himſelf careleſsly down on a truſs of ſtraw. He eyed Sir Archibald with a compoſed countenance. The Baronet was ſilent, whilſt many a heavy ſigh eſcaped from his boſom. Mr. Welman aroſe, and advancing towards them, took both Sir Archibald and Mr. Bruce by the hands, ſaying, 'and now, my dear friends, the buſtling farce of life is nearly over. It has been a buſy, but rather an unfortunate ſcene for me. But why ſhould I complain! Affliction is the deſtined companion of mortality. To expect to ſteer clear of trouble, through the tempeſtuous voyage of human life, is vain, and certainly beſpeaks a conſiderable degree of folly. There are many paſſages, by which a man may eſcape from the wearineſs of life, and provided he is not inſtrumental in attempting to fly from exiſtence, it is altogether immaterial by which he ſhall make his final departure. You behold me with an eye of concern; probably I deſerve your pity, yet believe me, when I aver, I am totally unconſcious of the crime of which I am convicted. Why that ſigh, Sir Archibald? Our ſeparation will not be of a very long continuance. A few years at moſt, and theſe are very fleeting. After this deluſive ſcene is paſſed away, if my faith deceive me not, we ſhall meet to part no more. This cheering conſideration makes me look upon the preſent tranſaction with a calm indifference. Your paternal friendſhip, Sir Archibald, and your unvarying benevolence, Mr. Bruce, ſhall be acknowledged in my lateſt moments. But

'why this awful ſilence?'—'Alas, my dear Welman,' replies Sir Archibald, 'my friendſhip has been fatal 'to you! What I intended as an act of diſintereſted 'kindneſs, has proved your ruin. Gracious heaven, 'how often are the beſt intentions thwarted, and what 'we deſigned for the good of a fellow creature, has 'proved his inevitable deſtruction! But, Welman, 'thou flyeſt from affliction, thou leaveſt thy ſorrows 'all behind thee, whilſt mine, with a keen, corroding 'ſting, ſhall ever rankle here. I am the active, but 'innocent agent of all thy woe. O, Welman, canſt 'thou forgive me! Canſt thou forgive a man, who 'has overwhelmed thee with diſhonour, and covered 'thee with the ignominy of a horrid and diſgraceful 'death?'—'Can I forgive you, Sir Archibald! I 'am conſcious your intentions were benevolent and 'pure. Ceaſe to afflict yourſelf with this conſidera-'tion. I am only a ſimple individual; and poſſibly of 'very little uſe on this ſcene of exiſtence. My ſud-'den departure will make no important chaſm in the 'ſcale of humanity. Therefore, Sir Archibald, when 'I am gone, will you be careful to defend my good 'name from the blaſt of cenſure; will you, with a 'father's care, ward the ſting of ſlander from the inno-'cent and virtuous boſom—O, Sir Archibald, I have 'a ſiſter! Will you protect her? She is worthy of 'your affection—ſhe is an orphan, and ſoon ſhe will 'have no brother Do you refuſe me? This ſorrow, 'though manly, is afflicting The tear of friendſhip 'is always invaluable, and therefore do not ſhed it un-'neceſſarily'—'O, Welman, you wring my ſoul 'with anguiſh. Your frank and noble forgiveneſs, 'will not reſtore me to my wonted peace. Your af-'fectionate requeſt ſhall never be forgotten. Your 'ſiſter from this moment, ſhall be as my own child.' —'Indeed, gentlemen,' obſerves Mr. Bruce, 'though 'the preſent occaſion is one of the moſt melancholy, 'of which human nature can participate, yet this deſ-'pondency is certainly anticipating the ſtroke. You, 'Sir Archibald, ſeem to dread the worſt. Why 'ſhould we baniſh hope? The Judge himſelf was evi-

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'd ntly inclined to mercy, and from this very circum-
'ſtance I augur a fortunate iſſue. The fortitude of
'Mr. Welman is a leſſon to his friends. Since events
'are not in our diſpoſal, we muſt endeavour to bear with
'a calm reſignation the ſevereſt trial that Providence
'has aſſigned us. Omniſcience can never err. What-
'ever happens, is by his expreſs permiſſion. There-
'fore the moſt trivial occurrence, as well as the moſt
'important, which falls out in this chequered ſcene of
'exiſtence, is allowed by an unerring wiſdom. This
'reflection will always inculcate patience. We know
'not what wiſe, and wonderful purpoſes, the ſeeming
'unequal diſtribution of events may anſwer, ſince
'they are ordered by that Will, which is at once, all
'merciful, and omnipotent. Our reſtrictive view of
'things is always partial, and often ill judged, hence
'we generally determine from intereſt, and conclude
'in diſguſt. Let us, my friends, remember, our lives
'are always in the power of that God who gave us
'being. He beſtowed upon us a moſt valuable exiſ-
'tence, but the duration of that exiſtence, he has
'with the profoundeſt wiſdom, not only concealed
'from our knowledge, but likewiſe taken out of our
'power. Hence, we may juſtly conclude, whatever
'event occurs, however joyful, however afflictive, it is
'a portion of that chain, by which the Almighty rules
'the univerſe. To complain is ineffectual, if not in
'a certain degree criminal. For would it not be ab-
'ſurd, and impious, to requeſt the Omnipotent, to al-
'ter, or ſuſpend the deſignations of his providence,
'merely in compliance with the deciſion of our erring
'judgments? We can only ſee in part, and our un-
'derſtandings are generally involved in a cloud of
'miſtaken notions. Our weak comprehenſions are
'too narrow, clearly to conceive the vaſt and univer-
'ſal chain of his general deſign. We are too apt to
'murmur, when we ought to adore, to cavil, when
'we ſhould be ſilent.'—'I thank you kindly, my dear
'Mr. Bruce, for this admonitory counſel, I hope, I
'ſhall profit by it. You dropped a hint that the
'Judge ſeemed inclined to mercy. That bare conſi-

'deration

'ſideration ſhall never excite me to hope, leſt I may 'be deluded, when I ought to be reſigned. Your 'ſevere condemnation, Sir Archibald, of your well-'intentioned motive, let me requeſt you to bury in 'oblivion. But, my friends, the night advances, you 'are not accuſtomed to the chilly damps of this noi-'ſome cell; therefore, let me earneſtly intreat you 'to retire. For me, who have nearly done with time, 'it avails little what may befal me. Death itſelf 'would now be a kind releaſe.'—'Why,' returns Sir Archibald, 'would you drive us from your preſence? 'Let me, at leaſt, partake of your ſorrows, and ſhare 'thoſe ſufferings, which I have principally occaſion-'ed. Believe me, Welman, I ſhall enjoy more peace 'amid the horrors of this dungeon, than when toſſing 'on a bed of down.'—'My worthy friend, you have 'forgotten, or wilfully diſobeyed my injunction.'—'No, Welman, I have not forgotten, though I have 'diſobeyed it. Let me conjure you, to permit me to 'become your aſſociate in thoſe hours of dreary ſi-'lence, when ſleep, that balmy ſoother of affliction, 'is probably a ſtranger to your eyes.'—'Let the 'guilty, Sir Archibald, keep awake, afraid of his own 'imaginary terror, whilſt I, armed with the innocence 'of my own conduct, can ſleep moſt ſoundly, even 'amidſt the damps of this ſolitary cell. Once more, 'let me intreat you, to conſider your own ſafety. 'Now, good night, and may that God who is the 'protector of the virtuous ſhield you both from every 'danger.' They affectionately graſped his hands, whilſt the tear of pity rolled down their manly cheeks.

As the Jailor was ſhutting the maſſive door, which creaked on its ruſty hinges, Miſs Welman came ruſh-ing forward with a haſty pace. She flew towards the door, which the Jailor yet held in his hand. She paſſed Sir Archibald and Mr. Bruce, without obſerving them, but the deepneſs of her ſighs, and the wildneſs of her manner, immediately attracted their notice. The Jailor oppoſed her entrance into the dungeon, whilſt the worthy Baronet moſt earneſtly entreated her

to

to retire along with them. Their intreaties were altogether ineffectual, whilſt her brother who had heard her voice, approached towards the door, and requeſted ſhe might be admitted. The door opened—ſhe ſcreamed, 'O my brother,' and ruſhed into his arms. She ſwooned, and whilſt ſhe continued in a ſtate of inſenſibility, the tear of filial affection dropped on her pallid cheek. She raiſed her ſwimming eyes, and with a glance of terror looking on her brother, ſaid, 'and 'have they doomed thee to a cruel death! It was a 'dreadful ſentence, and I dare venture to pronounce, 'a moſt unjuſt one. But thou ſhalt not die—no, no, 'thou ſhalt not. Thou lookeſt on me with an eye of 'pity. I am thy ſiſter, and I know thou loveſt me. —'Turn not thy face away—I ſee the painful ſtrug-'gle in thy boſom—thou weepeſt—O my brother. 'But I will ſave thee—I will implore for mercy, and 'whilſt a ſingle ray of hope remains, I will never de-'ſiſt to intercede for thy precious life.'—'Thank 'you, ſiſter, for this freſh proof of your affection, and 'ſhould I owe my life to your paſſionate interceſſion, 'that alone would render it doubly dear to me. But 'be not diſconſolate. Few afflictions are ſo ſevere, but 'they may be encountered.'—'O brother, how can 'you talk to me of comfort! Your ſteady temper 'may behold death with compoſure, but I, what am 'I, who am doomed to affliction, and never ending 'woe! Can I be calm, and ſee you in theſe chains?' —'You have, ſiſter, this cheering conſolation, they 'are unmerited. If my days are few, I ſhall peti-'tion the throne of mercy, that yours may be many,' —'O cruel deſtiny! Can I know happineſs when 'thou art gone! Thou waſt my only parent, and now '—O brother, brother!' her head dropped upon his boſom. By the friendly aſſiſtance of Sir Archibald, and Mr. Bruce, Miſs Welman, who was cloſely enlocked in the embraces of her weeping brother, again raiſed her head from his panting breaſt. She ſaw the agitation of his mind, and the enſuing ſilence was more ſolemn, and afflictive, than all the wildeſt exclamations of the deepeſt grief. After an awful pauſe of

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ſeveral minutes, ſhe was torn from his arms by their ſorrowing friends, whoſe benevolent remonſtrances, at laſt, prevailed with her to quit the dungeon. She retired with a real reluctance, whilſt her brother with his arms folded, and a penſive countenance, beheld her with a ſtreaming eye, till the grating door obſcured her from his ſight.

Mr. Welman being left alone, he again lay down on his cold truſs of ſtraw. He ſeriouſly reflected on the calamity of the preſent moment. He attempted to ſummon all his fortitude, which this tender interview, with a beloved ſiſter had nearly exhauſted. 'Whatever is my doom,' ſays he, in a ſolemn tone, 'and hope itſelf brings no comfort, this inſtant is momentous. I ſee my fate approaching—it appals me not. Religion, thou only conſolation to the afflicted, I owe this to thy influence. Thou biddeſt me look beyond the grave. I look, and this world appears a paſſing dream. Soon ſhall I have done with it, and all thoſe vanities, which are ſo apt to gull our fancies, ſhall no more delude me with their airy viſions. Now, ſleep, let me invoke thy influence. Beneath thy gentle power, I ſhall for a while, forget my ſufferings, and that world, in which I have had no pleaſure'

The next morning, the judge being to leave the town, Miſs Welman accompanied by Miſs Gray, and both arrayed in the deepeſt mourning, waited upon his Lordſhip, to ſolicit a pardon for a lover and a brother. When announced, he received them very graciouſly. The ladies advanced, and dropping on their knees before him, Miſs Welman ſaid, 'my Lord, you here behold a ſiſter humbly imploring for mercy, and anxiouſly ſuing for that pardon, which virtue ſo amply deſerves. My brother, though convicted, is certainly innocent of the charge with which he is accuſed. If I am not miſinformed, this, my Lord, is your decided opinion. If I am not miſtaken, the law has lodged in you a diſcretionary power, by which, you are enabled not only to ſuſpend the ſtroke of juſtice, but even to reverſe the ſentence.

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'This power can ſurely never be better exerted, than 'in the preſent unfortunate circumſtance. My only, 'my beloved brother, is condemned to death, you, my 'Lord, can repriеve him. You can reſtore him to 'his liberty, to his friends, and to me. He deſerves 'this mercy, although he were not my brother. O, 'my Lord, it is a tender name! May your ſenſibility 'ſympathize with mine on this unhappy occaſion; 'may you deem him worthy not only of your notice, 'but of your pity, and may you exerciſe that benevo-'lence which a virtuous heart will always ſuggeſt! If 'my brother live by your determination, theſe hands 'which are now raiſed towards you, ſhall, whilſt I 'am on this ſide the grave, be daily raiſed to the 'throne of grace, in an humble petition for your pre-'ſent and eternal welfare. Save him, my Lord, and 'you give happineſs to many.'

She ceaſed, and whilſt his Lordſhip was abſorbed in conflicting thoughts, Miſs Gray began. 'Mercy, 'my Lord, is a godlike attribute. We are taught by 'our holy religion, that it behoves every ſon of hu-'manity, to exerciſe that heavenly power, wherever 'the object is worthy the favour. What the Almighty 'has commanded, let his creatures endeavour to prac-'tiſe, ſince the practice will endear us to him. Here, 'my Lord, we ſupplicate for mercy, and crave for 'that pardon, which you in your official capacity, 'can undoubtedly beſtow. Let us not ſupplicate in 'vain, but may your benignity exert that prerogative 'with which you are entruſted. The law condemns, 'but benevolence forgives. Benevolence is always 'innate, and the gift of nature; the law is an honou-'rable contrivance of man's ſuperior wiſdom. Juſtice 'demands the execution of the one, whilſt heaven 'approves the forbearance of the other. O, my 'Lord, deem it not preſumptuous in me, to ſolicit 'forgiveneſs, when virtue applauds the action. He 'could have no motive to deceive, and ſince it is the 'intention that conſtitutes the fact, he ſtands abſolved 'in the gentle eye of juſtice. May this weighty con-'ſideration have its proper influence, and your Lord-

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'ſhip will cheerfully reprieve from ignominy, and a 'premature death, a man who is an honor to his ſex, 'and an invariable friend to virtue.'—'Riſe, ladies,' returns his Lordſhip, 'from this humble poſture. I 'have given all attention to what you have advanced, 'and believe me, when I aſſert, I think Mr. Welman 'guiltleſs. But you will pleaſe to recollect, when 'the ſentence of the law is once paſſed, it is not to be 'reverſed, but on the moſt ſerious conſideration. I 'ſhall weigh the caſe deliberately, and you may reſt 'aſſured, that mercy will preponderate againſt the 'extreme rigour of the law.' The ladies curtſied, and retired, though his aſſurance was far from being ſatisfactory.

Miſs Welman anxious for the ſafety of her brother, and racked with expectation, waited with the utmoſt impatience for the reception of a reprieve. In this ſhe was diſappointed. Whatever cauſe contributed to this proceding, is uncertain, but the Judge quitted the town, and left Mr. Welman for execution. This cruel determination was attempted to be concealed from her. She clearly perceived the evaſive conduct of her friends, and ſolemnly conjured Sir Archibald to inform her of the real truth. She heard the awful deciſion with a compoſure, dignified, and unexpected. She occaſionally viſited her brother in his noiſome dungeon, and though the meeting was always highly affecting, the general tenor of her behaviour was calm and ſedate Miſs Gray, whoſe fortitude, under the ſevereſt affliction, was ever unſubdued, appeared grave, and ſerious. She frequently commented on the inſtability of human happineſs, and the uncertainty of terreſtrial exiſtence. Her eye was frequently ſeen to gliſten with the pearl of affection, which ſhe always endeavoured to conceal, whenever its brightneſs attracted the leaſt attention.

The evening previous to the execution, Sir Archibald, Lady, and Miſs Gray, Miſs Welman, and Mr. Bruce, waited upon Mr. Welman in the priſon. They found him upon his knees, and fervently pouring out his ſoul to his merciful creator. When he aroſe, he

kindly

kindly bid them welcome. Sir Archibald took him by the hand, saying, 'my dear friend, I am come to 'implore your laſt forgiveneſs. For though uncon-'ſcious of a malicious deſign, I am the chief inſtru-'ment of your deſtruction. I have tried every me-'thod that ingenuity could deviſe, to procure your 'perſonal ſafety, but without effect. The heavieſt 'gloom of diſcontent will be my unvarying compa-'nion, during the remainder of my earthly pilgrimage. 'O Welman, can you forgive me?'—'I wiſhed not, 'Sir Archibald,' replies Mr. Welman, 'to interrupt 'you. My forgiveneſs is voluntary, becauſe I am 'thoroughly convinced, your intention was pure, and 'upright. If I have any enemy in the world, whoſe 'malice has promoted him to purſue my life with in-'fernal rancour, I wiſh he may always enjoy as much 'real peace of mind as I do at this preſent moment.' —'That genuine nobleneſs of thought,' obſerves Mr. Bruce, 'will alleviate the keeneſt affliction. It is the 'reſult of a pure religion, which inculcates forgive-'neſs to our bittereſt foes. When thus armed, death 'has no terror.'—'None, Mr. Bruce, the tyrant has 'loſt his frowns, I anxiouſly wait for the happy mo-'ment, when death ſhall terminate all my afflictions.' —'O brother, brother!' Miſs Welman cried ſobbing, whilſt her breaſt heaved—the tears guſhed down her cheeks, and the pang of ſorrow diſtorted every feature. 'What will become of me, when thou art gone! No 'parents, no brother, a helpleſs orphan, caſt upon the 'ſurface of the earth, to be the ſport of every blaſt of 'fortune.'—'Be comforted,' replies Mr. Welman, taking her by the hand, and leading her towards Sir Archibald, whilſt he endeavoured to ſuppreſs that grief, which was but too viſible on his countenance, 'here, ſiſter, is the only parent thou haſt. Pay that 'duty to him, which every child owes to its natural 'father. Reverence him during the remainder of thy 'days—I know he will be kind to thee—when my 'eyes are cloſed in darkneſs, and that moment faſt ap-'proaches, here give that reſpect, thou haſt hitherto 'given, and if my opinions do not deceive me, thou

'wilt

'wilt have no cauſe to repent.' He now kindly embraced her, and affectionately kiſſing her, he preſented her to Sir Archibald. He turned away, when he ſaw Miſs Gray leaning on the arm of her mama, ſuffuſed in tears, and attempting to ſtifle her ſwelling grief. He advanced towards her and taking her by the hand, ſaid, 'Lucy, lament not for me. Though young, I 'have had my ſhare of ſorrow. This we know to be 'the portion of mortality; therefore let us not repine. 'I once expected another meeting, where our mutual 'happineſs might have been eſtabliſhed on a ſolid ba-'ſis. Alas, how vain was that expectation! I go to 'meet another bride, Lucy—I go to pay my vows 'before another altar, and long, and laſting will be 'our union. Though not arrayed in ſmiles, Lucy, 'my bride will be decked with your fidelity.' Miſs Gray ſobbed deeply, 'Nay, blame not my conſtancy. 'This is the only union that could have made me 'unfaithful.'—'O, Welman, I ſhudder at this ſolemn 'diſregard of life. I muſt confeſs, I vainly looked 'forward in expectation of future happineſs; but 'alas, I looked in vain. This is not a moment to be 'diſingenuous, Welman. You ſay you will meet 'another bride—that happy lot, I once deemed my 'own. That fatal altar which you are going to con-'ſecrate with your lateſt vows, ſhall one day receive 'my virgin oath. My time is in the hands of him 'who gave it, but Welman, ſince fate forbids our bri-'dal bond, marriage ſhall never be thy Lucy's portion.' He eyed her with a look of woe, and as the tear courſed down her cheek, he kindly kiſſed it away. He tenderly led her towards his ſiſter, and taking their hands, and joining them together, ſaid, 'may this 'union terminate with your time. As the years roll 'round, may you conſecrate this night to perpetual 'friendſhip, and when you join your hands in this 'bond of peace, will you be ſo kind, as to remember 'me? Now, farewell, a long farewell.' He retired to a dark corner of the dungeon, to hide the convulſions of his boſom, while the two young ladies ſtood petrified with ſtupefaction. Mr. Bruce approached him—

him—'the dreadful moment of ſeparation is paſt,' ſays Welman, 'wring not my feelings by a repetition. 'Tear them from my ſight, but do you, and Sir Archibald return. I wiſh for your aſſiſtance this night. 'It is my laſt requeſt.' Mr. Bruce acquainted Sir Archibald with his deſire, and they earneſtly intreated the ladies to depart. The ſcream of deſpair filled the priſon, while the harſh grating of the door ſhut him from their ſight. The gentlemen returned to condole with their youthful friend, who notwithſtanding his apparent fortitude, in this hour of diſtreſs, wanted all their aid.

The next morning at ten o'clock, the jailor entered the cell, and informed Mr. Welman, that the hour of his diſſolution was arrived. He heard the awful information with a ſhudder. Sir Archibald and Mr. Bruce, who were preſent, could not conceal their emotions. 'Be not grieved,' ſays Mr. Welman, 'for 'this termination of my ſufferings. I am not afraid 'to meet the fatal ſtroke—it will ſoon be over, and 'that God, who knows the ſecrets of my heart, will 'not condemn me, becauſe I have been unfortunate. 'I only go a little while before you—when we meet 'again, our meeting ſhall be eternal. Sir Archibald, 'one laſt embrace—now, Mr. Bruce, you will attend 'me to the fatal tree.' Mr. Bruce wept, and Sir Archibald hid his face, as he left the cell.

The proceſſion was very numerous, and ſolemn. The Sheriff attended in one mourning coach, Mr. Welman and Mr. Bruce were in another. When they arrived at the awful place, Mr. Welman aſcended the ſcaffold, with a firm ſtep, and a compoſed countenance. He looked round upon the multitude with a calm complacency, and waving his hand, a ſolemn ſilence enſued. 'My good friends,' ſays he, 'you 'are come hither, to ſee a man ſuffer, who never wil-'lingly did an injury to a fellow creature. Were I 'actually guilty, and denied the fact, I ſhould deem 'it an aggravation of the crime. But, if in after times, 'any of you ſhould come to a certain knowledge of 'the truth, remember, you ſaw me die, aſſerting my

'innocence.

'innocence. A man in my unhappy circumſtance, is 'generally diſbelieved; but you, who are acquainted 'with the general tenor of my character, will, I hope, 'determine with impartiality. I ſhall not detain you 'with any fruitleſs exclamations on the unhappineſs 'of my fate. My diſſolution can in no wiſe be an 'example to you, ſince I can ſafely avow, it is not 'the reſult of a vicious conduct. Let me exhort you 'to be virtuous, and charitable. Let the precepts of 'your holy religious always regulate your lives, and 'whilſt you live by this ſacred rule, you will ſeldom 'be unhappy. Confide in the promiſes which your 'God has made you, and you will not finally be de-'ceived. This life, I ſpeak from experience, is a 'mere dream. I have now done with it—I go, where 'you muſt all ſhortly follow. Now, Mr. Bruce, one 'laſt embrace; farewell.'

During this interval, the executioner had fixed the rope. Mr. Welman ſteadily aſcended the ladder—the fatal nooſe was fitted to his neck—the white night cap was drawn over his eyes—in this critical inſtant, the attention of the audience was arreſted by the ſhouts of a perſon, who came at full gallop towards the gallows. It was the inexorable Banker. He talked very earneſtly for about a quarter of an hour with the Sheriff, who alighting from his carriage, aſcended the ſcaffold, and acquainted Mr. Welman, he had ſolid reaſons for granting him a reprieve for a few days. Mr. Welman received the meſſage with reſpect, while the beam of joy brightened on the countenances of the ſurrounding multitude.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER LXI.

THE report of this reprieve ſoon reached the ears of the worthy Baronet. He was haſtening to enquire of the Sheriff, what cauſe he had for this procedure, when he met Mr. Bruce, who was coming to apprize him of this auſpicious circumſtance. On their arrival, and introduction to the Sheriff, they found the Banker in company with him. Sir Archibald immediately enquired with the moſt eager ſolicitude, what fortunate occurrence had induced him to ſuſpend the execution. 'The reaſon, Sir,' replies the Sheriff, 'ariſes from this ſlip of paper which I hold in my 'hand, and concerning which, this gentleman,' pointing to the Banker, 'can give you the moſt ſatisfactory 'information.'—'This bill, Sir Archibald, I receiv-'ed this morning. It is for five hundred pounds, 'and is drawn in your name. Before I would ne-'gociate it, I inſpected it very narrowly, and clearly 'perceived it was differently written from the bill, for 'which Mr. Welman is condemned. The lady who 'wanted caſh for it, was very evaſive in her anſwers, 'ſhe avoided giving me any direct intelligence, and as 'I knew there was not a moment to be loſt, I gave 'her the money, and accepted the bill. But I took 'this precaution, ſhe had no ſooner left the office, 'than I diſpatched the Sheriff's ſerjeant to take her 'into cuſtody. This being performed, I haſtened 'with all ſpeed, to prevent, if poſſible, the execution 'of a man, whom I begin to ſuſpect is innocent of the 'crime with which he is charged.'—'Pray, Sir,' ſays the Baronet, 'let me examine that bill.' At the firſt glance, he exclaimed, 'this, gentlemen, I 'avow to be the very identical bill, which I gave to 'Mr. Welman. It is my own writing.'—'This,' obſerves Mr. Bruce, 'is a moſt fortunate diſcovery;

'it

'it will undoubtedly declare who is guilty, and ac-
'quit a man who had nearly fallen a victim to ſome
'diabolical contrivance. But let us haſten to exa-
'mine this pretended lady, her confeſſion will eluci-
'date the whole affair.'

When they came to the houſe of the Banker, how great was their mortification, when they were informed, the lady was abſconded, and the Serjeant was not to be found. This more than confirmed their ſuſpicions, and a ſpeedy purſuit was immediately commenced. They obtained information, that the parties were fled with all imaginable haſte towards the north. At the urgent intreaty of Sir Archibald, the purſuit was continued without the leaſt intermiſſion, while he haſtened to the priſon to acquaint Mr. Welman with this lucky occurrence, which ſeemed to promiſe him a ſpeedy, and an honourable acquittal. He liſtened to the intelligence with the cooleſt attention, and expreſſed ſome ſurprize at the intricacy of the buſineſs. 'But, my dear Sir, have you apprized my poor ſiſter 'of this diſcovery? It will conduce to alleviate her 'preſent miſery, though it promiſe not any permanent ſecurity.'—'Your ſiſter, whoſe ſenſibility was 'too much wounded to continue in this town any 'longer, ſet out for Stanner-caſtle very early this 'morning, in company with my wife and daughter. I 'ſhall retire a few minutes, till I diſpatch a meſſen-'ger with the welcome tidings.'

Miſs Welman was ſtanding at the window, abſorbed in thought, when ſhe obſerved this courier come poſting towards the Caſtle. Alarmed at his viſible haſte, and apprehenſive that he brought the news of her brother's execution, ſhe uttered an involuntary ſcream, and fell motionleſs into the arms of Lady Gray On the return of her ſenſes, ſhe exclaimed, 'alas, he is 'now gone—the blow is fallen, and I am for ever un-'happy.' The door opened, and a letter was delivered to Lady Gray. She read it carefully over, and giving it to Miſs Welman, ſaid, 'take this, my 'dear, I hope it is the harbinger of ſolid comfort.' —'Thanks, Madam, for this joyful communication.

'My

'My brother is yet alive, and I will ſee him before I 'ſleep. If my hopes be not deluſive, this will be 'the forerunner of felicity to us all.'

In a few days, Sir Archibald and Mr. Bruce returned to Stanner caſtle. Their inquiſitive perſeverance had made no further diſcovery, and they, who had been ſent in purſuit of the fugitives, had not yet returned, nor had they tranſmitted any ſatisfactory intelligence. Sir Archibald was very ſanguine in his expectations, and frequently prognoſticated a happy iſſue to this impending diſaſter.

The day following, the whole party took a walk to Vale Farm. Here they met with his Lordſhip, and the mily of Tulip houſe. They were no ſooner ſeated, than Mr. Gardiner regretted in pathetic terms the neceſſity of his abſence, ſince it had effectually prevented him from waiting on Mr. Welman, and offering his tribute of condolence on this melancholy occaſion. 'But, let us give thanks,' continues he, 'to the good-'neſs of a ſuperintending Providence, who will not 'finally ſuffer the virtuous to be oppreſſed, but will 'declare their innocence through the preſſure of innu-'merous misfortunes. This dawn of hope, which 'breaks through the preſent cloud of uncertainty, 'will, I hope, terminate in a moſt honourable acquit-'tal.—'Let it terminate how it will,' replies Captain Corner, 'he has had a very narrow eſcape. Every 'evidence was clear and point blank againſt him, and 'if he be acquitted, I am confident, juſtice muſt be 'perverted.'—'There are many inſtances,' obſerves Mr. Gardiner, 'where the evidence may be direct, 'and yet be miſtaken. It is certainly beyond the 'ſhadow of a contradiction, that no fraud was intend-'ed; hence we ought to conclude, though Mr. Wel-'man has erred, he has been guilty of no crime.'—'Been guilty of no crime, Sir,' exclaims his Lordſhip, with the utmoſt vehemence, 'is it no crime to cheat 'a man of five hundred pounds? The preſent lenity, 'I pronounce to be ill-timed. The more the matter 'is inveſtigated, the clearer will his guilt appear. The 'lady, and the other bill, is a mere ignis fatuus to

'elude

'elude the courſe of juſtice.' The door opened, and a ſervant entered. He handed a packet to Mr. Gardiner, and immediately retired. Mr. Gardiner opened it, and perceiving what it was, gave it to Sir Archibald, ſaying, 'there is this week's Gazette, Sir. The 'intelligence it contains, will probably be more 'agreeable to the company, than the preſent un-'friendly altercation.' The Baronet took it, and careleſsly glancing his eyes over the different pages, at laſt, he read the following important paragraph. 'His Majeſty, with the full approbation of his coun-'cil, and the joint conſent of parliament, has been 'graciouſly pleaſed to take off the attainder of the 'Earl of Owen, and to reſtore him, (if alive) and his 'heirs to the full poſſeſſion of their title and eſtate.' Sir Archibald, when done reading, looked earneſtly at his Lordſhip. His face was viſibly confuſed, and his mind agitated, which the Baronet concluded to be the emotions of immoderate joy. But his attention was inſtantly drawn to a more intereſting object. Mr. Gardiner no ſooner heard the above intelligence, than he dropped upon his knees, and raiſing his eyes, ſaid, 'I thank thee, O Father of Mercy, for this interpoſi-'tion of thy goodneſs. That misfortune which has 'long overclouded my birth, and deprived me of my 'right, is at laſt diſperſed. May my future days be 'devoted to thy ſervice, and may I never be un-'grateful for that munificence which has reſtored me 'to my long-loſt patrimony.' He aroſe, while the beam of gladneſs ſuffuſed his manly countenance. The company were enwrapped in a ſolemn ſilence. Amazement held them mute. The eyes of all were ſometimes fixed on his Lordſhip, and ſometimes on Mr. Gardiner. A furious indignation glared in the eyes of the former—a mild complacency ſhone on the face of the latter. His Lordſhip aroſe from his ſeat, and eyeing Mr. Gardiner with a look of extreme haughtineſs, ſaid, 'I confeſs, Sir, you have acted your little 'part in this farcical drama moſt admirably. But 'what motive could prompt you to this public diſplay 'of your folly? My preſence ought certainly to have

'taught

'taught you more caution.'—'Adverſity, my Lord,
'has been a ſtern miſtreſs—ſhe has long preſſed hard
'upon me. This happy releaſe from her ſevereſt
'frowns, has now induced me to behave with thank-
'fulneſs.'—'What abſurdity could prompt you to
'be thankful for what you can never poſſeſs? You
'have long known me; of conſequence you were no
'ſtranger to my right and title; yet with an unbluſh-
'ing effrontery, before all this company, you claim
'my hereditary privileges, and think to ſtamp me a
'villain.'—'It is not my wiſh, my Lord, to make
'any man more than what he is.'—'What unparal-
'leled preſumption! call me a villain to my face!
'And canſt thou ſuppoſe, thou ſhalt eſcape with im-
'punity? reſpect alone for thoſe who ſurround thee,
'withholds me from immediate corporal chaſtiſe-
'ment. A baſe plebeian, thus to talk to me!'—'My
'Lord, this is altogether an unneceſſary paſſion.
'Your right, if juſt, will ſtand in need of no ſuch de-
'fence. It will be immediately recognized by thou-
'ſands, who are eager to acknowledge a right, the
'legal ſuppreſſion of which they have long bewailed.'
—'Yes, caitiff, thouſands will ſoon acknowledge me
'—then where wilt thou hide thy ſhameleſs head? I
'have, vile wretch, for theſe ſeveral years, received
'the cuſtomary fealty from my numerous dependents,
'and lived in expectation of this happy moment. And
'thinkeſt thou, now when my hopes are realized,
'that thy puny oppoſition will impede my immediate
'poſſeſſion?'—'Far be it from me, to wiſh to wrong
'you of the mereſt trifle. But pray, my Lord, for
'ſtill I will honor you with this aſſumed dignity, did
'the propriety of this conſideration never once occur
'to your mind? You knew the Earl of Owen was at-
'tainted of high treaſon, you knew he was an exile in
'a foreign country, you knew his family were in-
'cluded in the bill of attainder; you knew his title
'was forfeited, and his eſtates ſeized, and yet in open
'defiance of the laws of your country, in a glaring
'contempt of the will of your ſovereign, you publicly
'aſſumed an honor, to which you had no right, and

'daringly claimed an affinity, where the kindred will
'be acknowledged. A very little prudence would
'have taught you to be ſilent, ſince ſuch unwarranta-
'ble conduct rendered you amenable to your injured
'country, and reſponſible for your contempt of your
'inſulted ſovereign. But I can aſſure you, that con-
'tempt was the iſſue of their enquiries.'—'Thou
'thing of nought, how dareſt thou talk thus to me!
'I will ſpurn thee from me, as I would ſome poiſon-
'ous inſect, leſt I ſhould be tainted with thy baneful
'infection. Out of my preſence, this inſtant, thou
'worthleſs miſcreant, or this truſty blade ſhall imme-
'diately correct thy preſumption, by letting the light
'peep through that vile carcaſe of thine.' At the ſame inſtant, he furiouſly drew his ſword from the ſcabbard, and violently brandiſhing it over his head, to the no ſmall terror of the ladies, he bawled, 'Out, out, pol-
'troon, or the next minute, thou ſhalt ſup with
'Pluto.' Mr. Gardiner ſmiling at his empty threats, entreated the ladies not to be terrified, ſince he could aſſure them, 'his Lordſhip's proweſs was only equal
'to his wiſdom. But, at preſent, I ſhall ſo far obey
'his imperious mandate, as to retire for a few mi-
'nutes. I beg the favor of your attendance a little
'longer, and I hope you will candidly excuſe the re-
'queſt.' Mr. Gardiner left the room.

While the company waited in anxious expectation for the termination of the eventful ſcene, Mr. Gardiner entered, leading by the hand a venerable old man, yet vigorous in the extreme of age. They were followed by two other perſons; one of them was weak, infirm, and much waſted through a vaſt length of years; the other, though far advanced in life, was not nearly ſo emaciated, as the venerable figure that accompanied him. The whole company ſeemed much amazed at the entrance of this ancient group, and before their conſternation had time to ſubſide, Mr. Gardiner advanced towards Sir Archibald, ſtill leading the old man by the hand. 'Here Sir,' ſays he,
'let me have the honor to preſent my father to you,
'the old, but real Earl of Owen. I hope, he is worthy

'of

'of your friendſhip. A former error has corrected 'his judgment, and ſent him many years a pupil to 'the ſchool of adverſity.'

'Mr. Gardiner,' replies Sir Archibald, 'I hope, 'you have no motive to deceive me in this important 'exigence. If I have been too credulous, you muſt 'pardon that credulity, ſince I was ſo egregiouſly im-'poſed on, where I never expected the leaſt artifice.' —'Indeed, Sir,' returns the old gentleman, 'you 'have an undoubted right to ſuſpend your belief. I 'am afraid your benevolence has been miſapplied. 'You, with your characteriſtic generoſity, have no-'bly ſupported a perſon, who boldly pretended to be 'my ſon. The ingratitude he has exhibited in return 'for your generoſity I hope, is ſufficient to prove him 'ſpurious. As the late unfortunate, but now the 'happy Earl of Owen, I here ſolemnly diſclaim any 'affinity, nay, any knowledge of that perſon, whoſe 'conduct is ſo cenſurable and unworthy. I never, 'Sir, had more than three ſons. Two of them fell by 'my ſide, in the grateful defence of their father. 'The field of Dumblain was fatal to my family. I 'ſaw them laid in the family vault, and long may 'they reſt in peace. Pardon the tears of an old man, 'worn out by misfortunes, and broken down by age. 'The recollection of ſcenes, which I have long ſtudied 'to bury in oblivion, now ſuffuſes my aged cheek, 'and rends my heart with anguiſh. This is my only 'ſurviving ſon, long the heir of his father's miſery, 'but now of his returning proſperity. His gratitude 'has been my chiefeſt ſolace for many revolving years, 'and whilſt a multitude of friends, who once were 'proud to acknowledge my munificence, not only 'forget my favours, but even added inſult to forget-'fulneſs, my ſon would chear my drooping ſpirits, and 'kindly bid me hope for better times. He has not 'been a falſe prophet. He has been indefatigable in 'his endeavours to have me recalled from exile, and 'I am proud to own, that it is chiefly owing to the 'prudence of his proceedings, that I am again reſtored 'to my paternal inheritance. I ſhall now die in peace,

'ſince I have the conſolation, that theſe tottering 'limbs ſhall ſoon ſleep amongſt their anceſtry. Adam, 'thou conſtant companion of my affliction, come for-'ward, and let me preſent thee to this honourable 'company.' Adam came forward with a ſhuffling ſtep. His ſilver locks hung gracefully over his fore-head, which ſhook, as he crept along, with a quick involuntary motion. He was much bent with the infirmities of old age, and his cheeks were deeply indented with the furrows of paſſing time. The Earl kindly took him by the hand, ſaying, 'Come hither, thou 'faithful partner of all my woes. In the blackeſt 'hours of affliction thou never didſt forſake me. 'When I could make thee no recompence for thy un-'wearied attendance, thou didſt willingly partake of 'my poverty, and waſt always thankful for the refuſe 'of my ſcanty meal. Thy gratitude ſhall not go unre-'warded. A gracious Providence has preſerved us 'both to this happy hour, and if it ſpare thee a little 'longer, thou ſhalt experience that kindneſs which 'thy dutiful ſervices ſo amply merit. When thou 'haſt done with time, if I ſurvive, I will erect a monu-'ment, which ſhall ſtand as a memorial of thy domeſ-'tic worth.'—'Alas, my dear Lord,' exclaims Adam, with a ſhrill, faultering pipe, 'you were always 'too kind to me. I have done nothing but my duty, 'and yet your goodneſs is to go beyond the grave. I 'have lived to ſee you happy. I hope once more to 'ſee the old caſtle, and then ſhall theſe eyes cloſe in 'peace. I was born in your father's family, and for 'theſe four ſcore and ſeventeen years have been ſup-'ported by your bounty. The Lord will reward 'you, when your poor old Adam is ſleeping in the 'duſt.'—'My days, Adam, are drawing towards a 'concluſion. I have ſeen a number of years. The 'latter part of them has been chequered with a variety 'of misfortunes, and I have been buffeted with many 'of the ſtorms of life. Thou faithful creature, haſt 'had thy ſhare of them, and all from thy attachment 'to me. The ſmall remainder of thy days, ſhall be 'paſſed in eaſe and comfort. If I go before thee, here

'is

'is a ſon, who will never diſgrace his family, will 'ſhield thy grey hairs from every future ſtorm.'—'I 'am happy, I am happy,' cries Adam, in a weak voice, 'now let me die in peace.'

During the exhibition of this truly intereſting ſcene, my Lord John ſat in a corner of the room, with his ſword drawn in his hand, and his face bloated with rage. The conflict of malice and indignation was viſible in all his geſtures. He frequently roſe from his ſeat, muttered ſome incoherent ſyllables betwixt his teeth, menaced with his lifted faulchion, and then threw himſelf with the utmoſt violence upon his chair. At the concluſion of Adam's exclamation, he ſtarted up with vehemence, bawling out, 'what a couple of 'ancient jugglers! Out of my preſence, you baſe-'born vermin, or I will tread you beneath my feet. Is 'it not ſufficient to inſult me, but you muſt thus inſo-'lently claim my inheritance? Do you, old dotard, 'think me ſo impenetrably ſtupid, as not to know my 'own father? And canſt thou ſuppoſe, thou refuſe of 'vulgarity, that I will ever acknowledge any affinity 'with thee? It is enough to rouſe me to madneſs— 'but I will be avenged, and my vengeance ſhall be 'complete.'—'The ſevereſt revenge you can take,' obſerves Mr. Gardiner, 'is to diſprove, by inconteſti-'ble evidence, what is here advanced. As that is an 'utter impoſſibility, I ſhall beg leave to confront you 'with another living witneſs, whoſe teſtimony will 'certainly ſtrike you dumb, and prove to a demonſtra-'tion the abſolute falſity of all your pretences. Come 'hither, John, do you know this gentleman? Can 'you recollect his features, and can you convince him 'that he has no pretenſions to nobility?'—John advanced, and looking earneſtly at his face, ſaid, 'I 'know him perfectly, though I have not ſeen him for 'ſeveral years.'—'Thou know me, thou grizzled 'varlet,' roars the enraged hero, 'I'll teach thee to 'reverence thy betters. Take that, thou doating 'oaf'—at the ſame time ſtriking the old man over the mouth. The blood dropped from his quivering lips, while the room was filled with expreſſions of indignation.

indignation. 'This is the act of a coward,' ſays Mr. Gardiner, and he coloured as he ſpoke, 'no 'man with one ſpark of courage would have lifted his 'hand againſt the head of age. If no reſpect for the 'company could deter you from this outrage, his in-'firmities ſhould have ſhielded him from your vio-'lence. Come hither, John, and declare ingenu-'ouſly what you know of that perſon; I will protect 'you from his fury. Be not terrified, he dare not 'lift a finger a ſecond time.' John drew cloſe to Mr. Gardiner, ſaying, 'it grieves my old age to ſee 'thy cruel temper not ſoftened by thy years. I 'took thee, when thou waſt an orphan. I gave thee 'bread, when thou hadſt none to eat, for thy father 'died in poverty. I took thee home, and nouriſhed 'thee as my own ſon; I deſigned to have taught thee 'my buſineſs, but thy baſeneſs drove me from my na-'tive country. O, John, John, my heart bleeds, 'when I think of thy ingratitude! Thy father was a 'good man; he was my elder brother, but I verily 'believe thy perverſe diſpoſition ſhortened his days. 'Though I worked hard, and earned little, I was 'willing to divide my earning, in order to keep thee 'from want. Thou knoweſt, John, I endeavoured to 'make thee a Taylor, by which honeſt calling, I got 'my bread for many years; but ſo wicked was thy 'temper, that thou willfully ſpoiled ſo many coats, and 'waſted ſo much cloth, that I actually loſt more than 'half of my cuſtomers. Thus did we paſs our time, 'when one day his honourable Lordſhip, and his 'ſon, called at my door, and craved my protection. 'I frankly gave it, and by that means ſaved them 'from the fury of their purſuers. Not long after this 'happened, a large reward was offered for the appre-'henſion of the Earl of Owen, and O, John, thou 'knoweſt how thou didſt ſerve me on this unhappy oc-'caſion. To obtain the reward which was offered by 'government, my dutiful nephew went to a neigh-'bouring magiſtrate, and gave him information, that 'I had concealed the Earl of Owen and his ſon, in 'my houſe, and had aſſiſted them to eſcape from

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'the kingdom. To confirm his information, he 'baſely produced a ſuit of clothes before the magiſ-'trate, which his Lordſhip had exchanged for a ſuit 'of mine, in order that he might travel the more 'unnoticed. After this information I was obliged 'to fly from my native home, and ſeek for ſafety in a 'foreign country. After travelling up and down for 'ſome years abroad, by chance I met with this 'worthy nobleman. I made myſelf known to him, 'and his kindneſs has more than requited me for 'all I have ſuffered for his ſake. Thou knoweſt, 'nephew, every word I have ſpoken is the real 'truth, and that I am thy ill-uſed uncle, John 'Piper.'

He ceaſed, and the whole company gazed upon one another with ſurpriſe, mingled with wonder. The nephew, though lately boiling with impetuous courage, was ſo utterly confounded with the accuſations of the uncle, that he could not utter one ſyllable in defence of his aſſumed character. After a ſilence of ſome ſeconds, Mr. Bruce remarked, 'pray, honeſt John, 'though I have liſtened with the utmoſt attention to 'the recital of your ſtory, yet there is one particular 'circumſtance, which to me appears ſomewhat in-'comprehenſible. When your nephew came firſt to 'Fenwick Tower, he gave a clear, perfect, and well-'connected narration of the flight and eſcape of 'Lord Owen. Though I always had ſome latent 'ſuſpicions of the truth of his nobility, yet I could 'never conceive, how he, a mere youth, could ac-'quire ſuch a chain of real intelligence, if he had not 'been allied to that honourable family. Moreover, 'if I recollect aright, in the courſe of his well-told 'narrative, he mentioned the death of old Adam, 'and that he died in a cavern in the wood which 'had afforded them a ſecure retreat. Here is a very 'old man, who perſonates Adam, and whom I be-'lieved to be the identical, faithful ſervant of Lord 'Owen; yet I think there is a ſeeming contradiction 'that wants to be elucidated. Beſides, the manner in 'which your nephew told his ſtory, was in no wiſe

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'ſuited to his years, nor conformable to the meanneſs 'of his appearance.'—'Indeed, Sir,' replies old John, 'your obſervations are very juſt. What ap-'pears to you a contradiction, I hope I ſhall be able 'to clear up in a few words to your perfect ſatisfac-'tion. When Lord Owen left my houſe, he told 'me, he had left his faithful Adam dead in the 'cave, and he wiſhed to bury him before he left the 'neighbourhood. I knew his Lordſhip had no time 'to waſte, and I promiſed to perform the laſt duty to 'his old attendant. When I entered the cave, I 'found him ſtretched upon the ſtones. He felt cold 'and ſtiff. With much fatigue I dragged him up the 'rock, and laying him upon my ſhoulders, walked 'ſlowly towards my houſe. When I got home, I 'laid the body upon the hearth, till I made ſome lit-'tle preparations for the interment. When I began 'to undreſs it, I thought I perceived ſome ſigns of re-'turning life. From this perſuaſion, I laid the body 'into a warm bed, and a few hours after was very 'happy to ſee I was not deceived. By my daily at-'tention, poor Adam was reſtored to perfect health. 'He continued ſeveral weeks beneath my roof, before 'he could find an opportunity of following his baniſh-'ed maſter. During his ſtay, his ſole delight was in 'repeating the adventures of their flight. A neigh-'bouring clergyman being much affected with the 'ſtory, wrote it all down, and from which writing, 'my nephew got the whole by heart, for I had 'taught him both to read and write. Here is Adam 'to vouch for the truth of what I have related.'—'Yes, John, yes, I can vouch for the truth of every 'word you have ſaid, and had it not been for your 'friendly care, I certainly had been dead many years 'ago.' Sir Archibald aroſe from his ſeat, and ad-vancing towards the degraded nobleman, who was utterly confounded by this irrefragable teſtimony, ſaid, 'Sir, your ſhameleſs impoſition, and ſubſe-'quent ingratitude, will plead my excuſe, if after-'wards I exclude you from the number of my 'friends.

'friends. But what I have done, I will not undo: 'There, Sir, accept of that paper—it is a Major's 'commiſſion, which I procured for your advance- 'ment, when you were baſely contriving the ruin of 'my only child.'

CHAPTER LXII.

THE diſcovery which had been made at Vale-farm, was ſoon rumoured abroad. It ſoon arrived at Fenwick tower, where the conſternation of Mary was inexpreſſible, when ſhe was apprized of the unwelcome intelligence. Mary had long entertained latent hopes, that her hoſpitality to his Lordſhip, would finally be rewarded with ſome ample recompence. John's vanity, though not ſo conſpicuous as Patrick's, had frequently been puffed into a blaze, and he was ſometimes accuſtomed to boaſt, that he was certain of ending his days in eaſe and affluence. Whenever he grew mellow, from the exhilarating fumes of his own ale, he tauntingly reminded Mary of his penetration, which was ſo piercing, as to ſpy nobility beneath a bundle of rags. Mary's hopes being buoyed up with ſome future elevation, whenever this pleaſing ſubject was agitated, ſhe ſeldom retorted with her wonted aſperity. But the diſagreeable information concerning his Lordſhip's impoſture, was electrical to Mary's diſpoſition. She no ſooner heard the news, than ſhe bounced into the room, where her huſband was following his daily avocation, exclaiming, 'John Dixon, John, did I 'not always tell thee, thou wert an errant fool? Thou 'haſt beggared me, thou haſt beggared thyſelf, and 'all our neighbours, nay, all the country round, will 'laugh at us for a couple of ſimple aſſes, who could 'ſuffer ourſelves to be impoſed on by ſuch a carrot-'pated raggamuffin.'—'Bleſs thy two eyes, Mary,' cries honeſt John, as he raiſed his head, and took the ſpectacles off his noſe, 'what is the matter with 'thee.'—'Matter man! why we are utterly undone. 'His Lordſhip is no better than thou art. He is no-'thing more than a mere taylor, and was obliged to 'fly from Scotland, becauſe he wanted to hang his 'uncle.

'uncle. O John, John, I always told thee, thy good-
'nature would one day be the ruin of us both.'—
'Mary, thou art either beſide thyſelf, or I am in a
'trance. What, his Lordſhip, a Taylor, impoſſible!
'Has he not promiſed a thouſand times to make me
'a great man, and doſt thou think, Mary, that a
'Lord will break his promiſe?'—'I tell thee, John,
'thou art a fool. I know not, what a real Lord may
'do, but this I know, a Taylor's promiſe is not
'worth a cabbage ſtalk. Here have we kept and
'ſupported this ragged loon for many years, and
'what have we received? Nothing, but promiſes,
'and promiſes. Will promiſes fill thy ſtomach, fool,
'will they make thee drink, will they clothe my back?
'Mercy on me, what will become of us?'—'Mary,
'Mary,' exclaims a well-known voice, 'make haſte,
'is his honor's dinner ready?'—'O thou catter-
'wauling tyke, get out of my houſe! his honor's din-
'ner! why man, get thee gone, and tell thy maſter
'*Stitch*, he may go and dine upon oatmeal and tur-
'nips. I promiſe thee, he ſhall eat no more of my
'proviſions. Marry come up, but I have been well
'employed, with a vengeance, running up and down
'the neighbourhood, buying all the poultry I poſſibly
'could lay my hands on, and all to feed a Taylor.
'Why man, doſt thou ſee, the very Parſon could not
'get a roaſt gooſe for him. His honor's dinner in-
'deed!'—'Why, Mary,' exclaims Patrick, 'art
'thou mad, or haſt thou been taſting thy cordial
'bottle?—'I'll tell thee what, varlet,' roars Mary,
ſwelling with rage, and clenching her fiſt, 'if thou
'mention my cordial bottle again, I'll ſouſe thy
'chops, and ſend thee ſnivelling to tell thy beggarly
'maſter what I have done.' Patrick who had more
than once felt the weight of her brawny fiſt, was not
eager to provoke her fury, but ſpluttered out, 'come,
'come, are the ducks ready? his honor will be here
'in an inſtant.'—'I tell thee, Patrick, I have no
'ducks, and thou never more ſhalt pick a duck's wing
'at my expence. Thy maſter is an impoſtor, he is a
'villain.'—'I ſay, Mary, and I ſay it to thy face,'

grins

grins the enraged Patrick, whilſt his countenance was bloated with choler, 'I ſay you lye. His honor is 'the very roſe of nobility, the eſſence of honeſty, and 'he has only diſgraced himſelf and me, by living ſo 'long in thy naſty habitation.'—'What abuſe my 'houſe, after thou haſt almoſt eaten me out of it, 'now will I bray thee to a jelly, and ſend thee to tell 'thy maſter, you are a couple of devouring badgers.' She advanced with a full intention to put her threats in execution, when at that very inſtant, his Lordſhip called, 'Patrick, Patrick,' a ſecond ſummons was unneceſſary; he fled with the velocity of a hawk, and obſequiouſly enquired what his honor wanted. 'Want, 'is it not the hour of dinner? The cloth is not ſo 'much as laid, nor do I ſee the leaſt preparation for 'it. What is the reaſon of this unpardonable negli-'gence?'—'Pleaſe your honor, blame me not. I have 'been wrangling for near an hour with our hoſteſs 'about your honor's dinner, when inſtead of pre-'paring it, ſhe does nothing but blaſpheme your ho-'nor, and call you ugly names.'—'Tell the filthy 'thing, to come hither, Patrick.' Mary, who was liſtening at the door, needed no further provocation to enter. She bounced in very unceremoniouſly, grinning out, 'filthy thing,' whilſt her teeth chatter-ed with ungovernable rage. 'Here thou crawling 'inſect, come here,' ſays his Lordſhip, 'and tell me 'the reaſon, why thou haſt given thy vile tongue 'ſuch unwarrantable liberties in traducing my unble-'miſhed character.'—'I'll tell you what,' replies the indignant Mary, 'I will not be called names by any 'would-be nobleman in the kingdom. You owe me 'a large bill that you do, for cramming your gorman-'dizing maw, and ſtuffing the voracious appetite of 'this ravenous fox, our once whining pariſh clerk; 'pay me my bill, and troop about your buſineſs. Fil-'thy thing indeed.'—'Thou long, lean, lank, creep-ing toad,' returns his Lordſhip, 'how dareſt thou 'ſtand in my preſence, and pollute my hearing with 'ſuch abominable language? If I eat thy victuals, 'waſt thou not honoured by the action? If I drank

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'thy liquor, waſt thou not dignified by my condeſcen-
'ſion? If I ſlept in thy bed, waſt thou not exalted by
'my humility? Poor, pitiful vermin, look upon me,
'and thou wilt immediately feel thy own nothing-
'neſs. Go, wretch, go, and let thy dun fingers once
'again prepare me a couple of roaſt ducks.'—'No,
'by my faith, will I not. A Taylor's maw was ne-
'ver made to feaſt upon dainties. I will keep my
'ducks for thy betters. What, be called names in
'my own houſe, and by a fellow that owes me ſo
'much money! What haſt thou forgotten, what hap-
'pened at Vale-farm, when all the gentry in the
'neighbourhood was preſent? A Lord, a goodly
'Lord, upon my conſcience! I always thought,
'thou ſmelt ſtrongly of lice and cabbage. Pho, pho,
'I ſmell them now. Thou ugly, yellow horſe-leech
'—but I will reſtrain my anger.'—'Why ſhould I
'cruſh a worm, or ſuffer myſelf to be provoked by
'ſuch a thing of nought! Here woman, there is a
'guinea, go and prepare my dinner.' The ſullen
caſt of Mary's countenance immediately brightened at
the ſight of the guinea. She put on a ready ſmile,
and advancing towards him, received the piece in
the palm of her hand, and left the room with many
a low curtſey.

A few days after this diſagreeable altercation at
Fenwick Tower, Sir Archibald received a meſſage
from Newcaſtle, informing him the lady, who had ne-
gociated the bill, was re-taken and in ſafe cuſtody.
This intelligence required his immediate departure,
and he ſet out that very day. When he arrived at
Newcaſtle, ſhe was under a cloſe examination before
the Sheriff. She anſwered every interrogation indi-
rectly, and gave many evident ſigns of her preſent du-
plicity. She ſometimes anſwered their queſtions with
a very diſdainful neglect, and ſometimes replied with
a faſtidious ſullenneſs. On being repeatedly, and ear-
neſtly ſolicited to declare, how ſhe obtained the bill,
ſhe turned to the Baronet, and ſaid, 'do you ingenu-
'ouſly acknowledge yourſelf the drawer of this event-
'ful bill!'—'I frankly own, I drew the bill you
ſ iſſued,

'iſſued, and gave it to Mr. Welman, as a ſmall pre-
'ſent, to defray part of his expence in his journey to
'the continent.'—'Then Sir, you muſt know, I own
'as frankly, that I received it from an unknown per-
'ſon. I reſide in Edinburgh, and there keep a repu-
'table houſe. A few months ago, a gentleman waited
'on me, and wiſhed to take a lodging. He ſaid, he
'was married, and deſirous of paſſing a ſhort time in
'the city, as he intended to make the tour of Scot-
'land. The lady, to whom he ſaid he was married,
'continued with him in my houſe for ſome months.
'The day before their departure, when the gentle-
'man wiſhed to diſcharge his account, he gave me
'this very identical bill, and requeſted me to exchange
'it. I heſitated for ſome time, and pleaded the want
'of caſh. Upon enquiry, I found it was drawn by a
'gentleman of great reſpectability, and my ſcruples
'immediately vaniſhed. I took the bill, and paid him
'the balance with punctuality.'

On hearing this declaration, the Sheriff looked at Sir Archibald with the moſt ſerious concern, who ſtood petrified with horror and conſternation. After a ſolemn pauſe of a few minutes, Mr. Bruce, who from a tender regard to the intereſt of his young friend, accompanied the Baronet in all his movements relating to this unhappy buſineſs, ſaid, 'and pray, Madam,
'had you any acquaintance of the gentleman, from
'whom you received this bill, previous to his lodging
'in your houſe?'—'None at all, Sir.'—'Have you
'ever ſeen him ſince?'—'I have not.'—'Could
'you identify his perſon, were you to ſee him again?'
—'I could very conſcientiouſly ſwear to his perſon,
'were I to ſee him in any part of Europe.'

The reſult of theſe anſwers was to adjourn to the priſon, where being confronted with the ſuppoſed culprit, ſhe was to ſubſtantiate the charge, ſhe had aſſerted with ſo much delibefation. Being introduced to Mr. Welman, in the dungeon, ſhe peremptorily averred he was the real perſon from whom ſhe received the bill. Mr. Welman avowed, with an unaltered countenance, that he had never ſeen her before the

preſent

preſent inſtant. 'So, ſo, my pretty gentleman,' ſays the lady, with a moſt contemptuous ſneer, 'you think 'to ſave your neck from the halter, by this impudent 'denial of a real truth. I will prove the fact, by the 'ſacredneſs of an oath, and as you are guilty of this 'heinous crime, I hope you will ſuffer the puniſhment 'due to ſuch a flagrant breach of friendſhip. I would 'have you to know, Sir, I am not unacquainted with 'your villainy, and the ſcandalous return you have 'made this worthy gentleman for his unbounded be-'nevolence towards you.'—'Madam,' obſerves Mr. Bruce, 'you came not hither, to inſult the afflicted. 'Your mere aſſertion will not prove this fact What 'further evidence, beſide your bare word, can you 'produce in confirmation of your charge? I think 'your late precipitate flight, is more than ſufficient to 'create a ſuſpicion of your veracity.'—'My veracity, 'Sir, is above your ſlander. It ſtands upon a firmer 'baſis, than to be ſhaken by any of your inſinuations. 'I can prove, by a number of living witneſſes, that 'this gentleman was a lodger in my houſe, in the city 'of Edinburgh, laſt Eaſter.'—'I hope, Madam,' ſays Mr. Welman, 'you are perfectly confident of what 'you advance, and that you will not retract this aſſer-'tion.'—'Retract it! No, I will ſwear it this in-'ſtant'—'Adminiſter the oath, Sir Archibald,' ſays the Banker, 'you are a magiſtrate.'—'No,' replies Mr. Welman, 'though my life be affected by her 'preſent confidence, ſhe ſhall not perjure herſelf in 'my company. It is a ſolemn appeal to the divinity, 'and it ought not to be ſported with on every trivial 'occaſion. I call this a trivial occaſion, becauſe I 'can prove, ſhe wiſhes to ſwear to a lye. I think 'myſelf infinitely obliged to her, for this particular 'mention of Eaſter. During the celebration of this 'holy feſtival, I was at the court of Tuſcany, and 'can prove my reſidence in the city of Florence for 'ſome weeks, by the teſtimony of the Grand Duke 'himſelf.'—'What ſay you, Madam,' retorts Sir Archibald, to this obſervation? 'I am afraid, you 'muſt recur to your memory a ſecond time, for it

'ſeems

'ſeems to have deceived you in the preſent inſtance.'—'To be ſure, Sir, I muſt confeſs, my memory was 'always a little treacherous. If it were not Eaſter, 'I am confident it was Chriſtmas.'—'This palpable 'prevarication, Mr. Sheriff,' obſerves Sir Archibald, 'will warrant us in committing her for further exa-'mination.'—'I think, Sir Archibald,' replies the Sheriff, 'we have ſufficient ground for her commit-'ment. But as ſhe tranſacted this buſineſs within 'the limits of the corporation of Newcaſtle, it will 'formally come within the cognizance of the Mayor. 'Wherefore, let her be confined in a diſtinct cell for 'this night, and to-morrow ſhe may undergo an exa-'mination.'

In the morning, when the lady was brought forth from her ſolitary impriſonment, where ſhe had ſufficient leiſure to reflect on her perilous ſituation, and ſtood before the tribunal of juſtice, where her late prevarication was clearly expoſed, ſhe was utterly confounded and diſmayed. Being aſked, if ſhe could produce any living evidence to prove, that Mr. Welman, was in Edinburgh laſt Eaſter, ſhe ſtammered out ſome incoherent expreſſions, intimating that he was there, though ſhe might not be very accurate, as to the time. 'Recollect, Madam, what you are about,' ſays the Mayor, in a ſtern, imperious tone; 'your equivoca-'tion may endanger your life. If you are a principal 'in this iniquitous buſineſs, it is almoſt impoſſible for 'you to eſcape. What is your name? Be preciſe, 'and let us have no more of your ſhameleſs circum-'locutions.'—'I hope, your worſhip will forgive me. 'If I have been led into an error, the perſon who de-'ceived me, is more culpable than I.'—'This I tell 'you, is a direct evaſion of the queſtion. What is 'your name, and where did you obtain this bill? If 'you are innocent, why are you afraid to declare 'your innocence; if you are guilty, you may trem-'ble for your fate.'—'My name, Sir, is Lowman, 'and I obtained the bill very honeſtly.'—'Low-'man!' exclaims Sir Archibald, what, are you that 'creature of infamy, who, in concert with his pre-

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'tended Lordſhip, ſo deliberately attempted the ruin
'of my daughter?'—'I was groſsly deceived, Sir,
'by that vile miſcreant.'—'But how came this bill
'into your poſſeſſion, Madam?'—'I will ſatisfy you,
'Sir, in a very few words. When his Lordſhip left
'my houſe, he was a conſiderable ſum in my debt.—
'Being determined not to loſe it, I purſued him to
'Northumberland. When I found him at the old
'caſtle, he gave me this unlucky bill, deſiring me to
'negociate it in Newcaſtle, and return him the ba-
'lance. I made no ſcruple in accepting it, ſince he
'had formerly given me another, to the amount of
'two hundred pounds, drawn by Sir Archibald, and
'which I paſſed off in the city of Edinburgh. This
'is the real truth, and I hope it will not involve me as
'a principal in any crime, that can affect my life.'—
'Be cautious,' ſays the Baronet, 'how you crimi-
'nate this ungrateful man. If you be unable to ſub-
'ſtantiate the charge with which you accuſe him, the
'guilt will unavoidably devolve upon yourſelf.' 'Let
'him only be taken into cuſtody, and I will prove the
'fact to your entire ſatisfaction.' A warrant was iſſued
'for his immediate apprehenſion.

The Conſtable found him at Fenwick-tower in a ſtate of intoxication. He poſitively refuſed to obey the mandate of this officer of juſtice, who having ſummoned Patrick, and John Dixon to his aſſiſtance, who complied with the utmoſt reluctance, they mounted him on John's grey galloway, and thus accompanied, they brought him to Newcaſtle. His examination, on account of his preſent incapacity, was deferred till the next day, when he was very unwilling to acknowledge any perſonal acquaintance with Mrs. Lowman, but abſolutely denied the fact of having given her the bill. 'O thou abominable wretch,' cries Mrs. Lowman, 'canſt thou think I will ſuffer myſelf
'to be hanged, to ſave thee from the gallows? didſt
'thou not give me this bill, to defray the expences I
'incurred, during thy ſtay in my houſe?'—'I
'avouch it to be a horrid lye, gentlemen, I know her
'to be an imp of infamy. She has ſtole it ſomewhere,

'and

'and now she wishes to involve me in her own guilt.' After a mutual recrimination, they were both committed to separate dungeons, till some future investigation might establish the truth.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER LXIII.

ON the morrow, when his Lordſhip was re-examined, he poſitively denied the fact, of having given the bill to Mrs. Lowman. She ſteadily adhered to her affirmation, and averred, from her own perſonal knowledge, he was capable of the baſeſt enormity. This recrimination, undeciſive and vexatious to the intereſted auditors, was attended to with ſome degree of impatience. They obſerved, that the effrontery of the lady was fully equal to the obſtinacy of the perſon ſhe accuſed. Her former prevarication made them ſuſpicious, and though his Lordſhip's conduct was notoriouſly infamous, they were ſometimes inclined to ſuſpect, ſhe was guilty of a falſehood in the preſent accuſation. Yet, to exculpate herſelf, ſhe related a variety of particulars, wherein ſhe enumerated his caution and reſerve, on the delivery of the bill. To eſtabliſh her own aſſertions, and criminate her former friend, ſhe narrated very minutely the whole of his behaviour towards Miſs Gray, and affected to weep bitterly at the recollection of the pathetic ſtory. She ſaid, he had impoſed on her by a train of the profoundeſt diſſimulation, and ſhe would regret to the day of her death, that credulity which had induced her to comply with his atrocious requeſt. Nothing ſatisfactory or concluſive, relative to this myſterious tranſaction, accruing from this examination, they were remanded to priſon, and ſafely lodged in their ſeparate cells.

The faithful attachment of Patrick was not to be ſhaken by this adverſe turn of fortune. He had for ſome years looked up to his maſter, as heir to one of the firſt eſtates in Scotland; he had long revered him as the pattern of excellence, he reſpected his ſayings,

and

and beheld his actions with that enraptured fondneſs, which nothing but a real affection could poſſibly produce. This preſent unhappy change of affairs, which not only deprived his maſter of title and eſtate, but even threatened to impeach his integrity, was not ſufficient to expel that pleaſing deluſion which had long been rivetted in the mind of Patrick. He was far from being convinced of that impoſture, which every other perſon firmly believed; ſo natural is it, to cling by an opinion, which vanity wiſhes to be true. He often, and earneſtly ſolicited to be admitted to his Lordſhip, and was always refuſed, till the concurrent opinion of the parties, moſt nearly concerned, allowed him this ſublime gratification. When he entered the noiſome dungeon, and beheld his revered maſter ſitting diſconſolate and alone, he ſighed deeply, ſaying, 'alas, is this a place for you to dwell in! Ah, your 'honor, but it grieves me to the very ſoul, to ſee you 'thus depreſſed by misfortune!' This pathetic exclamation of his faithful attendant, rouſed him from the profoundeſt reverie, and haſtily ariſing from the bench on which he was ſitting, he eyed his truſty ſervant with indignation and ſurprize. 'What motive, 'wretch,' ſays he, 'has brought thee hither? Art 'thou come to inſult me in my miſery? Thou waſt 'aiding to my ſeizure, and my confinement in this 'place of woe, and now thou comeſt to afflict me 'with thy hated pity'—'O, yes, your honor,' replies the impaſſioned Patrick, 'how I pity you! I am al-'moſt dead with vexation to hear of your guilt.'—'Confound thy impudence, thou miſerable varlet, doſt 'thou condemn me? I will brae thee to duſt, if 'thou ſay that I am guilty.'—'Me ſay you are 'guilty, your honor! I would rather accuſe myſelf 'with being an arrant thief, than hurt a ſingle hair of 'your head. I know it is merely impoſſible for your 'honor to be guilty. I can ſwear you are the very 'eſſence of honeſty, and can ſooner believe, that Sir 'Archibald would ſteal a horſe, than you would touch 'one of his ſhoe-nails. Me ſay your honor is guilty!'—'Hark ye, Patrick, canſt thou keep a ſecret?'—'A

'ſecret,

'ſecret, your honor, I am as deep as a draw-well, and 'as ſilent as an owl; let any man try to draw a ſe-'cret from me. Patrick Harle was never noted for a 'blabber; no, no, my ſecrecy is only equalled by my 'courage.'—'Come nearer, Patrick. Thou know-'eſt I have been a kind maſter to thee, and thou haſt 'ſerved me ſeveral years with the utmoſt fidelity. I 'never doubted either thy courage or thy ſecrecy. In 'this preſent exigence, when calamities come thick 'upon me, wilt thou deſert me?'—'No, your honor, 'never, never. O how my heart bleeds!'—'Thou 'honeſt creature, wilt thou aſſiſt me, and help me to 'bear the heavy preſſure of misfortune? I know thou 'wilt. Thy probity is not to be corrupted.'—'O 'tell me, tell me, how I can aſſiſt you, how I can free 'you from the horrors of this gloomy place!'—'Thou canſt do that favour, Patrick, only by ſpeak-'ing a few words.'—'How, your honor, how! Only 'inſtruct me, and I will talk five hundred women 'deaf, only to ſet you at liberty.'—'Thy kindneſs 'is unbounded, Patrick, how ſhall I requite thee? 'Go immediately, my good Patrick, and tell Sir Ar-'chibald, that you gave the bill to Mrs. Lowman.'—'I ſhall run every ſtep of the way—but, your honor, 'will not this be a downright lie? You know I hate 'a thief.'—'Pho, pho, only do as I bid thee, and I 'will afterwards explain to thee the nature of a lie.' —'I go, I go. It is preſumption in me to diſpute 'your honor's wiſdom.'

Patrick had ſcarcely left the cell, when Captain Tulip, Captain Corner, and the Rev. Mr Taylor entered. 'Indeed, my Lord,' ſays Captain Corner, for he ſtill was addreſſed by his aſſumed title, 'I am 'ſorry to ſee you in this noiſome ſituation. Diſaſ-'ters are but too frequent, and very few are exempt-'ed from their influence.'—'Pſhaw, pſhaw, ſays 'Captain Tulip, theſe expreſſions of condolence are 'enough to make the ſtouteſt heart ſick; beſides 'they imply a certain ſtate of guilt. You ſhall leave 'this canting tone of unneceſſary commiſeration to 'his Reverence here, who with a long face, and a

'drawling

'drawling ſpeech, will admoniſh his Lordſhip to an 'immediate confeſſion; or he muſt tremble at the 'dreadful terrors of a future reckoning.'—'Ha, ha, 'ha,' replies Mr. Taylor, 'I can aſſure you, the 'dreadful terrors of a future reckoning ſeldom trou-'ble me with any qualms of conſcience. A modern 'gentleman always leaves theſe ſacred fables to chil-'dren and old women.'—'Indeed, Sir,' obſerves his 'Lordſhip, this impious merriment is ill judged.'—'Heigh-ho,' exclaims the reverend gentleman, 'what, 'are you tormented with contrition! Nay then, if 'you begin to waver, and be peſtered with remorſe, I 'ſhall certainly think it the ſureſt way to believe in-'credibilities myſelf. But come, Captain Tulip, let 'us decamp, we ſhall an hour hence, find Corner 'here, liſtening to the religious harangues of this de-'vout proſelyte.'

'Now, my Lord,' ſays the Captain, we are alone, 'and free from the minute obſervation of the one, 'and the frivolous impertinence of the other; if you 'mean ſpeedily to extricate yourſelf from this dreary 'confinement, make me your confident. Though 'the world ſeems to frown, and all men to forſake 'you, truſt me, and I will be your friend. Unboſom 'yourſelf to me without reſerve, and your proſecutors 'ſhall be endued with more wiſdom than I ſuppoſe 'them to be, if they be not completely outwitted by 'my interference. Now, tell me honeſtly, was this 'unlucky bill not once in your poſſeſſion?'—'This 'unſolicited friendſhip I acknowledge with the moſt 'grateful kindneſs. They may examine me as they 'pleaſe, they may confine me with the utmoſt rigour, 'but this is my determination, they ſhall never com-'pel me to a voluntary confeſſion.'—'I admire your 'reſolution; it is firm, it is manly. Let them con-'tinue in ſuſpence, and you will finally ſave your ho-'nor. But by what conſummate fineſſe did you ob-'tain the bill? I always admired your Lordſhip's 'knowledge.'—'To be ſure this unlucky bill—but I 'have been unfortunate—confound that woman, that 'imp of wickedneſs, ſhe is the ſole root of all this ca-

'lamity.'—

'lamity.'—'You mean Mrs. Lowman, my Lord. 'She has already been convicted of a lye, her future 'teſtimony will be of no validity.'—'I acknowledge; 'but you are an approved friend, and therefore con-'fide in your ſecrecy, that I gave her the bill.'—'But how, my Lord, did you get it.'—'Not over 'honeſtly, I aſſure you. I one day waited upon Mr. 'Welman, and was introduced to him in his ſtudy. 'It was before his departure for Italy. He was 'writing, and deſired me to count over the ſum which 'lay upon an adjoining table, and which he ſaid, he 'had appropriated to the expences of his journey. 'Here I found this deteſted bill. I wanted a little 'money at the time, ſo I immediately ſecreted, and 'artfully counterfeited another, which I left among 'Mr. Welman's papers. I preſerved it with the ut-'moſt care, till the ceaſeleſs importunities of this in-'fernal woman extorted it from me. And thus, 'while I thought to aggrandize myſelf by ſtealing a 'wife, I wiſh that rigid juſtice may not exact the pe-'nalty of my delinquency.'—'What are you afraid 'of? There is nothing eaſier than to elude the courſe 'of juſtice. Truſt ſolely to my interpoſition. I 'think your dexterity was admirable in the extreme, 'and I hope that milkſop Welman will ſwing from its 'latent effects. But now, I muſt leave you. I re-'collect an aſſignation. I will ſee you preſently, 'when we will concert a ſcheme, which will at once 'completely confound Mrs. Lowman, and ſend 'poor Welman to the gallows.'

As he left the priſon, he met Captain Tulip and Mr. Taylor, 'who, with a malicious exultation, he entertained with his Lordſhip's confeſſion. 'And pray, Sir,' ſays Captain Tulip, 'what uſe do you 'mean to make of his Lordſhip's folly?' What uſe, 'ſimpleton! Why, to hang Welman, and then let 'nobility ſhift for itſelf.'—'You are not ſerious?'—'Upon my ſoul, but I am.'—'I know thy malice, 'and thy determined ſpirit; but I will prevent this 'atrocity.'—'Thou art ſuch a whining whelp, Tu-'lip, that thou perpetually thwarteſt all my deſigns. 'But

'But I will effectually prevent thy intention, and 'have the ſole merit of this important diſcovery.'

When he came to the houſe, where Sir Archibald and Mr. Bruce lodged, he found Patrick in their preſence, aſſerting with a pallid countenance, that he gave the bill to Mrs. Lowman. 'Be cautious, Patrick,' ſays Mr. Bruce, 'what you affirm. You may en-'danger your own life. If you gave Mrs. Lowman 'the bill, where did you get it?' Poor Patrick was thunderſtruck with this queſtion. In the warmth of his friendſhip for his maſter, he had never weighed the conſequences of his preſent ſimple behaviour. He never ſuppoſed, that ſuch a confeſſion, as he was requeſted to make, would implicate him in the enormity of any guilt. Confounded by the queſtion, and agitated by his own folly, which now appeared to him in the moſt glaring colours, he knew not what apology to offer. He ſtammered in a number of broken ſentences, and faultered as he attempted to articulate ſome unintelligible ſyllables, when Captain Corner laughing, ſaid, 'why, Mr. Bruce, your queſtion was an 'eaſy one, but it has ſufficiently pozed Patrick. Sim-'ple ſoul, can you not ſay, you found it? It is not 'impoſſible to find a five hundred pound bill. But 'come, Patrick, I always took thee for an honeſt 'fellow, now, tell me plainly, did not his Lordſhip 'perſuade thee to tell this improbable ſtory? Speak 'the truth, for if thou adhere to thy preſent affirma-'tion, thou wilt be hanged as ſure as the devil is at 'Lincoln.' Patrick's knees began to ſhake—his eyes rolled in all the wildneſs of diſtraction—his teeth chattered, and whenever he attempted to ſpeak, his tongue refuſed to perform its accuſtomed functions. His confuſion was too apparent. The two friends pitied his ſimplicity, while the Captain laughed heartily at his confuſion. 'Come, you rogue,' ſays he, 'confeſs, and be hanged. An accomplice is equally 'guilty with the principal actor of any crime.'—'O 'mercy, Sir Archibald, mercy,' exclaims Patrick, almoſt petrified with terror, and dropping on his knees, 'I confeſs it to my ſhame, that his honor bid me ſay,

'I gave

'I gave the bill to Mrs. Lowman. As heaven is my 'witneſs, I never once ſaw that wicked bill, and it 'ſhall be my daily prayer, that I may never ſee a bill 'for five hundred pounds.'—'Now, Patrick, this is 'really honeſt, and I have it in my power to acquit 'thee of any intentional fraud.' Here he gave Sir Archibald and Mr. Bruce a faithful detail of his Lordſhip's confeſſion. They heard it with aſtoniſhment and manifeſt indignation. They immediately adjourned to the priſon, where informing him of the intelligence they had received, he, in the bitterneſs of agony, curſed the Captain's treachery, who, under the maſk of friendſhip, had inveigled him to convict himſelf. There was now little poſſibility of retracting, and without much reluctance, he recapitulated every circumſtance of the infamous tranſaction. Through mere commiſeration, they forbore to reprove him for his nefarious conduct, but left him, at preſent, to the corroding puniſhment of his own feelings.

The Captain exulting in the importance of this diſcovery, and the duplicity of his behaviour to a man, whom he had perſuaded, that he would be his invariable friend, now flew to the place of aſſignation, where Miſs Tulip had appointed to meet him. The lady had anticipated the hour, and fondly chided him for his unexpected ſtay. 'O my angel,' ſays he, 'chide me not. I have been engaged in buſineſs of 'the greateſt import, and have not delayed one mo'ment in protracting this happy interview.'—'O 'Corner, in my preſence, you are all ſenſibility, you 'are all rapture; but in the fulfilment of your pro'miſes, you are all coldneſs, and all indifference.'—'What means my goddeſs! Can I have any happi'neſs, but in your company? Can I taſte of joy, but 'when you vouchſafe to ſmile upon me? No, no, 'then ceaſe to upbraid me with your chidings, and 'let us devote every minute to the ecſtacies of unva'rying love.'—'Your proteſtations, Corner, are ever 'ardent. They have ſeduced my credulity, and 'taught me to weep in private. They will not reſtore 'to me my virgin honor, they will not bleſs me with

'wonted peace; and ſoon, too ſoon, will my ſhame be 'trumpeted by the buſy tongue of ſlander. O conſi-'der, what a ſacrifice I have made, and will you now 'deſpiſe me? Death itſelf would be more wel-'come, than ſuch a contemptuous neglect.'—'And 'canſt thou talk of death with ſo much indifference! 'O do not harrow up my ſoul with ſuch grating lan-'guage. I only live to be happy in thy affection, and 'now, whilſt enlocked in this tender embrace, tell 'me, what thou requireſt of me.'—'Canſt thou not 'gueſs? Recal to thy memory all thoſe ſolemn oaths, 'by which I have been deluded; and if thou be falſe, 'O where ſhall I hide my head!'—'Whilſt I live, 'the touch of ſhame ſhall never tinge thy cheek. Let 'us to-morrow fly to the temple of Hymen, and there, 'before his ſacred altar plight thoſe vows, which will 'for ever make us inſeparably one.'—'That union 'alone, you are conſcious, will reſtore my mind to 'its wonted tranquillity. O how long have I been 'unhappy, how long have I been miſerable, but all 'my ſufferings have now evaporated, and from this 'moment I ſhall date all my felicity.'—'How couldſt 'thou, my only love, ever doubt my conſtancy. Let 'me meet thee to-morrow, arrayed in that gay attire, 'which ſuits ſo well with thy matchleſs beauty. Thou 'knoweſt the dreſs I mean. I loſt my heart, when I 'firſt ſaw thee in it, and have ſince continued thy de-'voted and willing captive.'—'Yes, Corner, I know 'it well, and deem myſelf infinitely happy in com-'plying with this agreeable requeſt.'—'Now, my 'angel, one kiſs; our next meeting ſhall be auſpici-'ous, and a ſpeedy termination of all our fooliſh bic-'kerings. Adieu.'

When they ſeparated, ſhe ſauntered along another walk, ruminating on the ſpeedy approach of the moment which was to unite her to the only man ſhe loved. She ſoon retired to her chamber, and perfectly recollecting the requeſt of her dying ſwain, ſhe began with alacrity to adjuſt her marriage dreſs. She examined with much complacency the particular robe, which he confeſſed gave an additional luſtre to her beauty.

beauty. As ſhe was fitting it on with pleaſure, and applying the different tinges, which ſhe ſuppoſed were moſt agreeable to her lover's taſte, ſhe was ſurprized with the paſſionate proteſtations of a perſon, whoſe voice ſhe too well remembered. The parties were in an adjoining room, and caution had not ſecured the door. An inſuperable curioſity, not only prompted Miſs Tulip to liſten, but even to peep with an eager eye, to diſcover, if poſſible, the hated object of her jealouſy. But what was her aſtoniſhment, what was her confuſion, when ſhe beheld her faithleſs lover on his knees before her own parent, and exclaiming in the moſt pathetic tone, 'O why, thou only comfort of 'my ſoul, doſt thou delight in my miſery! Thou 'haſt promiſed me happineſs—delay not thy promiſe. 'Let us fly on the wings of love, let us this very mo- 'ment quit this deteſted houſe, and that ſhameful ty- 'ranny, which embitters your days with diſcontent 'and affliction. The night approaches, and its friend- 'ly gloom is always auſpicious to love. Why ſhould 'we live in torment?'—'O Corner,' replies Mrs. Tulip, 'you preſs me to a compliance which my heart 'approves, but I have ſome pangs'—'no heſitation, 'no doubt, my love—thou only art formed to give 'me eternal felicity,'—and he tenderly embraced her with the ardour of a ſeeming affection. 'Meet me, 'my angel, this night, preciſely at twelve, in the al- 'cove, at the end of the ſhady terrace. Every thing 'ſhall be in readineſs for our immediate flight, and 'then unceaſing pleaſure will be our future portion.' —'O, I can deny thee nothing—I have ſacrificed my 'deareſt connections to my paſſion, and now I am 'wholly thine.'—'O heaven, O divine ecſtacy,' ex- claims the enraptured traitor. Here Miſs Tulip was witneſs to a ſcene, which convinced her, that remorſe and miſery muſt be her corroding inmates for every moment of her future time. After a few minutes of inſenſible conſternation, in a paroxiſm of frantic rage, ſhe tore her marriage robes, and wildly toſſed them from her. 'Off, deteſted garments, how I loath 'your ſight! O horror, what doom awaits me! My,

'honor, alas my honor! Once I poſſeſſed thee, but 'thou wert ſtolen by a villain. I am a witneſs to my 'mother's infamy. She has ſupplanted me in the 'affections of a man—but he is a villain. A parent's 'crimes—heaven ſuſpend thy vengeance! Had ſhe 'taught me to be virtuous, with half the care ſhe 'taught me to be vicious, I might have been happy. 'But innocence is a ſtranger to my boſom. And ſhall 'I live to be pointed at by the finger of contempt—'ſhall I give exiſtence to a being, who ſhall live as a 'conſtant memorial of my ſhame! O, it is a dreadful 'thought—but muſt it be endured! It is a pang that 'will never die. O mother, what a deteſted name! 'But I will meet thee in that alcove, where thou 'vainly imagineſt no mortal eye ſhall ſee thee.'

After an interval of ſome hours, wherein anxiety and deſpair tore the mind of Miſs Tulip with a variety of the moſt tumultuous and corroding ſenſations, ſhe repaired preciſely at eleven o'clock to the fatal alcove. She was dreſſed with the utmoſt gaiety in that attire, which ſhe fondly concluded was to grace her wedding day. Though in her phrenzy, ſhe had torn, and caſt thoſe enchanting garments from her, ſhe had collected them again with care, and adjuſted them to her perſon with the moſt ſcrupulous nicety. When ſhe arrived at the place of aſſignation, ſhe looked around her with an eye of circumſpection. All was a dead ſilence. She carried a ſmall lantern in her hand, in which was burning a glimmering ruſh-light. This ſhe placed on a little bench which ſtood in a corner of the alcove, and laid a letter cloſe by it. Then, with a glance of diſtraction, ſhe pulled a cord out of her pocket, and looking upwards, ſaid, 'now the mo-'ment is arrived which puts a period to my woe. It 'is certainly better not to live, than live unhappy. If 'I perform this act, I ſhall conceal my ſhame, and 'when I am gone, let contempt purſue my character, 'I ſhall not feel it.' She looked at her watch—'tis 'half paſt eleven—they will be here in a few minutes '—lovers ſeldom prolong the time.'—She then mounted a chair, and deliberately tied the cord to a

beam which croſſed the top of the alcove. She tried if it were ſecure, and fit for the horrid purpoſe which ſhe was about to perpetrate. Perceiving her preparations to be complete, 'now,' ſays ſhe, 'let my courage 'not forſake me. A few minutes, and the breath of 'calumny ſhall not approach me. To fly this fiend, I 'fly from the world. It is a releaſe from every trouble, 'and I go with willingneſs.' She then fitted the fatal nooſe around her lilly neck, and feeling it with the utmoſt caution, with a daring reſolution, ſhe ſprang from the chair, and inſtantly plunged into eternity.

About a quarter of an hour after this fatal action, Mrs. Tulip approached the entrance of the alcove. 'It is juſt ſtruck twelve, I ſee he is punctual to the 'very moment of aſſignation. This faint, dull light 'is a ſignal of his preſence. Would to heaven we 'were gone;' each inſtant—as ſhe walked ſlowly towards the light, ſhe inadvertently moved againſt the body of her lifeleſs child. 'Ha, who art thou! 'Tis a piteous ſight. Poor, thoughtleſs wretch, 'what motive could prompt thee to ſuch an act! Let 'me ſee, if I can recognize thy face.' She walked towards the bench, and taking the ruſh-light in her hand, ſhe raiſed her eyes, while a ſcream of involuntary terror convulſed her trembling frame. Captain Corner entered that very inſtant, and was a witneſs to that ſcene of horror, which his own unparalleled treachery had occaſioned. 'Indeed, my angel,' ſays he, 'it is a killing ſight, let us haſten from the fatal ſpot. 'What could inſtigate her to this preſumptuous deed? 'It is now over, and continuance will only add to 'your affliction. Let us go, the farther we fly from 'this place of horror, the ſooner will your grief be aſ'ſuaged.'—'O Corner, ſhe was my child, feel how 'cold that hand is—I cannot leave her.'—'You muſt, 'you ſhall—it is dangerous to ſtay a minute longer. 'Come, extinguiſh that light—but what have we 'here—a letter—'tis directed to you, Madam—Let 'me ſee it.'

'My

' *My once beloved Mama,*

' IF ever you deign to peruſe theſe few lines, you ' will ſee, you have been my ruin. I diſcovered ' your infamy, and from that moment I determined ' to live no longer. The ſame villainy which ſe- ' duced your fidelity, has undone me. If you had ' taught me to be religious, I might have avoided this ' unhappy fate. I had no other way to eſcape from ' ignominy, and therefore condemn not an action, ' which your imprudence compelled your daughter to ' perform.'

She read this tremendous accuſation—the letter dropped from her fingers, and inſtantly ſhe fled from this ſcene of horror.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER LXIV.

ON the following morning, Captain Tulip discovered his unexpected disgrace, and the affecting death of his only child. Frantic with rage, and almost stimulated to madness, by the perfidy of a man, whom he had always deemed his friend, he vowed to be revenged in the amplest manner. He swore, he would pursue him with unrelenting hatred, and his vengeance should never be complete, till death should terminate his anger. 'A curse upon my folly,' exclaims he, 'I knew the wretch to be capable of any enormity; I 'knew that he gloried in his vice, and yet I encou-'raged him to become an inmate in my family! O 'fool that I was, when I was conscious of the base-'ness of his mind, and sensible of the infamy of his 'actions, to court his intimacy, and solicit his friend-'ship. But thus am I deservedly punished, and by 'a man whom I have partly tutored in the proficiency 'of vice. Gracious heaven, forgive my impenitence! 'I have long been estranged from the comforts of 'virtue, and the hopes of religion, but now I ac-'knowledge the severity of the scourge with which 'thou chastisest me.' At that instant, the pallid corpse of his daughter was brought into his presence, being borne by four of his domestics. At the doleful sight, he stood motionless for a few seconds. 'Alas, 'my child, thou hast been to blame! This action 'was rash, was impious. What is that paper thou 'holdest?' The servant gave him his daughter's letter, which her mama had dropped in the agitation 'of her mind. 'Ha, what unexampled treachery! 'And shall he escape with impunity? No, I swear by 'the God that made me, and by this cold cheek,' —laying his hand on the chill face of his daughter, 'I will

'I will follow thee, villain, till this ſword be dyed 'with the reeking blood, as it iſſues warm from thy 'treacherous heart.' He inſtantly hurried out of the houſe, and leaving the Rev. Mr. Taylor to perform the laſt ſad duties to his unfortunate child, he ſet out, without further preparations, on an immediate purſuit of the infamous fugitives.

The confeſſion of his Lordſhip having eſtabliſhed his guilt, and exculpated Mr. Welman from any criminality in the forgery, he was according to due formality, now legally acquitted. Attended by his unvarying friends, Sir Archibald and Mr. Bruce, he left his dreary cell with a placid and becoming cheerfulneſs. Experience had taught him, and he profited by the ſeverity of her leſſons, never to be too much elated by any fortunate event. He knew, he had been unhappy, but that unhappineſs reſulted not ſo much from his own miſconduct, as from the unexpected villainy, which he had truſted with too much ſimplicity. He now cenſured his own imprudence, in confiding in the honour of a man, whom he always ſuſpected of impoſture; but as there was a poſſibility this ſuſpicion might be ill grounded, he never divulged, and this ſecrecy had nearly proved fatal to his exiſtence. He reſolved, during the remainder of his days, to be more circumſpect in all his tranſactions with mankind, ſince he now perceived, how ſmall an indiſcretion may terminate in the moſt dangerous conſequences. He acknowledged the utility of a proper caution, eſpecially in an intercourſe with ſtrangers, ſince their illicit deſigns are frequently productive of many inauſpicious events. He perceived, though he had endeavoured to regulate his conduct by the rules of the ſtricteſt prudence, he was yet liable to egregious deceptions. He had often reprehended in private, the credulity of Sir Archibald, which frequently laid him open to the groſſeſt impoſitions, yet he now concluded, that the utmoſt circumſpection was not proof againſt the conſummate arts of deception. Adverſity had taught him wiſdom, and he determined to adhere to her precepts.

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When they arrived at Stanner-caſtle, Mr. Welman was received with the ardour of unabating affection. When he entered the drawing room, where the ladies were ſitting, in company with Mr. Gardiner, and anxiouſly waiting for his arrival, his ſiſter, in an ecſtacy of joy, ſprang into his arms, and bedewed his cheek with the genial tears of a tender welcome. 'Happy moment,' ſays ſhe, 'my brother is again 'ſafe, at liberty, and honorably acquitted of all cri-'minal accuſations. May this happineſs continue 'uninterrupted, and whilſt time rolls along with an 'even pace, may every danger overpaſs thee!'—'Thank you, my dear ſiſter,' replies Mr. Welman, 'for this pious and affectionate ejaculation. I hope 'the malice of my evil genius is now ſatisfied, and 'that he will henceforward ceaſe to torment me.'—'But, Madam,' ſays Mr Gardiner, as he approached towards her, 'may I preſume to hope, that your 'preſent wiſh is not confined to any particular indi-'vidual. If I am not miſtaken, I think your benevo-'lence will extend it to a wider circle.'—'Indeed, 'Sir,' replies the lady, 'my duty teaches me, that 'my benevolence ought to be univerſal.'—'If uni-'verſal, I hope I ſhall not finally eſcape its genial in-'fluence.' The bluſh of innocence now ſpread its native crimſon over her cheek—ſhe caſt her eyes downwards, and whilſt ſhe attempted to reply, her confuſion was too viſible to every beholder. 'Pardon me, 'Madam,' continues Mr. Gardiner, 'if you deem 'me too preſumptuous, but believe me, when I aſ-'ſure you, I have long admired, at a ſilent diſtance, 'what auſpicious fortune now prompts me to ſolicit, 'and that is, the honor of this hand, accompanied by 'a faithful heart.' Mr. Gardiner took her hand—her confuſion increaſed, whilſt her brother to allay the evident agitation of her ſpirits, obſerved, 'this pro-'poſal, I apprehend, Sir, is altogether unexpected, 'and being declared before this circle of my ſiſter's 'moſt intimate friends, it is natural to be received 'with that emotion which a modeſt delicacy will 'always excite. I am fully apprized of the misfor-

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'tunes you have endured, and that returning happi-
'neſs which ultimately awaits on virtue. If my ſiſ-
'ter approve what you propoſe, I ſhall be happy to
'call you brother.'—'Dear Sir,' returns Miſs Wel-
man, whilſt an opening ſmile ſpread its ſweetneſs on
her countenance, 'do not affiance me without my
'conſent.'—'Far be ſuch a thought from me, ſiſter.
'Your own determination ſhall fix your choice, and I
'have the utmoſt reliance on your prudence.'—'Then,
'brother, I hope my prudence will not err, when I
'ingenuouſly, before this company, accept of this
'gentleman's propoſal.' Mr. Gardiner led her to-
wards Miſs Gray, ſaying, 'and will you, Madam, con-
'ſent to a ſeparation from your friend?'—'Whatever
'incident, Sir, in Miſs Welman's life, will contribute
'to promote her happineſs, ſhall meet with my cheer-
'ful acquieſcence.'—'Then my love' ſays Mr. Wel-
man, 'ſince you conſent to part with my ſiſter, I hope the
'day of this ſeparation, will be the day of our union.'
—'Now, my dear Lucy,' obſerves Miſs Welman,
'you have ſmiled at my confuſion, pray let me have
'the momentary pleaſure of a hearty laugh at your
'awkward compliance, for I verily think, there is
'ſomething tremendous in this voluntary ſurrender of
'our perſonal liberty. I am half reſolved to retract.'
—'Your vivacity, Fanny,' returns Miſs Gray, 'was
'always pleaſing. If you revolt, I hope this hero
'will preſently reduce you to a proper ſubjection. If
'you laugh now, your laughter is out of ſeaſon, for
'it is long ſince you were apprized of my willing com-
'pliance.'—'Well, Madam,' ſays Sir Archibald, ad-
dreſſing Lady Gray, 'you ſee how ſoon the momen-
'tous buſineſs of a couple of marriages can be termi-
'nated. Mr. Bruce, your aſſiſtance will be required,
'to tye that ſilken knot, which I hope, no rancour
'or malevolence will ever unlooſe.'—'Indeed, Sir Ar-
'chibald,' replies Lady Gray, 'it is a knot of the
'moſt extraordinary nature. Sometimes it is produc-
'tive of the extreme of happineſs, and ſometimes of
'the abyſs of miſery. Yet much depends on the diſ-
'poſitions of the parties who are thus united. They

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'generally have it in their own power, if they exerciſe 'that power with propriety, to eſtabliſh their own do-'meſtic peace. Contradiction will ever create diſ-'quiet, and abſence jealouſy. Wherever theſe unru-'ly principles take up their reſidence, internal tran-'quility immediately becomes a ſtranger. A little 'forbearance will often produce that good will, which 'the bittereſt retaliation cannot poſſibly effect. There 'is a multiplicity of circumſtances which frequently 'occur, and which nothing but your own good-ſenſe 'can teach you to manage with a becoming delicacy. 'Let this be a ſtanding maxim with you, gentlemen, 'never exerciſe your power with a viſible ſuperiority. 'This will always irritate, for women are refractory 'ſubjects, when obedience is exacted with rigour. 'They may be won by gentleneſs, but I am afraid, 'never by ſeverity. As for you, ladies, let perverſe-'neſs be an alien to your boſoms. This unhappy 'turn of mind, will ever create you a perpetual fund 'of diſquiet. You muſt often connive at trifles, and 'this connivance will ſeldom defeat its purpoſe. It 'may continue harmony, it will ſeldom diſturb it. 'Happineſs is not always within our reach, when it 'is, it is a folly to throw it away.'—'There,' exclaims the Baronet, 'there is a lecture of domeſtic 'government, I hope you will all profit by the ſenti-'ments it contains.'

All things being finally determined for the conſummation of the marriage, the old Earl of Owen, accompanied by his grateful ſon took a journey to Scotland. When he arrived at the place of his former habitation, he found the ancient caſtle mouldering faſt to decay, ſince its munificent inhabitants had been driven from its antique walls. He was received by his tenantry with a tear of joy, for his benevolence was always exerted to relieve their wants, and alleviate thoſe burdens which were conſequent on their humble ſtations. They liſtened to the welcome intelligence of his legal reſtoration to all his patrimonial eſtates with attentive gladneſs, and gave him a thouſand cheerful welcomes to the inheritance of his anceſtors.

ceſtors. Having given punctual orders for the neceſſary repairs of his hereditary manſion, and once more taken quiet poſſeſſion of his ample domain, he returned to his humble, but pleaſant retreat, at Valefarm.

The auſpicious morning being now arrived, when the anxious parties were to pay their ſolemn vows at the ſacred altar, they cheerfully repaired to the awful temple, accompanied by an innumerable multitude of all diſtinctions, aſſembled for the purpoſe of ſeeing thoſe perſons linked in the holy bands of matrimony, whom they eſteemed for their benevolence, and revered for their agreeable condeſcenſion. The two lovely brides were arrayed in white, the proper ſymbol of the innocence of their hearts. As they walked hand in hand, they ſcattered their bridal favors among the ſurrounding multitude, who gladly received them with gratitude and joy. Mr. Bruce performed the ſolemn ſervice, while the venerable Earl and Sir Archibald, officiated as fathers to the lovely brides. At the concluſion of the ceremony, the populace were invited by the Baronet to Stanner-caſtle, where they were regaled with a plentiful entertainment, and the whole neighbourhood reſounded for ſeveral days with the echoing applauſes of feſtivity and mirth.

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CONCLUSION.

CAPTAIN Tulip, irritated to diſtraction, by the domeſtic injuries he had received by a concealed, but unſuſpected traitor, purſued the infamous fugitives with unabated precipitation. He frequently obtained intelligence of them, and though they often changed their route, he was ſtill ſo fortunate as to gain ſufficient information, that they ultimately deſigned to conceal themſelves in the metropolis. Of this determination he was finally convinced, and he purſued them thither with increaſing ſpeed.

When he arrived in this wilderneſs of confuſion and buſtle, with which he was perfectly acquainted, he even deſpaired of being able to diſcover the retreat of their crimes. Though the far greater part of his life had been ſpent among the gaieties of this immenſe city, yet he was well aware, there were many labyrinths to be explored, and many an intricate abyſs to be ſearched, before the vengeance of his preſent purpoſe could be accompliſhed. He was conſcious, he had to deal with a villain, whoſe cunning was only equalled by his well known intrepidity. This inſtead of deterring, only ſtimulated his burning deſire of revenge, and prompted him to be indefatigable in his examination of all thoſe haunts, where licentiouſneſs revels with unbluſhing front, and voluptuous effeminacy deſtroys the dignity of the human race. He himſelf had frequently been a devotee at theſe temples of degenerate folly, where vice, with every ſpecies of atrocity dangling in her train, was the ſupreme goddeſs; where ſhe daily received thoſe nauſeous oblations, which the thoughtleſs children of infamy are too eager to pay in the hours of inconſiderate diſſipation and unlimited extravagance. In theſe ſcenes of myſterious iniquity, the Captain had in other times initiated

tiated that diſciple, who now ſtung him to the heart, and left him a forlorn alien to deplore his preſent loſs, and former ſtupidity.

After an ineffectual ſearch of ſeveral days, in a fit of deſpondency, he applied, as his laſt reſource, to an old confidential acquaintance. She was one of thoſe lady abbeſſes, who had frequently adminiſtered to the completion of his iniquities, and was a notorious proficient in the deſtruction of innocence. By the timely application of a conſiderable bribe to this artful ambaſſadreſs of infamy, the Captain procured ſuch intimation, as he ſuppoſed would preſently terminate his ſolicitous enquiries. In this ſuppoſition, he was not deceived. Her intelligence was ſo complete, that he was inſtantly directed to the very houſe where the fugitives were concealed. Having obtained admiſſion, and perfectly acquainted with all the avenues of thoſe licentious repoſitories of wickedneſs, he walked ſtraight forward, without leave or ceremony. As he aſcended the ſecond flight of ſtairs, he met Mrs. Tulip, ſhe ſcreamed at the ſight of her injured huſband, and retired precipitately into an adjoining chamber. She attempted to ſecure the door, but in this ſhe was prevented by the impetuoſity of the Captain, who violently forced it open, and entered to the utter aſtoniſhment of the confounded parties. Mrs. Tulip flew for protection to the arms of her lover, while the huſband ſtood upon the floor, and eyed them with a look of ſcorn and ungovernable indignation. 'Thou impious fiend of hell,' ſays he, 'have I found thee! 'Was it not enough, thou infernal miſcreant, to ruin 'the innocence of my daughter, but thou muſt ſeduce 'my wife likewiſe? Prepare thyſelf to meet my vengeance, for immediate puniſhment hangs over thy 'devoted head.'—'This is not a time, or place, for 'vindication, Tulip, but I will meet thy vengeance 'whenever thou requireſt me.'—'Come, this inſtant, 'my revenge brooks no delay. I would rather die by 'thy hand, than breathe the ſame air with ſuch a vil'lain.' Captain Corner aroſe, took his hat, and walked out with his former friend, while the ſcreams of Mrs. Tulip filled the houſe with alarm and terror.

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They took a poſt chaiſe, and accompanied with no other perſon, than a truſty Surgeon, they drove towards Kenſington. In a green field adjoining the gravel pits, they alighted. With a ſullen horror which brooded on their countenances, they both ſtripped, and drew their ſwords. As they advanced towards one another, Captain Corner ſaid, 'thou knoweſt, 'Tulip, I am a ſtranger to fear, thou haſt called me 'out, and if we engage, nothing leſs than immediate 'death ſhall terminate the quarrel. I have ſome af-'fairs of importance to ſettle—the interval of one day 'can make no difference.'—'Not a moment, villain! 'My injuries demand thy blood, and nothing leſs 'will ſatiate the ſhade of my lamented child.' A furious rencounter now began, when after a dreadful ſtruggle of thirteen minutes, Captain Corner fell, being run through the body by the ſuperior dexterity of his adverſary. As he lay upon the graſs, panting for breath, and the blood flowing copiouſly from the gaping wound, he ſaid, 'Tulip, thy vengeance is 'complete. I confeſs thou hadſt ſufficient cauſe to 'purſue my life, and now from thy hand, I have re-'ceived the reward of all my crimes. Miſs Tulip 'deſerved a better fate—ſhe fell a ſacrifice to my 'treachery. The infidelity of the wife of your bo-'ſom, originated ſolely from your own behaviour to-'wards her. She thought you, not only ungrateful, 'but likewiſe contemptuous and moroſe to all her en-'dearments, and this produced her reſolution to re-'criminate. My pain is excruciating—my eyes ſwim '—a dead torpor now pervades my whole frame—'alas, Tulip, my farce of life is over—I go—O, O'—his head dropped upon the graſs—his hands fell motionleſs by his ſides—a ghaſtly paleneſs overſpread his countenance, and his eyes cloſed in everlaſting darkneſs.

Captain Tulip having ſeen his falſe friend breathe his laſt, he fled with precipitation to Tulip-Houſe. Here he met with freſh cauſe for vexation and trouble. The Rev. Mr. Taylor, whom he had left to ſuperintend his affairs during his ſhort abſence, had betrayed

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his truſt, and after embezzling conſiderable ſums of money, and pillaging the houſe of many valuable articles, had abſconded with his booty, and no perſon knew the place of his concealment. Captain Tulip had no time to purſue him, and bring this atrocious culprit to condign puniſhment. He knew that the power and influence of Captain Corner's relations would be exerted to his detriment, and he had no other alternative, to preſerve his own life, than immediately to quit the kingdom. With this reſolution, having conſided the management of his affairs to the agency of a perſon, on whoſe probity he could depend, he went into a voluntary exile. In this forlorn condition he ſoon after died of a fever at Aix-la-Chapelle. Remorſe and affliction preyed perpetually on his mind. A ſullen melancholy ſucceeded, which was followed by that acute diſorder which terminated his exiſtence. Mrs. Tulip returned no more to the habitation of her anceſtors, but terminated a life of infamy in the metropolis, deſpiſed and hated by the very domeſtics, who lived upon her bounty.

How different was this ſcene, when contraſted with the happineſs and tranquility which bleſſed the days of Mr. and Mrs. Welman! They lived, revered by the ſurrounding populace for their benevolence and humility. They received the bleſſings of the indigent, whoſe wants they relieved, and the good-wiſhes of all for their complacency and endearing affability. The old and venerable Earl of Owen had retired to his caſtle, accompanied by his amiable ſon and daughter. At the earneſt ſolicitation of Sir Archibald, he beſtowed the office of land-ſteward on the faithful Patrick, whoſe gratitude was pleaſing, and acknowledgments unbounded.

The time now approached for the trial of his pretended Lordſhip, whoſe ungrateful villainy to his munificent and liberal benefactors, had alienated the good-will of every perſon from him. He was fully apprized of all thoſe events which had lately happened in the circle of his acquaintances. He heard them with a ſullenneſs which bordered on brutality,

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and even the harmonious tones of his celeſtial bagpipes could not ſoften the preſent ferocity of his mind. He was forſaken and deſpiſed by all the world, ſave the benevolent Baronet and the worthy Mr. Bruce, who occaſionally viſited him, and adminiſtered that conſolation which the horror of his ſituation demanded.

On the day of trial, he appeared before the tribunal, ſullen, reſerved, and gloomy. When arraigned, he pleaded not guilty, but by his own former confeſſion, and the clearneſs of the evidence, he was ſoon convicted. He heard his ſentence with a horror on his countenance, which even terrified the court. When he was remanded to his cell, he was obliged to be ſupported by the Jailor and others, ſince his fear had almoſt deprived him of motion.

On the day of execution, he was accompanied to the gallows by the proper officers, and an immenſe concourſe of people. He aſcended the ſcaffold amidſt the murmurs of the multitude, when waving his hand, a ſolemn ſilence enſued. 'Good people,' ſays he, 'you are aſſembled here to ſee the laſt moments of a 'man, who has long been the dupe of his own hy'pocriſy. I am a victim to my own baſeneſs, and 'have fallen into the ſnare which I contrived for ano'ther. My own ingratitude has been my ruin, and 'brought me to this ignominious end. If you can 'pity me, let me have it, for I aſſure you, the pangs 'of my own remorſe, are inſufferable at this preſent 'moment.' He paused for an inſtant, and then continued. 'Juſtice has overtaken me, and ſtopped that 'career of iniquity, which I confeſs with ſhame, I 'have purſued with too much ſucceſs. Ingratitude, 'the moſt horrid ingratitude, has finally been my un'doing. I was ungrateful to my uncle, who received 'me into his houſe, who fed, and educated me, when 'I was an outcaſt upon the world. I was ungrateful 'to Sir Archibald, whoſe benevolence, not only freed 'me from all the horrors of deſerved poverty, but 'even endowed me with wealth. I was ungrateful 'to Mr. Welman, whoſe friendſhip I repayed, by lay-

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'ing a ſnare for his life. I was ungrateful to that 'poor inoffenſive creature, Patrick Harle, whoſe 'faithful attachment to me, which I obtained, and 'preſerved by a lye, has been a continual reproach to 'my folly. But I learn, though not with pleaſure, 'he has not ultimately loſt his reward. Had I been 'as prudent, as I have been inſolent, for the ſucceſs 'of my impoſition intoxicated my brain, I might 'have been happy. I leave the world, and my own 'feelings tell me, abhorred and deſpiſed by it. I am 'forſaken by all, ſave thoſe, whom my villainy has 'moſtly injured. This conſideration induces me to 'believe, they have forgiven me. Their forgiveneſs 'I deſerve not. If juſtice had not prevented me, the 'progreſs of my iniquity had not terminated with 'this day. You are now acquainted with the depra-'vity of my heart. My words accord with my acti-'ons. The buſy ſcene is now over, and may all 'my crimes be buried in everlaſting oblivion.' He ceaſed, and was immediately launched into eternity.

When the news of his execution arrived at Stanner-caſtle, Sir Archibald and Lady Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Welman, with Mr. Bruce, were ſitting in the draw-ing-room, deſcanting on the variety of unfortunate events which had lately happened in the circle of their acquaintances. When the good Baronet heard, that his pretended Lordſhip was no more, the tear was ſeen to gliſten in his eye, while he ſaid, 'the ſtroke 'of juſtice is ſevere, yet abſolutely neceſſary.'—'Yes,' obſerves Mr. Bruce, 'abſolutely neceſſary, ſince there 'are many diſpoſitions, whoſe ſole delight is in the 'turpitude of their own actions. Had this unfortu-'nate perſon not been ſhamefully ungrateful, though 'juſtly deprived of his aſſumed title, he might ulti-'mately have been happy in the enjoyment of your 'benevolence. His ingratitude was accompanied with 'unparalleled baſeneſs, and whilſt he was planning the 'deſtruction of innocence, he was likewiſe plotting 'againſt the valued life of a perſon, who had always 'been his friend. All his dark contrivances have 'been defeated, and ended in his own ruin. Had he

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'been as ſtudious in the purſuit of virtue, as he was 'indefatigable in the practice of iniquity, his early 'diſſimulation might have ended in a life of eaſe and 'affluence. The calamitous events which have 'wrought the ruin of the Tulip family, may be trac-'ed to the ſame ſource. They were adepts in licen-'tiouſneſs, and openly boaſted of their own immora-'lity. The practice of infamy, of which they ſo 'ſhamefully prided themſelves, has finally been their 'overthrow. They have fallen victims to their atro-'city, and what is remarkable, by their own immedi-'ate agency. From theſe inſtances we may conclude, 'that proſperous iniquity does not always go unpu-'niſhed in this life. It may triumph for a while, but 'that ſuperintending Providence which eyes all the 'actions of man, will not finally ſuffer it to eſcape 'his juſtice. If it flouriſh here, hereafter it ſhall meet 'with its juſt reward.'

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